

M'Alexander Pope.

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# LETTERS

OF

# Mr. POPE,

AND

## Several Eminent Persons,

From the Year 1705 to 1735.

#### VOL. L



LONDON.

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## TOTHE

# READER



E presume we want no Apology to the Reader for this Publication, but some may be thought needful to Mr Pope: However he cannot think our Offence so great as theirs, who first separately published, what we have

here but collected in a better Form and Order. As for the Letters we have procured to be added, they serve but to compleat, explain, and sometimes set in a true Light, those others, which it was not in the Writer's or Our Power to re-eall.

The Letters to Mr Wycherley were procured fome Years since, on Account of a surreptitious Edition of his Posthumous Works: As these Letters showed the true State of that Case, the Publication of them was doing the best Justice to the Memory of Mr Wycherley.

The rest of this Collection hath been owing to several Cabinets; some drawn from thence by Accidents, and others (even of those to Ladies) voluntarily given. It is to one of that Sex we are beholden

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for the whole Correspondence with H. C. Esq; which Letters being lent her by that Gentleman, she took the Liberty to print; as appears by the following, which we shall give at length, both as it is something curious, and as it may serve for an Apology for ourselves.

## To HENRY CROMWELL, E/q;

JUNE 27, 1727.

AFTER fo long a Silence, as the many and great Oppressions I have fighed under has occasioned, one is at a Loss how to begin a Letter to fo kind a Friend as yourself. But as it was always my Refolution, if I must fink, to do it as decently [that is, as filently] as I could: So when I found myfelf plunged into unforeseen and unavoidable Ruin, I retreated from the World, and in a Manner buried myfelf in a diffmal Place, where I knew none, nor none knew me. In this dull unthinking way, I have protracted a lingring Death [for Life it cannot be called] ever fince you faw me, fequeftered from Company, deprived of my Books, and nothing left to converse with but the Letters of my dead or absent Friends, amongst which latter I always placed your's, and Mr Pope's in the first Rank. I lent some of them indeed to an ingenious Person, who was so delighted with the Specimen, that he importuned me for a Sight of the rest, which having obtained, he conveyed them to the Press, I must not say altogether with my Confent, nor wholly without it. I thought them too good to be loft in Oblivion, and had no Cause to apprehend the disobliging of any. The Public, viz. all Perfons of Taite and Judgment, would be pleased with so agreeable an Amusement; LI: Cromwell could not be angry. fince it was but

but Juffice to his Merit, to publish the folemn, and private Proteffions of Love, Gratitude, and Veneration, made him by fo celebrated an Author; and furely Mr Pope ought not to refent the Publication, fince the early Pregnancy of his Genius was no dishonour to his Character. And yet had either of you been asked, common Modesty would have obliged you to refuse, what you would not be difpleas'd with, if done without your knowledge: And, besides, to end all Dispute, you had been pleas'd to make me a free Gift of them, to do what I pleas'd with them: And every one knows, that the Person to whom a Letter is address'd, has the same Right to dispose of it, as he has of Goods purchas'd with his Money. I doubt not but your Generofity and Honour will do me the Right, of owning by a Line, that I came honeftly by them. I flatter myself, in a few Months I shall again, be visible to the World, and whenever through good Providence that Turn shall happen, I shall joyfully acquaint you with it, there being none more truly your obliged Servant, than,

SIR,

Your faithful, and

most humble Servant,

E. THOMAS.

P. S. A Letter, Sir, directed to Mrs Thomas, to be left at my House, will be fasely transmitted to her, by

E. CURLL.

#### To MI POPE.

Epsom, July 6, 1727.

WHEN these Letters were first printed, I wonder'd how Curll cou'd come by them, and cou'd not but laugh at the pompous Title; fince whatever you wrote to me was Humour, and familiar Raillery. As foon as I came from Epfem, I heard you had been to fee me, and I writ you a short Letter from Will's, that I long'd to fee you. Mr D-s, about that Time, charg'd me, with giving them to a Mistress, which I pofitively denied; not in the least, at that time, thinking of it: But some time after, finding in the News-Papers Letters from Lady Packington, Lady Chudleigh, and Mr Norris, to the fame Sapho or E. T. I began to fear that I was guilty. I have never feen these Letters of Curll's, nor would go to his Shop about them; I have not feen this Sapho, alios E. T. thefe feven Years; her writing, That I gave her them, to do what she wou'd with them, is straining the Point too far: I thought not of it; nor do I think she did then: But severe Necessity, which catches hold of a Twig, has produc'd all this; which has lain hid, and forgot by me, fo many Years. Curll fent me a Letter last Week, desiring a positive Answer about this Matter, but finding I would give him none, he went to E. T. and writ a Postscript, in her long romantic Letter, to direct my Answer to his House, but they not expecting an Answer, sent a young Man to me, whose name, it feems, is Pattission: I told him, I should not write any thing, but I believed it might be fo, as she writ in her Letter. I am extremely concern'd, that my former Indifcretion in putting them into the Hands

of this Pretieuse, should have given you so much Disturbance; for the last Thing I shou'd do wou'd be to disoblige you; for whom I ever preserv'd the greatest Esteem, and shall ever be,

SIR,

Your faithful Friend, and

most humble Servant,

HENRY CROMWELL.

#### To Mr POPE.

AUGUST 1, 1727.

THOUGH I writ my long Narrative from Epsom till I was tir'd, yet was I not satisfied; lest any Doubt should rest upon your Mind. I could not make Protestations of my Innocence of a grievous Crime; but I was impatient till I came to Town, that I might fend you those Letters, as a clear Evidence, that I was a perfect Stranger to all their Proceeding: Shou'd I have protested against it, after the printing, it might have been taken for an Attempt to decry his Purchase; and as the little Exception you have taken, has ferved him to play his Game upon us, for these two Years; a new Incident from me might enable him to play it on for two more: - The great Value she expresses for all you write, and her Paffion for having 'em, I believe, was what prevail'd upon me to let her keep 'em. By the Interval of twelve Years at least, from her Posfession, to the Time of printing 'em, it is manifest, that I had not the least Ground to apprehend fuch a Defign: But as People in great Straits, bring forth their Hoards of old Gold, and most valued Jewels, so Sapho had recourse to her hid Treasure of Letters, and play'd off, not only your's to me, but all those to herself (as the Lady's last Stake) into the Press.—As for me, I hope, when you shall cooly consider the many thousand Instances of our being deluded by the Females, since that great Original of Adam by Eve, you will have a more favourable Thought of the undesigning Error of

Yoar faithful Friend,

and humble Servant,

#### HENRY CROMWELL.

Now, should our Apology for this Publication be as ill received, as the Lady's seems to have been by the Gentlemen concerned; we shall at least have her Comfort of being thanked by the rest of the World. Nor has Mr P. himself any great Cause to think it much Offence to his Modesty, or Restexion on his Judgment; when we take Care to inform the Public, that there are sew Letters of his in this Collection which were not written under twenty Years of Age: On the other hand, we doubt not the Reader will be much more surprized to find, at that early Period, so much Variety of Style, affecting Sentiment, and Justiness of Criticism, in Pieces which must have been writ in haste, very sew perhaps ever reviewed, and none intended for the Eye of the Public.



## LETTERS

OF

## Mr Wycherley and Mr Pope,

From the Year 1704, to 1710.



\* Mr Pope to Mr Wycherley.

DECEMB. 26, 1704.



T was certainly a great Satisfaction to me to see and converse with a Man, whom in his Writings I had so long known with Pleasure: But it was a high Addition to it, to hear you, at our very first meeting, do-

ing Justice to your dead Friend Mr Dryden. I was not so happy as to know him; Virgilium tantum vidi — Had I been born early enough, I must have known and lov'd him: For I have been assur'd, not only by yourself, but by Mr Gengreve,

The Author's Age then Six equ.

and Sir William Trumbul, that his personal Qualities were as amiable as his poetical, notwithstanding the many libellous Misrepresentations of them (against which the former of these Gentlemen has told me he will one day vindicate him (a). I suppose those Injuries were begun by the Violence of Party, but 'tis no doubt they were continu'd by Envy at his Success and Fame: And those Scribblers who attack'd him in his latter Times, were only like Gnats in a Summer's Evening, which are never very troublesome but in the finest and most glorious Season (for his Fire, like the

Sun's, shin'd clearest towards it's setting).

You must not therefore imagine, that when you told me of my own Performances, that they were above those Critics, I was so vain as to believe it; and yet I may not be so humble as to think myfelf quite below their Notice. For Critics, as they are Birds of Prey, have ever a natural Inclination to Carrion: And though fuch poor Writers as I, are but Beggars, however no Beggar is fo poor but he can keep a Cur, and no Author is fo beggarly but he can keep a Critic. So I am far from thinking the Attack of fuch People either an Honour of Dishonour, even to me, much less to Mr Dryden. I think with you, that whatever leffer Wits have rifen fince his Death, are but like Stars appearing when the Sun is fet, that twinkle only in his Absence, and with the Rays they have borrowed from him. Our Wit, (as you call it) is but Reflexion or Imitation, therefore scarce to be called ours. True Wit I believe, may be defined a Justness of Thought, and a Facility of Expression; or (in the Midwives

<sup>(</sup>a) He fince did so, in his Dedication to the Duke of Newcastie, prefixed to Tonson's Duodecimo Edition of Dryden's Plays, 1717.

## Mr Wycherley and Mr Pope. 11

phrase) a persect Conception, with an easy Delivery. However this is far from a compleat Desinition; pray help me be a better, as I doubt not you can.

I am, &c.

### Mr WYCHERLEY to Mr POPE.

JAN. 25, 1704-5.

I HAVE been so busy of late in correcting and transcribing some of my Madrigals, for a great Man or two, who defir'd to fee them, that I have (with your Pardon) omitted to return you an Anfwer to your most ingenious Letter: So Scribblers to the Public, like Bankers to the Public, are profuse in their voluntary Loans to it, whilft they forget to pay their more private and particular, as more just, Debts, to their best and nearest Friends. However, I hope, you who have as much good Nature as good Sense, (fince they generally are Companions) will have Patience with a Debter, who you think has an Inclination to pay you his Obligations, if he had wherewithal ready about him; and in the mean time should confider, when you have obliged me beyond my present Power of returning the Favour, that a Debtor may be an honest Man, if he but intends to be just when he is able, tho' late. But I should be less just to you, the more I thought I could make a Return to fo much Profusencis of Wit and Humanity together; which tho' they feldom accompany each other, in other Men, are in you fo equally met, I know not in which you most abound. But so much for my Opinion of you, which is, that your Wit and Ingenuity is equall'd A 6 by

by nothing but your Judgment, or Modesty; which (though it be to please myself) I must no more of-

fend, than I can do either right.

Therefore I will fay no more now of them. than that your good Wit ne'er forfeited your good Judgment, but in your Partiality to me and mine; fo that if it were possible for a harden'd Scribbler to be vainer than he is, what you write of me would make me more conceited, than what I scribble myself; yet I must confess I ought to be more humbled by your Praise than exhalted; which commends my little Sense with so much more of your's, that I am disparag'd and dishearten'd by your Commendations; who give me an Example of your Wit in the first part of your Letter, and a Definition of it in the last: to make writing well (that is like you) more difficult to me than ever it was before. Thus the more great and just your Example and Definition of Wit are, the less I am capable to follow them. Then the best way of shewing my Judgment, after having seen how you write, is to leave off Writing; and the best way to shew my Friendship to you, is to put an end to your Trouble, and to conclude.

Your, &c.

## Mr Pope's Answer.

MARCH 25, 1705.

WHENI write to you, I foresee a long Letter, and ought to beg your Patience beforehand; for if it proves the longest, it will be of course the worst I have troubled you with. Yet to express my Gratitude at large for your obliging

ging Letter, is not more my Duty than my Interest: As some People will abundantly thank you for one piece of Kindness, to put you in mind of bestowing another. The more favourable you are to me, the more distinctly I see my Faults; Spots and Blemishes you know, are never so plainly discovered as in the brightest Sunshine. Thus I am mortify'd by those Commendations which were defign'd to encourage me: For Praise to a young Wit, is like Rain to a tender Flower; if it be moderately bestow'd, it chears and revives, but if too lavishly, overcharges and depresses him. Most Men in Years, as they are generally discouragers of Youth, are like old Trees, that being past bearing themselves, will suffer no young Plants to flourish beneath them: But as if it were not enough to have out-done all your Coævals in Wit, you will excel them in good Nature too. As for my (a) green Essays, if you find any Pleasure in them, it must be such as a Man naturally takes in observing the first Shoots and Buddings of a Tree which he has raifed himfelf; and it is impossible they should be esteem'd any otherwise, than as we value Fruits for being early, which nevertheless are the most insipid, and the worst of the Year. In a word, I must blame you for treating me with fo much Compliment, which is at bell but the Smoak of Friendship. I neither write nor converse with you, to gain your Praise but your Affection. Be fo much my Friend as to appear my Enemy, and tell me my Faults, if not as a young Man, at least as an unexperienced Writer.

I am, &c.

#### Mr WYCHERLEY to Mr POPE.

MARCH 29, 1705.

YOUR Letter of the 25th of March I have receiv'd, which was more welcome to me than any thing could be out of the Country, tho' it were one's Rent due that Day; and I can find no Fault with it, but that it charges me with Want of Sincerity, or Justice, for giving you your Due; who should not let your Modesty be so unjust to your Merit, as to reject what is due to it. and call that Compliment which is fo fhort of your defert, that it is rather degrading than exalting you. But if Compliment be the Smoak only of Friendship (as you fay) however you must allow there is no Smoak but there is some Fire; and as the Sacrifice of Incense offered to the Gods would not have been half fo fweet to others, if it had not been for it's Smoak; fo Friendship, like Love, cannot be without some Incense, to perfume the Name it would praise and immortalize. But fince you fay you do not write to me to gain my Praise, but my Affaction, pray how is it possible to have the one without the other? We must admire before we love. You affirm, you would have me fo much your Friend as to appear your Enemy, and find out your Faults rather than your Perfections: But (my Friend) that would be fo hard to do, that I, who love no Difficulties, can't be perfwaded to it. Befides, the Vanity of a Scribbler is fuch, that he will never part with his own Judgment to gratify another's; especially when he must take Pains to do it: And tho' I am proud to be of your Opinion, when you talk of any thing, or Man but yourfelf, I cannot fuffer you to murther

murther your Fame, with your own hand, without oppoling you; especially when you fay your last Letter is the worst (since the longest) you have favoured me with; which I therefore think the best, as the longest Life (if a good one) is the best, as it yields the more Variety and is more Exemplary; as a chearful Summer's Day, tho' longer than a dull one in the Winter, is less tedious and more entertaining: Therefore let but your Friendship be like your Letter, as lasting as it is agreeable, and it can never be tedious, but more acceptable and obliging to

Your, &c.

#### Mr WYCHERLEY to Mr POPE.

APRIL 7, 1705.

I HAVE receiv'd your's of the 5th, wherein your Modesty refuses the just Praise I give you, by which you lay claim to more, as a Bishop gains his Bishopric by faying he will not Episcopate: But I must confess, whilst I displease you by commending you, I please myself; just as Incense is fweeter to the Offerer than the Deity to whom 'tis offered, by his being fo much above it: For indeed, every Man partakes of the Praise he gives, when it is so justly given.

As to my Enquiry after your Intrigues with the Muses, you may allow me to make it, fince no old Man can give fo young, fo great, and able a Favourite of theirs, Jealoufy. I am, in my Enquiry, like old Sir Bernard Gascoign, who us'd to fay, that when he was grown too old to have his Visits admitted alone by the Ladies, he always

took along with him a young Man, to ensure his Welcome to them; who, had he come alone had been rejected, only because his Visits were not scandalous to them. So I am (like an old Rook, who is ruined by Gaming) forced to live on the good Fortune of the pushing young Men, whose Fancies are so vigorous, that they ensure their Success in their Adventures with the Muses, by their Strength of Imagination.

— Your Papers are fafe in my Custody (you may be fure) from any one's Theft but my own; for 'tis as dangerous to trust a Scribbler with your Wit, as a Gamester with the Custody of your Money. —— If you happen to come to Town, you will make it more difficult for me to leave it,

who am, dear Mr Pope,

Your, &c.

## Mr Pope's Anfwer.

APRIL 30, 1705.

I CANNOT contend with you. You must give me leave at once to wave all your Compliments, and to collect only this in general from them, that your Design is to encourage me. But I separate from all the rest that Paragraph or two, in which you make me so warm an Offer of your Friendship. Were I possessed of that, it would put an end to all those Speeches with which you now make me blush; and change them to wholsome Advices, and free Sentiments, which might make me wifer and happier. I know 'tis the general Opinion, that Friendship is best contracted betwixt Persons of equal Age: but I have so much

## Mr Wycherley and Mr Pope. 17

Interest to be of another Mind, that you must pardon me if I cannot forbear telling you a few Notions of mine, in Opposition to that Opinion.

In the first place 'tis observable, that the Love we bear to our Friends is generally caused by our finding the fame Dispositions in them, which we feel in ourselves. This is but Self-love at the Bottom: Whereas the Affection betwixt People of different Ages cannot well be fuch, the Inclinations of fuch being commonly various. The Friendship of two young Men is often occasioned by Love of Pleasure or Voluptuousness, each being desirous, for his own fake, of one to affift or incourage him in the Courses he pursues; as that of two old Men is frequently on the Score of some Profit, Lucre, or Design upon others: Now, as a young Man who is less acquainted with the Ways of the World, has in all probability less of Interest; and an old Man who may be weary of himself, less of Self-love; fo the Friendship between them is the more likely to be true, and unmix'd with too much Self-regard. One may add to this, that fuch a Friend-Thip is of greater Use and Advantage to both; for the old Man will grow more gay and agreeable to please the young one; and the young Man more difcreet and prudent by the help of the old one; fo it may prove a Cure of those epidemical Diseases of Age and Youth, Sourness and Madness. I hope you will not need many Arguments to convince you of the Poffibility of this: One aione abundantly fatisfies me, and convinces to the very Heart; which is, that

I am, &c.

Mr Wycherley was at this time about Seventy Years old, Mr Pepe under Seventeen.

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## Mr Pope to Mr Wycherley.

JUNE 23, 1705.

I Should believe myself happy in your good Opinion, but that you treat me so much in a Stile of Compliment. It has been observed of Women, that they are more subject in their Youth to be touch'd with Vanity than Men, on account of their being generally treated this way; but the weakest Women are not more so than the weak Class of Men, who are thought to pique themselves upon their Wit. The World is never wanting, when a Coxcomb is accomplishing himself, to help to give him the finishing Stroke.

Every Man is apt to think his Neighbour overflocked with Vanity; yet I cannot but fancy, there are certain Times, when most People are in a Disposition of being inform'd; and it is incredible what a vast Good a little Truth might do, spoken in such Seasons. A very small Alms will do a great Kindness, to People in extream

Necessity.

I could name an Acquaintance of your's, who wou'd at this time think himself more oblig'd to you for the Information of his Faults, than the Confirmation of his Follies. If you would make those the subject of a Letter, it might be as long as I could wish your Letters always were.

I do not wonder you have hitherto found fome Difficulty (as you are pleas'd to fay) in writing to me, fince you have always chosen the Task of commending me: Take but the other way, and and I dare ingage you will find none at all.

As for my Verses which you praise so much, I may truly say they had never been the cause of

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any Vanity in me, except what they gave me when they first occasion'd my Acquaintance with you. But I have several times since been in danger of this Vice, as often I mean as I receiv'd any

Letters from you.

'Tis certain, the greatest magnifying Glasses in the World are a Man's own Eyes, when they look upon his own Person; yet even in those, I cannot fancy myself so extremely like Alexander the Great, as you would perfuade me: If I must be like him, it is you will make me fo, by complimenting me into a better Opinion of myfelf than I deferve: They made him think he was the Son of Jupiter, and you affure me I am a Man of Parts. But is this all you can fay to my Honour? You faid ten times as much before, when you called me your Friend. After having made me believe I possessed a Share in your Affection, to treat me with Compliments and fweet Sayings, is like the Proceeding with poor Sancho Pancha: They had perfuaded him they had enjoy'd a great Dominion, and then gave him nothing to subfift upon but Wafers and Marmalade. In our Days, the greatest Obligation you can lay upon a Wit, is to make a Fool of him. For as when Madmen are found incurable, wife Men give them their Way, and please them as well as they can; fo when those incorrigible things, Poets, are once irrecoverably Bemus'd, the best way both to quiet them, and secure yourselves from the Effects of their Frenzy, is to feed their Vanity (which indeed for the most part is all that is fed in a Poet).

You may believe me, I could be heartily glad that all you fay were as true, apply'd to me, as it would be to yourfelf, for feveral weighty Reafons; but for none fo much, as that I might be to you what you deferve; whereas I can now be

no more, than is confishent with the small, tho' utmost, Capacity of,

Dear Sir,

Your ever effectionate Servant.

#### Mr POPE to Mr WYCHERLEY.

Ост. 25. 1705.

one

I Have now changed the Scene from the Town to the Country, from Will's Coffee-house to Windfor Forest. I find no other Difference than this, betwixt the common Town-Wits, and the downright Country Fools; that the first are pertly in the Wrong, with a little more Flourish and Gaiety, and the last neither in the Right nor the Wrong, but confirmed in a flupid, fettled Medium betwixt both. However, methinks these are most in the Right, who quietly and easily refign themselves over to the gentle Reign of Dulness, which the greatest Wits must do at last, tho' after a great Deal of Noise, Pother, and Resistance. Ours are a fort of modest, inostensive People, who neither have Sense, nor pretend to any, but enjoy a jovial Sort of Dulness. They are commonly known in the World by the Name of honest, civil Gon lemen. They live much as they ride, at Random; a Kind of Hunting Life, purfuing with Earnestness and Hazard, something not worth the catching; never in the way, nor out of it. I cannot but prefer Solitude to the Company of all these; for tho' a Man's self may possibly be the worst Fellow to converse with in the World, yet one would think the Company of a Person whom we have the greatest Regard to, and Affection for, could not be very unpleafant: As a Man in Love with a Mistress, defires no Conversation but hers, fo a Man in Love with himself, (as most Men are) may be best pleased with his own. Besides, if the truest and most useful Knowledge, be the Knowledge of ourselves, Solitude conducing most to make us look into ourselves, should be the most instructive State of Life. We see nothing more commonly than Men, who for the Sake of the circumstantial Part, and meer Outside of Life, have been half their Days rambling out of their Nature, and ought to be fent into Solitude to frudy themselves over again. People are usually spoiled instead of being taught, at their coming into the World; whereas, by being more converfant with Obscurity, without any Pains, they would naturally follow what they were meant for. In a Word, if a Man be a Coxcomb, Solitude is his best School; and if he be a Fool, it is his best Sanctuary.

These are good Reasons for my own stay here, but I wish I could give you any for your coming hither, except that I earnestly invite you. And yet I cannot help saying, I have suffer'd a great Deal of Discontent that you do not, though I so

little merit that you flould.

I must complain of the Shortness of your last: Those who have most Wit, like those who have most Money, are generally most sparing of either.

## Mr WYCHERLEY's Answer.

Nov. 5, 1705.

YOUR's of the 26th of October I have receiv'd. as I have always done your's, with no little Satisfaction, and am proud to discover by it, that you find Fault with the Shortness of mine, which I think the best Excuse for it: And though they (as you fay) who have most Wit or Money, are most sparing of either; there are some who appear poor to be thought rich, and are poor, which is my Case: I cannot but rejoice, that you have undergone fo much Discontent for want of my Company; but if you have a Mind to punish me for my Fault, (which I could not help) defer your coming to Town, and you will do it effectually. But I know your Charity always exceeds your Revenge, fo that I will not despair of seeing you, who, in return to your inviting me to your Forest, invite you to my Forest, the Town; where the Beasts that inhabit, tame or wild, of long Ears or Horns, pursue one another either out of Love or Hatred. You may have the Pleasure to see one Pack of Blood-hounds pursue another Herd of Brutes, to bring each other to their Fall, which is their whole Sport: Or, if you affect a less bloody Chace, you may fee a Pack of Spaniels, called Lovers, in hot Pursuit of a two-legg'd Vixen, who only flies the whole loud Pack to be fingled out by one Dog, who runs mute to catch her up the fooner from the rest, as they are making a Noise, to the Loss of their Game. In fine, this is the Time for all Sorts of Sport in the Town, when those of the Country cease; therefore leave your Forest of Beasts, for ours of Brutes, called Men, who now in full cry, (packed by the Court

or Country) run down in the House of Commons, a deferted horned Beast of the Court, to the Satisfaction of their Spectators: Besides, (more for your Diversion) you may see not only the two great Play-houses of the Nation, those of the Lords and Commons, in dispute with one another: but the two other Play-houses in high Contest, because the Members of one House are removed up to t'other (as it is often done by the Court for Reasons of State). Insomuch that the lower Houses, I mean the Play-houses, are going to act Tragedies on one another without doors, and the Sovereign is put to it (as it often happens in the other two Houses) to filence one or both, to keep peace between them: Now I have told you all the News of the Town.

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I am, &c.

### Mr WYCHERLEY to Mr POPE.

FEB. 5. 1705-6.

I HAVE receiv'd your kind Letter, with my paper \* to Mr Dryden corrected. I own you have made more of it by making it less, as the Dutch are said to burn half the Spices they bring home to inhance the price of the remainder, so to be greater Gainers by their Loss (which is indeed my case now). Well; you have prun'd my fading Laurels of some superstuous, sapless, and dead Branches, to make the Remainder live the longer; thus, like your Master Apollo, you are at once a Poet and a Physician.

<sup>\*</sup> The same which was printed in the Year 1717, in a Miscellany of Bern. Lintat's, and in the present Edition of the Posthumous Works of Mr Wycberley.

Now, Sir, as to my impudent Invitation of you to the Town, your good Nature was the first Cause of my confident Request; but excuse me, I must (I fee) fav no more upon this Subject, fince I find you a little too nice to be dealt freely with; tho' you have given me some Encouragement to hope, our Friendship (tho' young) might be without Shyness, or criminal Modesty; for a Friend like a Mistress. tho' he is not to be mercenary to be true, yet ought not to refuse a Friend's Kindness because it is small or trivial: I have told you (I think) that a Spanish Lady said to her poor, poetical Galant, that a Queen if she lay with a Groom, would expect a Mark of his Kindness from him, tho' it were but his Curry-comb. But you and I will diffoute this Matter when I am fo happy as to fee you here; and perhaps 'tis the only Dispute in which I might hope to have the better of you.

Now, Sir, to make you another Excuse for my Boldness in inviting you to Town, I defign'd to leave with you some more of my papers, (since these return so much better out of your hands than they went from mine) for I intended (as I told you formerly) to fpend a Month or fix Weeks this Summer, near you in the Country, for you may be affured there is nothing I defire to much, as an

Improvement of your Friendship,

### Mr WYCHERLEY to Mr POPE.

MARCH 22, 1705-6.

I MUST by a Fenance upon you, which is to defire you to look over that damn'd Mifcellany of Madigrais of mine, to pick out (if possible) some that men's fo alter'd that they may jet appear in Print again; I hope with better Success than they hitherto have done. I will give you my Reason for this Request of mine, when I see you; which I am resolv'd shall be when I have done here, and at the Bath, wherein I design to go, and afterwards to spend two Months (God willing) with you, at Binfield, or near it—

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## Mr Pope's Answer.

APRIL 10, 1706.

BY your's of the last Month, you desire me to select, if possible, some Things from the + first Volume of your Miscellanies, which may be alter'd fo as to appear again. I doubted your Meaning in this; whether it was to pick out the best of those Verses, (as that on the Idleness of Business; on Ignorance; on Lazines, &c.) to make the Method and Numbers exact, and avoid Repetitions? For tho' (upon reading them on this occasion) I believe they might receive fuch an Alteration with Advantage; yet they would not be chang'd fo much, but any one would know them for the fame at first fight. Or if you mean to improve the worst Pieces, which are fuch as to render them very good, would require a great Addition, and almost the entire new writing of them? Or, lastly, if you mean the middle fort, as the Songs and Love-Verses? For these will need only to be short'ned, to omit Repetition; the Words remaining very little different from what they were before. Pray let me know your mind in this, for I am utterly at a loss. Yet have I try'd what I could do to some

<sup>+</sup> Printed in Folio, in the Year 1704.

of the Songs, \* and the Poems on Laziness and Ignorance, but can't (e'en in my own partial Judgment) think my Alterations much to the purpose. So that I must needs desire you would apply your Care wholly at present, to those which are yet unpublish'd, of which there are more than enough to make a considerable Volume, of full as good ones, nay, I verily believe, of better than any in Vol. I. which I could wish you would defer, at least till you have finish'd these that are yet unprinted.

I fend you a Sample of some few of these; namely, the Verses to Mr Waller in his old Age; your new ones on the Duke of Marlborough, and two others. I have done all that I thought could be of advantage to them: Some I have contracted, as we do Sun-beams, to improve their Energy and Force; some I have taken quite away, as we take Branches from a Tree, to add to the Fruit; others I have entirely new express'd, and turned more into Poetry. Danne (like one of his Successors) had infinitely more Wit than he wanted Versification: for the great Dealers in Wit, like those in Trade, take least pains to set off their Goods; while the Haberdashers of small Wit, spare for no Decorations or Ornaments. You have commission'd me to paint your Shop, and I have done my best to brush you up like your Neighbours. But I can no more pretend to the Merit of the Production, than a Midwife to the Virtues and good Qualities of the Child she helps into the Light.

The few things I have entirely added, you will excuse; you may take them lawfully for your own, because they are no more than Sparks lighted

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<sup>\*</sup> Vide Letter of Nov. 20, 1707. a.

## Mr Wycherley and Mr Pope. 27

up by your Fire; and you may omit them at last, if you think them but Squibs in your Triumphs.

I am, &c.

#### Mr WYCHERLEY to Mr POPE.

FEB. 19, 1706-7.

I HAVE received your's of the 26th, as kind as it is ingenious, for which therefore I most heartily thank you: It would have been much more welcome to me, had it not inform'd me of your want of Health: But you who have a Mind fo vigorous, may well be contented with 't's crazy Habitation; fince (you know) the old Similitude fays, The Keenness of the Mind soonest wears out the Body; as the sharpest Sword soonest deftroys the Scabbard: So that (as I fay) you must be fatisfied with your Apprehension of an uneasy Life, (tho', I hope, not a short one); notwithstanding that generally you found Wits (tho' weak Bodies) are immortal hereafter, by that Genius which shortens your present Life to prolong that of the future. But I yet hope, your great, vigorous, and active Mind, will not be able to destroy your little, tender, and crazy Carcafe.

Now to fay fomething to what you write, concerning the present epidemic Distemper of the Mind and Age, Calumny; I know it is no more to be avoided (at one time or another of our Lives) than a Fever, or an Ague; and as often those Distempers attend, or threaten the best Constitutions, from the worst Air; so does that malignant Air of Calumny, soonest attack the sound and elevated in Mind, as Storms of Wind the tallest

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and most fruitful Trees; whilst the low and weak, for bowing and moving to and fro, are, by their Weakness, secure from the Danger and Violence of the Tempest. But so much for stinking Rumour, which weakest Minds are most afraid of; as Irish Men, tho' the nastiest of Mankind, are most offended at a Fart.

#### Mr WYCHERLEY to Mr POPE.

Nov. 11. 1707.

I Receiv'd your's, of the 9th, yesterday, which has (like the rest of your Letters) at once pleas'd and instructed me; so that I assure you, you can no more write too much to your absent Friends, than speak too much to the present. This is a Truth that all Men own who have either feen your Writings, or heard your Discourse; enough to make others flow their Judgment, in ceafing to write or talk, especially to you, or in your company. However, I speak or write to you, not to please you, but myself; since I provoke your answers; which, whilst they humble me, give me Vanity; tho' I am lessen'd by you even when you commend me; fince you commend my little Sense with so much more of your's, that you put me out of Countenance, whilst you would keep me in it. So that you have found a way (against the Custom of great Wits) to shew even a great deal of good Nature with a great deal of good Senfe.

I thank you for the Book you promis'd me, by which I find you would not only correct my

Lines, but my Life.

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## Mr Wycherley and Mr Pope. 29

As to the damn'd Verses I entrusted you with, I hope you will let them undergo your Purgatory, to save them from other People's damning them; since the Critics, who are generally the first damn'd in this Life, like the damn'd below, never leave to bring those above them under their own Circumstances. I beg you to peruse my Papers, and select what you think best, or most tolerable, and look over them again; for I resolve suddenly to print some of them, as a harden'd old Gamester will (in spite of all former ill Usage by Fortune) push on an ill Hand, in expectation of recovering himself; especially, since I have such a Croupier, or Second, to stand by me as Mr Pope.

#### Mr POPE to Mr WYCHERLEY.

Nov. 20. 1707.

MR Englefyld being upon his Journey to London, tells me I must write to you by him, which I do, not more to comply with his Desire, than to gratify my own; tho' I did it so lately by the Messenger you sent hither: I take it too as an Opportunity of sending you the fair Copy of the Poem (a) on Dulness, which was not then finish'd, and which I thould not care to hazard by the common Post. Mr Englesyld is ignorant of the Contents, and I hope your Prudence will let him remain so, for my sake no less than your own: Since if you should reveal any thing of this nature, it would be no wonder Reports should be rais'd,

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<sup>(1)</sup> The Original of it in Blots, and with Figures of the References from Copy to Copy, in Mr Pape's Hand, is in the Harley-Library, among other such Browilless of Mr Wycherley's Poems, corrected by him. Vid. Lett. Ap. 10, 1705-6. Note (a).

and there are those (I fear) who would be ready to improve them to my Disadvantage. I am forry you told the great Man, whom you met in the Court of Requests, that your Papers were in my hands: No Man alive shall ever know any such thing from me; and I give you this Warning besides, that tho' yourself should say I had any way affisted you, I am notwithstanding resolv'd to

deny it.

The Method of the Copy I fend you is very different from what it was, and much more regular: For the better help of your Memory, I defire you to compare it by the Figures in the Margin, answering to the same in this Letter. The Poem is now divided into four Parts, mark'd with the literal Figures I. II. III. IV. The first contains the Praise of Dulness, and shews how upon several Suppositions, it passes for 1. Religion. 2. Philofophy. 3. Example. 4. Wit. And, 5, the Caufe of Wit, and the End of it. The fecond Part contains the Advantages of Dulness: 1st, In Bufiness; and adly, at Court; where the Similitudes of the Byass of a Bowl, and the Weights of a Clock, are directly tending to illustrate those advantages of Dulness, tho' introduc'd before in a place where there was no mention made of them (which was your only Objection to my adding them). The third contains the Happiness Dulness in all Stations, and shews in a great many Particulars, that it is fo fortunate, as to be efteemed fome good Quality or other in all forts of People; that it is thought Quiet, Sense, Caution, Policy, Prudence, Majesty, Valour, Circumspection, Honesty, &c. The fourth Part I have wholly added, as a Climax which fums up all the Praise, Advantage, and Happiness of Dulness in a few words, and strengthens them all by the Opposition

Opposition of the Disgrace, Disadvantage, and Unhappiness of Wit, with which it concludes (b).

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Tho' the whole be as short again as at first, there is not one Thought omitted, but what is a Repetition of fomething in your first Volume, or in this very Paper: Some Thoughts are contracted, where they feem'd encompass'd with too many Words; and some new express'd, or added, where I thought there wanted heightning, (as you'll fee particularly in the Simile of the Clock-Weights (c); and the Versification throughout, is, I believe fuch, as no body can be shock'd at. The repeated permissions you give me of dealing freely with you, will (I hope) excuse what I have done; for if I have not spar'd you when I thought Severity would do you a kindness, I have not mangled you where I thought there was no absolute need of Amputation. As to particulars, I can fatisfy you better when we meet; in the mean time pray write to me when you can, you cannot too often.

(b) This is totally omitted in the present Edition: Some of the Lines in the H. M. are these.

Thus Dulness, the safe Opiate of the Mind, The last kind Refuge weary Wit can find, Fit for all Stations, and in each content, Is satisfy'd, secure, and innocent; No Pains it takes, and no Offence it gives, Unsear'd, unbated, undisturb'd it lives, &c.

(c) It was originally thus express'd:

As Clocks run fastest when most Lead is on.

We find it so in a Letter of Mr Pope to Mr Wycherley, dated April 3, 1705; and in a Paper of Verses of his, To the Author of a Poem call'd Successio, which got out in a Miscellany in 1712, three Years before Mr Wycherley died, and two after he had laid aside the whole Design of publishing any Poems.

## Mr WYCHERLEY's Answer.

Nov. 22, 1707.

YOU may fee by my Stile, I had the Happiness and Satisfaction to receive yesterday (by the hands of that Wagg, Mr Englesyld) your extream kind and obliging Letter of the 20th of this Month; which, like all the rest of your's, did at once mortisy me, and make me vain; since it tells me with so much more Wit, Sense, and Kindness than mine can express, that my Letters are always welcome to you. So that even whilst your Kindness invites me to write to you, your Wit and Judgment forbids me; since I may re-

turn you a Letter, but never an Answer.

Now, as for my owning your Affistance to me, in over-looking my unmusical Numbers, and harsher Sense, and correcting them both, with your Genius, or Judgment; I must tell you I always own it, (in spite of your unpoetic Modesty) who would do with your Friendship as your Charity; conceal your Bounty to magnify the Obligation; and even whilst you lay on your Friend the Favour, acquit him of the Debt: But that shall not serve your turn; I will always own, 'tis my infallible Pope has, or would redeem me from a poetical Damning, the second time; and fave my Rhimes from being condemn'd to the Critics Flames to all Eternity: But (by the Faith you profefs) you know your works of Supererrogation, transferr'd upon an humble, acknowledging Sinner, may fave even him; having good Works enough of your own besides, to ensure your's, and their Immortality.

And now for the pains you have taken to recommend my Dulness, by making it more methodical, I give you a thousand Thanks; since true and natural

Dulness

Dulness is shown more by it's Pretence to Form and Method, as the Sprightliness of Wit by it's despising both. I thank you a thousand times for your repeated Invitations to come to Binfield : - You will find, it will be as hard for you to get quit of my mercenary Kindness to you, as it would for me to deserve, or return to your's; however, it shall be the Endeavour of my future Life, as it will be to demonstrate my

Your, &c.

## Mr POPE's Reply.

Nov. 29, 1707.

THE Compliments you make me, in regard of any inconfiderable Service I could do you, are very unkind, and do but tell me in other words, that my Friend has fo mean an Opinion of me, as to think I expect Acknowledgments for Trifles; which, upon my Faith, I shall equally take amis, whether made to myfelf, or to any others. God's fake, (my dear Friend Wycherley) think better of me, and believe I defire no fort of Favour fo much, as that of ferving you, more confiderably than I have yet been able to do.

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I shall proceed in this manner, with some others of your pieces; but fince you defire I would not deface your Copy for the future, and only mark the Repetitions; I must, as soon as I have mark'd these, transcribe what is left on another paper; and in that, blot, alter, and add all I can devile, for their Improvement. For you are featible, the Omission of Repetitions is but one, and the easiest part, of your's and my Defign; there remaining belides to rectify the Method, to connect the

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Matter, and to mend the Expression and Versification. I will go next upon the \* Poems of Solitude, on the Public, and on the mixt Life; the Bill of Fare; the Praises of Avarice, and some others.

I must take some Notice of what you say, of " My Pains to make your Dulness methodical;" and of your Hint, that "The Sprightliness of Wit " despises Method." This is true enough, if by Wit you mean no more than Fancy or Conceit; but in the better Notion of Wit, consider'd, as Propriety, furely Method is not only necessary for Perspicuity and Harmony of Parts, but gives Beauty even to the minute and particular Thoughts, which receive an additional Advantage from those which precede or follow in their due Place: According to a Simile Mr Dryden us'd in Conversation, of Feathers in the Crowns of the wild Indians, which they not only chuse for the Beauty of their Colours, but place them in fuch a Manner as to reflect a Lustre on each other. I will not disguife any of my Sentiments from you: 'To methodize in your Case, is full as necessary as to strike out; otherwise you had better destroy the whole Frame, and reduce them into fingle Thoughts in Profe, like Rochfoucault, as I have more than once hinted to you.

#### Mr WYCHERLEY to Mr. POPE.

FEB. 28, 1707-8.

I Have had your's of the 23d of this Instant, for which I give you many Thanks, fince I find by it, that even Absence (the usual Bane of Love,

<sup>\*</sup> Some Brouillons of these, transcribed and very much blotted by Mr Pope, are extant in the Hurley Library.

or Friendship) cannot lessen your's no more than mine. \* As to your hearing of my being ill; I am glad and forry for the Report: In the first place, glad that it was not true; and in the next forry that it should give you any Disturbance, or Concern more than ordinary for me; for which, as well as your concern for my future Well-being or Life, I think myself most eternally obliged to you; affuring, your Concern for either, will make me more careful of both. Yet for your fake I love this Life fo well, that I shall the less think of the other; but it is in your Power to ensure my Happiness in one and the other, both by your Society and good Example, fo not only contribute to my Felicity here, but hereafter.

Now, as to your Excuse for the Plainness of your Stile, or Letter, I must needs tell you, that Friendship is much more acceptable to a true Friend than Wit, which is generally false Reasoning; and a Friend's Reprimand often shews more Friendship than his Compliment: Nay, Love, which is more than Friendship, is often seen, by our Friend's Correction of our Follies or Crimes. Upon this Test of your Friendship, I intend to put you when I return to London, and thence to you at Binfield, which I hope will be within a

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Next to the News of your good Health, I am pleas'd with the good News of your going to print

<sup>\*</sup> Mr Pope had this from Mr Cromwell, after his Enquiry, in these Words. " I returned to Town last Saturday, and inqui-" ring (as you defir'd) about Mr Wycherley, was told, in two " feveral Places, that he had been very ill, and that he was " even gone off our Stage: But I could not imagine this Report " to be true, or that so great a Man could leave the World " without it's being inftructed to lament so considerable a Lois."

fome of your Poems, and proud to be known by them to the Public for your Friend; who intend (perhaps the same way) to be revenged of you for your Kindness; by taking your Name in vain in fome of my future Madrigals: Yet fo as to let the World know, my Love or Esteem for you are no more Poetic than my Talent in scribbling. But of all the Arts of Fiction, I desire you to believe I want that of feigning Friendship, and that I am fincerely,

Your, &c.

#### Mr WYCHERLEY to Mr POPE.

MAY 13, 1708.

Have receiv'd your's of the first of May. Your pastoral Muse outshines, in her modest and natural Drefs, all Apollo's Court-Ladies, in their more artful, labour'd, and coftly Finery; therefore I am glad to find by your Letter, you defign your Country-beauty of a Muse shall appear at Court and in public; to outshine all the faded, leud, confident, affected, town-dowdies, who aim at being honour'd only to their Shame: But her artful Innocence (on the contrary) will gain more Honour as she becomes more public; and in spite of Custom will bring Modesty again into Fashion, or at least make her Sister-rivals of this Age, blush for Spite, if not for Shame. As for my stale, antiquated, poetical Pufs, whom you would keep in Countenance, by faying she has once been tolerable, and wou'd yet pass muster by a little licking over; it is true, that (like most vain antiquated Jades which have once been passable) she yet affects Youthfulness, in her Age, and wou'd Aill gain a few Admirers (who the more she feeks

feeks, or labours for their liking, are but more her Contemners). Nevertheless, she is resolved henceforth to be so cautious as to appear very little more in the World, except it be as an Attendant on your Muse, or as a Foil, not a Rival to her Wit or Fame: So that let your Country-gentlewoman appear when she will in the World \*, my old worn-out Jade of a lost Reputation, shall be her Attendant into it, to procure her Admirers; as an old Whore who can get no more Friends of her own, bawds for others, to make Sport or Pleasure yet, one way or other, for Mankind. I approve of your making Tonfon your Muse's Introductor into the World, or Master of the Ceremonies, who has been fo long a Pimp, or Gentleman-Usher, to the Muses.

I wish you good Fortune; fince a Man with Store of Wit, as Store of Money, without the Help of good Fortune, will never be popular; but I wish you a great many Admirers, which will be some Credit to my Judgment, as well as your Wit, who always thought you had a great

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#### Your, &c.

<sup>\*</sup> This, and the following Extract, are a full Confutation of the Lying Spirit of John Dennis and others, who impudently afferted, that Mr Pope wrote their Verses on himself (tho' published by Mr Wycherley six Years before his Death). We find here it was a voluntary Act of his, promised before-hand, and written while Mr Pope was absent. The first Brouillon of those Verses, and the Goond Copy with Corrections, are both yet extant in the Harley Library, in Mr Wycherley's own Hand; from which will appear, that is they received any Alteration from Mr Pope, it was in the Oranision of some of his own Praises.

Extract from two Letters of Mr WYCHERLEY of May 18, and of July 28, 1708.

I Have made a damn'd Compliment in Verse, upon the printing your Pastorals, which you shall see when you see me.—— If you suffer my old Dowdy of a Muse to wait upon your sprightly Lass of the Plains, into the Company of the Town, 'twill be but like an old City-bawd's attending a young Country-beauty to Town, to gain her Admirers, when past the Hopes of pleasing the World herself.

#### Mr WYCHERLEY to Mr POPE.

MAY 17, 1709.

I Must thank you for a Book of your Miscellanies, which Tonson sent me, I suppose by your Order; and all I can tell you of it is, that nothing has lately been better received by the Public, than your part of it; you have only displeased the Critics by pleasing them too well; having not left them a Word to fay for themselves, against you and your Performances; fo that now your Hand is in you must persevere, 'till my Prophecy's of you be fulfilled. In earnest, all the best Judges of good Sense, or Poetry, are Admirers of your's; and like your part of the Book fo well, that the rest is liked the worse. This is true upon my Word, without Compliment; fo that your first Success will make you for all your Life a Poet, in fpite of your Wit; for a Poet's Success at first, like a Gamester's Fortune at first, is like to make him a Lofer at last, and to be undone by his good Fortune and Merit,

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But hitherto your Miscellanies have safely run the Gauntlet, through all the Cossee-houses; which are now entertained with a whimsical new News-Paper, called, The Tatler, which I suppose you have seen. This is the newest thing I can tell you of, except it be of the Peace, which now (most People say) is drawing to such a Conclusion, as all Europe is, or must be, satisfy'd with; so Poverty, you see, which makes Peace in Westminster-Hall, makes it likewise in the Camp or Field, throughout the World: Peace then be to you, and to me; who am now grown peaceful, and will have no Contest with any Man, but him who says he is more your Friend, or humble Servant, than

Your, &c.

## Mr Pope's Answer.

MAY 20, 1709.

I AM glad you receiv'd the \* Miscellany, if it were only to show you, that there are as bad Poets in this Nation as your Servant. This modern Custom of appearing in Miscellanies, is very useful to the Poets, who, like other Thieves, escape by getting into a Crowd, and herd together like Banditti, safe only in their Multitude. Methinks Strada has given a good Description of these Kind of Collections; Nullus hadie mortalium aut nascitur, autmoritur, aut præliatur, aut rusticatur, aut abit peregre; aut reait, aut nubit; aut est, aut non est, (nam etiam mortuis isti canunt) cui non illi extemplo cudant Epicædia, Genethaliaca, Protreptica, Panegyrica, Epithalamia, Vaticinia, Propemptica, Soterica, Parenætica, Nænias, Nugas. As to the

<sup>\*</sup> Jacob Tonfon's fixth Volume of Mitcellany Poems.

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Success which you say my part has met with, it is to be attributed to what you were pleas'd to fay of me to the World; which you would do well to call your Prophecy, fince whatever is faid in my favour, must be a Prediction of Things that are not yet; you, like a true Godfather, engage on my part for much more than ever I can perform. My pastoral Muse, like other Country Girls, is but put out of Countenance, by what you Courtiers fay to her; yet I hope you would not deceive me too far, as knowing that a young Scribbler's Vanity needs no Recruits from abroad: For Nature like an indulgent Mother, kindly takes care to supply her Sons with as much of their own, as is necessary for their Satisfaction. If my Verses should meet with a few flying Commendations, Virgil has taught me, that a young Author has not too much Reason to be pleas'd with them, when he confiders, that the natural Confequence of Praise, is Envy and Calumny.

— si ultra placitum laudarit, Baccare frontem Cingite, ne Vati noceat mala lingua futuro:

When once a Man has appear'd as a Poet, he may give up his Pretentions to all the rich and thriving Arts: Those who have once made their court to those Mistresses without Portions, the Muses, are never like to set up for Fortunes. But for my part, I shall be satisfy'd if I can lose my Time agreeably this way, without losing my Reputation: As for gaining any, I am as indifferent in the Matter as Falstass was, and may say of Fame as he did of Honour, If it comes, it comes unlook'd for; and there's an End on't. I can be content with a bare saving Game, without being thought an eminent Hand (with which Title Jacob has graciously

## Mr Wycherley and Mr Pope. 41

cloufly dignify'd his Adventurers and Voluntiers in Poetry). Jacob creates Poets, as Kings fometimes do Knights, not for their Honour, but for Money. Certainly he ought to be esteem'd a worker of Miracles, who is grown rich by Poetry.

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What Authors lofe, their Bookfellers have won, So Pimps grow rich, while Gallants are undone.

I am, your, &c.

## Mr WYCHERLEY to Mr POPE.

MAY 26, 1709.

THE last I receiv'd from you, was dated the 22d of May. I take your charitable Hint to me very kindly, wherein you do like a true Friend, and a true Christian, and I shall endeavour to follow your Advice, as well as your Example, — As for your wishing to see your Friend an Hermit with you, I cannot be faid to leave the World, fince I shall enjoy in your Conversation, all that I can defire of it; nay, can learn more from you alone, than from my long Experience of the great, or little Vulgar in it.

As to the Success of your Poems in the late Miscel'ant, I told you of in my last; (upon my Word) I made you no Compliment, for you may be affur'd, that all forts of Readers like them, except they are Writers too; but for them (I must needs fay) the more they like them, they ought to be the less pleas'd with 'em: So that you do not come off with a bare Saving Game (as you call it) but have gain'd fo much Credit at first, that you must

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needs support it to the last: Since you set up with fo great a Stock of good Sense, Judgment and Wit, that your Judgment ensures all that your Wit ventures at. The Salt of your Wit has been enough to give a relish to the whole infipid Hotch-Potch it is mingled (a) with; and you will make Jacob's Ladder raise you to Immortality, by which others are turn'd off shamefully, to their Damnation (for poetic Thieves as they are) who think to be fav'd by others good Works, how faulty foever their own are: But the Coffee-house Wits, or rather Anti-wits, the Critics, prove their Judgments by approving your Wit; and even the News-Mongers and Poets will own, you have more Invention than eney; nay, the Detracters or the Envious, who never speak well of any Body, (not even of those they think well of in their Absence yet will give you (even in your Absence) their good Word; and the Critics only hate you, for being forc'd to speak well of you whether they will or no; and all this is true, upon the Word of.

Your, &c.

#### Mr WYCHERLEY to Mr POPE.

August 11, 1709.

MY Letters, so much inferior to your's, can only make up their Scarcity of Sense by their Number of Lines; which is like the Spaniards paying a Debt of Gold with a Load of Brass Money. But to be a Plain-dealer, I must tell you, I will revenge the Raillery of your Letters upon mine,

<sup>(</sup>a) The fixth Volume of Tonfon's Miscellanies.

by printing them, (as Dennis did mine) without your Knowledge too, which wou'd be a Revenge upon your Judgment, for the Raillery of your Wit: For some dull Rogues (that is the most in the World) might be fuch Fools as to think what you faid of me, was in earnest: It is not the first time, you great Wits have gain'd Reputation by their paradoxical or ironical Praises; your Forefathers have done it, Erasmus and others. — For all Mankind who know me must confess, he must be no ordinary Genius, or little Friend, who can find out any thing to commend in me feriously; who have given no Sign of my Judgment, but my Opinion of your's, nor Mark of my Wit, but my leaving off Writing, to the Public, now you are beginning, to shew the World, what you can do by your's: whose Wit is as spiritual as your Judgment infallible; in whose Judgment I have an implicit Faith, and shall always subscribe to it to save my Works in this World, from the Flames and Damnation. - Pray present my most humble Service to Sir W. Trumbull; for whom and whose Judgment I have so profound a Respect, that his Example had almost made me marry, more than my Nephew's ill Carriage to me; having once refolv'd to have reveng'd myfelf upon him by my Marriage, but now am refolv'd to make my Revenge greater upon him by his Marriage.

#### Mr WYCHERLEY to Mr POPE.

APRIL 1, 1710.

HAVE had your's of the 30th of the last Month, which is kinder than I defire it should be, fince it tells me you could be better pleased to be fick again

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gain in Town in my Company, than to be well in the Country without it; and that you are more impatient to be depriv'd of Happiness than of Health: Yet, my dear Friend, set Raillery or Compliment aside, I can bear your Absence (which procures your Health and Ease) better than I can your Company when you are in Pain; for I cannot fee you fo, without being fo too. Your love to the Country I do not doubt, nor do you, (I hope) my love to it or you, fince there I can enjoy your Company without feeing you in Pain to give me Satisfaction and Pleasure; there I can have you without Rivals or Diffurbers; without the C-s too civil, or the T-s too rude; without the Noise of the Loud, and the Cenfure of the Silent; and would rather have you abuse me there with the Truth, than at this Distance with your Compliment: Since now your Business of a Friend and Kindness to a Friend, is by finding fault with his Faults, and mending them by your obliging Severity. I hope (in point of your good Nature) you will have no cruel Charity for those Papers of mine, you were fo willing to be troubled with; which I take most infinitely kind of you, and shall acknowledge with Gratitude, as long as I live. No Friend can do more for his Friend than preserving his Reputation (nay not by preserving his Life) since by preferving his Life he can only make him live about threefcore or fourfcore Years; but by preferving his Reputation, he can make him live as long as the World lasts; so save him from damning, when he is gone to the Devil: Therefore I pray condemn me in private, as the Thieves do their Accomplices in Newgate, to fave them from Condemnation by the Public. Be most kindly unmerciful to my poetical Faults, and do with my Papers, as you Country-Gentlemen do with your

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Trees, flash, cut, and lop-off the Excrescencies and dead Parts of my wither'd Bays, that the little Remainder may live the longer, and encrease the Value of them, by diminishing the Number. I have troubled you with my Papers, rather to give you Pain than Pleafure, notwithstanding your Compliment, which fays, you take the Trouble kindly: Such is the Generofity to your Friends, that you take it kindly to be defired by them to do them a Kindness; and you think it done to you, when they give you an Opportunity to do it to them. Wherefore you may be fure to be troubled with my Letters out of Interest, if not Kindness; fince mine to you will procure your's to me, fo that I write to you more for my own fake than your's; less to make you think I write well, than to learn from you to write better. Thus you fee Interest in my Kindness, which is like the Friendship of the World, rather to make a Friend than be a Friend; but I am your's as a true Plaindealer.

### Mr WYCHERLEY to Mr POPE.

APRIL 11, 1710.

IF I can but do part of my Business at Shrews-bury in a Fortnight's time (which I propose to do) I will be soon after with you, and trouble you with my Company, for the Remainder of the Summer: In the mean time I beg you to give yourself the Pains of altering, or leaving out what you think supersluous in my Papers, that I may endeavour to print such a Number of them as you and I shall think sit, about Michaelmas next; in order to which (my dear Friend) I beg you to be

fo kind to me, as to be fevere to them; that the Critics may be less so; for I had rather be condemn'd by my Friend in private, than expos'd to my Foes in public, the Critics, or common Judges, who are made fuch by having been old Offenders themselves. Pray believe I have as much Faith in your Friendship and Sincerity, as I have Deference to your Judgment; and as the best Mark of a Friend, is telling his Friend his Faults in private, fo the next is concealing them from the Public, 'till they are fit to appear; in the mean time I am not a little fensible of the great Kindness you do me, in the Trouble you take for me, in putting my Rhimes in Tune, fince good Sounds fet off often ill Sense, as the Italian Songs, whose good Airs, with the worst Words, or Meaning, make the best Music; so by your tuning my Welsh Harp, my rough Sense may be the less offensive to the nicer Ears of those Critics, who deal more in Sound than Sense. Pray then take pity at once both on my Readers and me, in short'ning my barren Abundance, and increasing their Patience by it, as well as the Obligations I have to you; and fince no Madrigaller can entertain the Head, unless he pleases the Ear; and fince the crowded Opera's have left the best Comedies with the least Audiences, 'tis a fign Sound can prevail over Sense; therefore foften my Words, and strengthen my Sense, and

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#### Mr WYCHERLEY to Mr POPE.

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APRIL 27, 1710.

YOU give me an account in your Letter, of the trouble you have undergone for me; in comparing my Papers you took down with you, with the old printed Volume, and with one another of that Bundle you have in your hands; amongst which (you fay) you find numerous \* repetitions, of the fame Thoughts and Subjects; all which I must confess my want of Memory has prevented me from imagining; as well as made me capable of committing them; fince, of all Figures, that of Tautology, is the last I would use, or least forgive myself for; but seeing is believing; wherefore I will take some pains to examine and compare those papers in your hands with one another, as well as with the former printed Copies or Books, of my damn'd Miscellanies; all which (as bad a Memory as I have) with a little more pains and care, I think I can remedy; therefore I would not have you give your felf more trouble bout them, which may prevent the pleasure you have, and may give the World, in writing upon new Subjects of your own, whereby you will much better entertain yourfelf and others. Now as to your Remarks upon the whole volume of my Papers; all that I defire of you, is to mark in the margin (without defacing the copy at all) either any repetition of Words, Matter, or Sense, or any Thoughts, or Words too much repeated; which if you will be fo kind to do for me, you will supply my want of Memory, with your good one, and my deficiencies of

<sup>\*</sup> The Truth of this may be seen in the whole printed Volume of his Miscellanies in Folio, in 1704, in almost every Page.

Sense,

Sense, with the infallibility of your's; which if you do, you will most infinitely oblige me, who almost repent the trouble I have given you, fince fo much. Now as to what you call Freedom with me (which you defire me to forgive) you may be affur'd I would not forgive you unless you did use it; for I am fo far from thinking your plainness a Fault, or an Offence to me, that I think it a Charity and an Obligation; which I shall always acknowledge, with all fort of Gratitude to you for it, who am therefore

(Dear Mr POPE)

Your n'oft obliged humble Servant,

W. WYCHERLEY.

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All the News I have to fend you, is, that poor Mr Betterton is going to make his Exit from the Stage of this World, the Gout being gotten up into his Head, and (as the Physicians say) will certainly carry him off fuddenly.

## Mr Pope's Answer.

MAY 2, 1710.

I AM forry you perfift to take ill my not accepting your invitation, and to find (if I mistake not) your Exception not unmixt with some Suspicion. Be certain I shall most carefully observe your Request, not to cross over, or deface the Copy of your Papers for the future, and only to mark in the Margin the Repetitions: But as this can ferve no further than to get rid of these Repetitions, and no way rectify the Method, nor connect the Mat-

ter, nor improve the Poetry in Expression or Numbers, without further blotting, adding, and altering; fo it really is my opinion, and defire, that you should take your Papers out of my hands into your own; and that no Alterations may be made but when both of us are prefent; when you may be fatisfied with every Blot, as well as every Addition, and nothing be put upon the Papers but what you shall give your own fanction

and affent to, at the fame time.

Do not be fo unjust, as to imagine from hence that I would decline any part of this Task: On the contrary, you know, I have been at the pains of transcribing some pieces, at once to comply with your defire of not defacing the Copy, and yet to lose no time in proceeding upon the Correction. I will go on the same way if you please; tho' truly it is (as I have often told you) my fincere opinion, that the greater part would make a much better Figure as Single Maxims and Refiexions in profe, after the manner of your Favourite Rochefoucaut, than in verse: \* And this when nothing more is done but marking the Repetitions in the Margin, will be an easy Task for yourself to proceed upon, notwithstanding the bad Memory you complain of.

### I am unfeignedly, dear Sir,

Your, &c.

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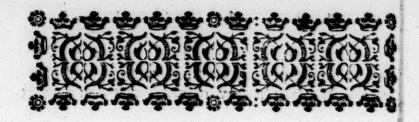
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Mr Wycherley lived five Years after, to December 1715, but little progress was made in this Design, through his Old Age, and the increase of his Infirmities. However, some of the Verses which had been touch'd by Mr P. with 308 of these Maxims in profe were found among his Papers, which having the misfortune to fall into the hands of a Mercenary, were published in 1723, in Octavo, under the Title of The Postbumous Works of William Wyrholey, Eig;



# LETTERS

OF

\* Mr Walsh and Mr Pope.

From 1705 to 1707.

### Mr WALSH to Mr WYCHERLEY.

APRIL 20, 1705.



RETURN you the + Papers you favour'd me with, and had fent them to you yesterday morning, but that I thought to have brought them to you last night myself. I have read

them over several times with great Satisfaction. The Preface is very judicious and very learned; and the Verses very tender and easy. The Author feems to have a particular Genius for that kind of Poetry, and a Judgment that much exceeds the years you told me he was of. He has taken very freely from the Ancients, but what he has mixt

† Mr Pope's Pastorals.

<sup>\*</sup> Of Abberley in Worcestersbire, Gentleman of the Horse in. Queen Anne's Reign, Author of several beautiful pieces and Profe and Verse, and in the Opinion of Mr Dryden (in his Pufficipa to Virgil), the Best Critic of our Nation in his time.

# Mr WALSH and Mr Pope. 51

of his own with theirs, is no way inferior to what he has taken from them. It is no flattery at all to fay, that Virgil had written nothing so good at his Age \*. I shall take it as a favour if you will bring me acquainted with him; and if he will give himself the trouble any morning to call at my House, I shall be very glad to read the Verses over with him, and give him my opinion of the particulars more largely than I can well do in this Letter. I am, Sir,

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and most humble Servant,

W. WALSH.

#### Mr WALSH to Mr POPE.

June 24, 1706.

I Receiv'd the favour of your Letter, and shall be very glad of the continuance of a Correspondence by which I am like to be so great a Gainer. I hope when I have the happiness of seeing you again in London, not only to read over the Verses I have now of your's but more that you have written since; for I make no doubt but any one who writes so well, must write more. Not that I think the most voluminous Poets always the best, I believe the contrary is rather true. I mention'd somewhat to you in London of a Pastoral Comedy, which I should be glad to hear you had thought upon since. I find Menage in his Observations upon Tasso's Aminta, reckons upon up

<sup>#</sup> Sixteen.

fourscore Pastoral Plays in Italian: And in looking over my old Italian Books, I find a great many Pastorals and Piscatory Plays, which I suppose Menage reckons together. I find also by Menage, that Taffo is not the first that writ in that kind, he mentioning another before him, which he himfelf had never feen, nor indeed have I. But as the Aminta, Pastor Fido, and Filli di Sciro of Bonarelli, are the three best, so I think there is no dispute but Aminta is the best of the three: Not but that the Discourses in Paster Fido are more entertaining and copious in feveral peoples opinion, tho' not fo proper for Pastoral; and the Fable of Bonarelli more furprizing. I do not remember many in other Languages, that have written in this kind with fuccess. Racan's Bergeries are much inferior to his Lyric Poems; and the Spaniards are all too full of Conceits. Rapin will have the defign of Pastoral Plays to be taken from the Cyclops of Euripides. I am fure there is nothing of this kind in English worth mentioning, and therefore you have that Field open to yourfelf. You fee I write to you without any fort of constraint or method, as things come into my head, and therefore pray use the same freedom with me, who am, &c.

## Mr POPE to Mr WALSH.

JULY 2, 1706.

I Cannot omit the first Opportunity of making you my Acknowledgments for reviewing those Papers of mine. You have no less right to correct me, than the same hand that rais'd a Tree has we prune it. I am convinc'd, as well as you, that one may correct too much; for in Poetry as in Paint-

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ing, a Man may lay Colours one upon another, till they stiffen and deaden the piece. Besides, to bestow heightning on every part is monstrous. Some parts ought to be lower than the rest; and nothing looks more ridiculous, than a Work, where the Thoughts, however different in their own nature, seem all on a level: 'Tis like a Meadow newly mown, there Weeds, Grass, and Flowers are all laid even, and appear undistinguish'd. I believe too that sometimes our first Thoughts are the best, as the sirst squeezing of the Grapes

makes the finest and richest Wine.

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I have not attempted any thing of Pastoral Comedy, because I think the Taste of our Age will. not relish a Poem of that fort. People seek for what they call Wit, on all subjects, and in all places; not confidering that Nature loves Truth fo well, that it hardly ever admits of flourishing; Conceit is to Nature what Paint is to Beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it wou'd improve. There is a cetain Majesty in Simplicity which is far above all the Quaintness of Wit: infomuch that the Critics have excluded it from the loftiest Poetry, as well as the lowest, and forbid it to the Epic no less than the Pastoral. I should certainly displease all those who are charm'd with Guarini and Bonarelli, and imitate Taffo not only in the Simplicity of his Thoughts, but in that of the Fable too. If furprizing Discoveries shou'd have place in the Story of a Pastoral Comedy, I believe it wou'd be more agreeable to probability to make them the effects of Chance than of Defign; Intrigue not being very confishent with that Innocence which ought to constitute a Shepherd's Character. There is nothing in all the Aminta. (as I remember) but happens by meer accident; unless it be the meeting of Aminta with Sylvia at the Fountain, which is the Contrivance of Daphne, and even that is the most simple in the World: The contrary is observable in Pastor Fido, where Corisca is so perfect a Mistress of Intrigue, that the Plot cou'd not have been brought to pass without her. I am inclin'd to think the Pastoral Comedy has another disadvantage, as to the Manners: It's general Design is to make us in love with the Innocence of a rural Life, so that to introduce Shepherds of a vicious Character must in some measure debase it; and hence it may come to pass, that even the virtuous Characters will not shine so much, for want of being opposed to their contraries. — These Thoughts are purely my own, and therefore I have reason to doubt them: but I

hope your Judgment will fet me right.

I wou'd beg your Opinion too as to another point: It is how far the liberty of borrowing may extend? I have defended it sometimes by faying, that it feems not so much the perfection of Sense, to say things that have never been faid before, as to express those best that have been said oftnest; and that Writers in the case of borrowing from others, are like Trees which of themselves would produce only one fort of Fruit, but by being grafted upon others, may yield variety. A mutual Commerce makes Poetry flourish; but then Poets, like Merchants, shou'd repay with something of their own what they take from others; not like Pyrates, make prize of all they meet. I defire you to tell me fincerely, if I have not stretch'd this Licence too far in these Pastorals? I hope to become a Critic by your Precepts, and a Poet by your Example. Since I have feen your Eclogues, I cannot be much pleas'd with my own; however you have not taken away all my-Vanity, so long as you give me leave to profess myself Your, &c.

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#### Mr WALSH to Mr POPE.

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JULY 20, 1706.

I HAD fooner return'd you Thanks for the Fa-vour of your Letter, but that I was in hopes of giving you an Account at the same time of my Journey to Windfor; but I am now forced to put that quite off, being engaged to go to my Corporation of Richmond in Yorkshire. I think you are perfectly in the right in your Notions of Pastoral, but I am of opinion, that the redundancy of Wit you mention, tho' 'tis what pleafes the common People, is not what ever pleases the best Judges. Pafter Fide indeed has had more Admirers than Aminta; but I will venture to fay, there is a great deal of difference between the Admirers of one and the other. Corifca, which is a Character generally admir'd by the ordinary Judges, is intolerable in a Paftoral; and Bonarelli's Fancy of making his Shepherdess in love with two Men equally, is not to be defended, whatever pains he has taken to do it. As for what you ask of the Liberty of borrowing; 'tis very evident the best Latin Poets have extended this very far; and none fo far as Virgil, who is the best of them. As for the Greek Poets, if we cannot trace them so plainly, 'tis perhaps because we have none before them; 'tis evident that most of them borrowed from Homer, and Homer has been accus'd of burning those that wrote before him, that his Thefts might not be discover'd. The best of the modern Poets in all Languages, are those that have the nearest copied the Ancients. Indeed in all the common Subjects of Poetry, the Thoughts are so obvious (at least if they are natural) that whoever writes laft, last, must write things like what have been said before: But they may as well applaud the Ancients for the Arts of eating and drinking, and accuse the Moderns of having stol'n those Inventions from them; it being evident in all fuch cases, that whoever live first, must first find them out. 'Tis true, indeed, when

## - unus & alter Assuitur pannus,

when there is one or two bright Thoughts stol'n, and all the rest is quite different from it, a Poem makes a very foolish Figure: But when 'tis all melted down tegether, and the Gold of the Ancients so mixt with that of the Moderns, that none can diffinguish the one from the other, I can never find fault with it. I cannot however but own to you, that there are others of a different Opinion, and that I have shewn your Verses to some who have made that Objection to them. I have fo much Company round me while I write this, and fuch a noise in my Ears, that 'tis impossible I should write any thing but Nonfense, so must break off abruptly. I am, Sir,

> Your most affectionate and most humble Servant.

#### Mr WALSH to Mr POPE.

SEPT. 9, 1706.

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A T my return from the North I received the favour of vour Letter, which had lain there till then. Having been absent about fix weeks, I read ule om' houe,

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I read over your Pastorals again with a great deal of pleafure, and to judge the better read Virgil's Eclogues, and Spencer's Calendar, at the same time; and I affure you I continue the fame Opinion I had always of them. By the little hints you take upon all occasions to improve them, 'tisprobable you will make them yet better against Winter; the' there is a mean to be kept even in that too, and a Man may correct his Verses till he takes away the true Spirit of them; especially if he. fubmits to the Correction of some who pass for great Critics, by mechanical Rules, and never enter into the true Defign and Genius of an Author. I have feen fome of these that would hardly allow any one good Ode in Horace, who cry Virgil wants Fancy, and that Homer is very incorrect. While they talk at this Rate, one would think them above the common rate of Mortals: but generally they are great Admirers of Ovid and Lucan; and when they write themselves, we find out all the Mystery. They fcan their Verses upon their Fingers; run. after Conceits and glaring Thoughts; their Poems are all made up of Couplets, of which the first may be last, or the last first, without any fort of prejudice to their Works; in which there is no Delign, or Method, or any thing natural or just. For you are certainly in the right, that in all Writings whatfoever (not Poetry only) Nature is to be follow'd; and we shou'd be jealous of ourselves for being fond of Similies, Conceits, and what they call faying Fine Things. When we were in the North, my Lord Wharton shew'd me a Letter he had receiv'd from a certain great General \* in Spain; I told him I wou'd by all means have that General recall'd, and fet to writing here at home,

<sup>\*</sup> The Earl of P.

for it was impossible that a Man with so much Wit as he shew'd, cou'd be fit to command an Army, or do any other Business. As for what you fay of of Expression: 'tis indeed the same thing to Wit, as Drefs is to Beauty; I have feen many Women over-dress'd, and several look better in a careless Night-gown, with their hair about their ears, than Mademoifelle Spanheim dress'd for a Ball. 1 do not defign to be in London till towards the Parliament: then I shall certainly be there; and hope by that time you will have finish'd your Pastorals, as you would have them appear in the World, and particularly the third of Autumn, which I have not yet feen. Your last Eclogue being upon the fame Subject as that of mine on Mrs Tempest's Death, I shou'd take it very kindly in you to give it a little Turn, as if it were to the Memory of the fame Lady, if they were not written for some particular Woman whom you wou'd make immortal. You may take occasion to shew the Difference between Poets Mistresses, and other Mens. I only hint this, which you may either do, or let alone just as you think fit. I shall be very much pleas'd to fee you again in Town, and to hear from you in the mean time. I am, with very much esteem.

Your, &c.

# Mr POPE to Mr WALSH.

Остов. 22. 1706.

AFTER the Thoughts I have already fent you on the Subject of English Versification, you desire my opinion as to some farther particulars. There are indeed certain Niceties, which tho' not much. observ'd even by correct Versifiers, I cannot but

think deferve to be better regarded.

1. It is not enough that nothing offends the Ear, but a good Poet will adapt the very Sounds, as well as Words, to the things he treats of. So that there is (if one may express it so) a Style of Sound. As in describing a gliding Stream, the Numbers shou'd run easy and slowing; in describing a rough Torrent or Deluge, fonorous and fwelling, and fo of the rest. This is evident every where in Homer and Virgil, and no where else that I know of to any observable Degree. The following Examples will make this plain, which I. have taken from Vida.

Molle viam tacito lapsu per levia radit. Incedit tardo molimine subsidendo. Luctantes ventos, tempestatesque sonoras. Immenso cum præcipitans ruit Oceano Nox. Telum imbelle sine ictu, Conjecit. Tolle moras, cape saxa manu, cape robora pastor,. Ferte citi flammas data tela, repellite pestem.

This, I think, is what very few observe in practice, and is undoubtedly of wonderful Force in imprinting the Image on the Reader: We have one excellent Example of it in our Language, Mr Dryden's Ode on St Cacilia's Day, intitul'd,

Alexander's Feast.

2. Every nice Ear, must (I believe) have obferv'd, that in any smooth English Verse of ten Syllables, there is naturally a Pause at the fourth, fifth, or fixth Syllable. It is upon these the Ear refts, and upon the judicious Change and Management of which depends the Variety of Verlification. For Example,

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At the fifth. Where-e'er thy Navy | spreads her canvas Wings,

At the fourth. Homage to thee | and Peace to all

the brings.

At the fixth. Like Tracts of Leverets | in Morning Snow.

Now I fancy, that to preserve an exact Harmony and Variety, the Pauses of the 4th or 6th shou'd not be continu'd above three Lines together, without the Interposition of another; else it will be apt to weary the Ear with one continu'd Tone, at least it does mine: That at the 5th runs quicker, and carries not quite so dead a Weight, so tires not so much tho' it be continu'd longer.

3. Another Nicety is in relation to Expletives, whether Words or Syllables, which are made use of purely to supply a Vacancy: Do before Verbs plural is absolutely such; and it is not improbable but suture Resiners may explore did and does in the same manner, which are almost always us'd for the sake of Rhime. The same Cause has occasion'd the promiscuous Use of You and Thou to the same Person, which can never sound so graceful as either one or the other.

4. I would also object to the Irruption of Alexandrine Verses of twelve Syllables, which I think should never be allow'd but when some remarkable Beauty or Propriety in them attones for the Liberty: Mr Dryden has been too free of these, especially in his latter Works. I am of the same Opinion as to Triple Rhimes.

5. I could equally object to the Repetition of the fame Rhimes within four or fix Lines of each other, as tireform to the Ear thro' their Mono-

tony.

6. Monofyllable-

6. Monosyllable-Lines, unless very artfully manag'd, are stiff, or languishing: but may be beautiful to express melancholy, Slowness, or Labour.

7. To come to the Hiatus, or Gap between two Words, which is caus'd by two Vowels opening on each other (upon which you defire me to be particular) I think the Rule in this case is either to use the Cæsura, or admit the Hiatus, just as the Ear is least shock'd by either: For the Cæsura sometimes offends the Ear more than the Hiatus itself, and our Language is naturally overcharg'd with Consonants: As for example; if in this Verse,

The Old have Int'rest ever in their Eye,

we should fay, to avoid the Hiatus,

But th' Old have Int'rest-

The Hiatus which has the worst effect, is, when one Word ends with the fame Vowel that begins the following; and next to this, those Vowels whose Sounds come nearest to each other are most to be avoided. O, A, or U, will bear a more full and graceful Sound than E, I, or Y. know fome people will think these Observations trivial, and therefore I am glad to corroborate them by some great Authorities, which I have met with in Tully and Quintilian. In the fourth Book of Rhetoric to Herennius are these words: Fugiemus crebras Vocalium concursiones, qua vastam atque hiantem reddunt orationem; ut hoc est, Bacce eneæ amænissimæ impendebant. And Quintilian, 1. 9. cap. 4. Vocalium concursus cum accidit, hiat & intersistit, at quasi laborat oratio. Pessimi longe quæ easidem inter se literas committunt, sonabunt: Præcipeus tamn erit hiatus earum quæ cavo aut patulo

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patulo ore efferuntur. E plenior litera est. I anguflior. But he goes on to reprove the Excess on the other hand of being too follicitous in this matter, and fays admirably, Nescio an negligentia in bec, aut solicitudo sit pejor. So likewise Tully (Orator ad Brut.) Theopompum reprehendunt, quod eas literas tanto opere fugerit, etst idem magister ejus Isocrates: Which last Author, as Turnebus on Quintilian observes, has hardly one Hiatus in all his Works. Quintilian tells us that Tully and Demosthenes did not much observe this Nicety, tho' Tully himself fays in his Orator, Crebra ista Vocum concursi, quam magna ex parte vitiosam, fugit Demosthenes. If I am not mistaken, Malherbe of all the Moderns has been the most scrupulous in this point; and I think Menage in his Observations upon him fays, he has not one in his Poems. To conclude, I believe the Hiatus should be avoided with more Care in Poetry than in Oratory; and I would constantly try to prevent it, unless where the cutting it off is more prejudicial to the Sound than the Hiatus itself.

I am, &c.

Mr Walsh died at 49 Years old, in the Year 1708. The Year, after, Mr Pope writ the Essay on Criticism, in which he gives him this Elogy.

Such late was Walsh, the Muses Judge and Friend, Who justly know to blame or to commend; To Failings mild, but zealous for Desert, The clearest Head, and the sincerest Heart.



# LETTERS

OF

# Mr Pope to H. C. Esq;

From 1708, to 1711.

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MARCH 18, 1708.



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BELIEVE it was with me when I left the Town, as it is with a great many Men when they leave the World, whose Loss itself they do not so much regret, as that of their Friends whom

they leave behind in it. For I do not know one thing for which I can envy London, but for your continuing there. Yet I guess you will expect I should recant this Expression, when I tell you, that Sapho (by which heathenish Name you have christen'd a very orthodox Lady) did not accompany me into the Country. However, I will confess myself the less concern'd on that account, because I have no very violent Inclination to lose my Heart, especially in so wild and savage a place as this Forest

is:

is: In the Town, 'tis ten to one but a young Fellow may find his ftray'd Heart again, with fome Wild-street or Drury-lane Damsel; but here, where I could have met with no Redrefs from an unmerciful, virtuous Dame, I must for ever have lost my little Traveller in a Hole, where I could never rummage to find him again. - Well, Sir, you have your Lady in the Town still, and I have my Heart in the Country still, which being wholly unemploy'd as yet, has the more room in it for my Friends, and does not want a Corner at your Service.—To be ferious, you have extreamly oblig'd me by your Frankness and Kindness to me: And if I have abus'd it by too much Freedom on my part, I hope you will attribute it to the natural Openness of my Temper, which hardly knows how to show Respect, where I feel Affection. I wou'd love my Friend, as my Mistress, without Ceremony; and hope a little rough Usage sometimes may not be more displeasing to the one; than it is to the other.

If you have any Curiofity to know in what manner I live, or rather lofe a Life, Martial will inform you in one Line: (the Translation of which cost a Friend of ours three in English,

One short, one long. One soft, one strong, One right, one wrong.)

Prandeo, poto, cano, ludo, lego, cæno, quiesco.

Every Day with me is literally another yesterday; for it is exactly the same: It has the same Business, which is Poetry; and the same Pleasure, which is Idleness. A man might indeed pass his time much better, but I question if any Man could pass pass it much easier. If you will visit our Shades this Spring, which I very much desire, you may perhaps instruct me to manage my Game more wisely; but at present I am satisfy'd to triste away my time any way, rather than let it stick by me; as Shop-keepers are glad to be rid of those Goods at any rate, which would otherwise always be lying upon their hands.

Sir, if you will favour me formetimes with your Letters, it will be a great Satisfaction to me on feveral accounts; and on this in particular, That it will show me (to my Comfort) that even a wife Man is formetimes very idle; for so you must needs

be when you can find leifure to write to

Your, &c.

APRIL 27, 1708.

THAVE nothing to say to you in this Letter; but I was refolv'd to write to tell you fo. IV by should not I content myfelf with so many great Examples, of deep Divines, profound Cafuifts, grave Philosophers; who have written, not Letters only, but whole Tomes and voluminous Treatifes about Nothing? Why should a Fellow like me, who all his Life dies nothing, be asham'd to write nothing? and that to one who has nothing to do but to read it? But perhaps you'll fay, the whole World has something to do, something to talk of, something to wish for, something to be emplay'd about : But, pray, Sir, cast up the Account, put all these Somethings together, and what is the Sum Total but just Nothing? I have no more to Jay, but to defire to give you my Service (that is nsthing)

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his uld nothing) to your Friends, and to believe that I am nothing more than

Your, &c.

Ex nihilo nil fit. Luck.

MAY 10, 1708.

YOU talk of Fame and Glory, and of the great Men of Antiquity: Pray tell me, what are all your great dead Men, but so many little living Letters? What a vast Reward is here for all the Ink wasted by Writers, and all the Blood fpilt by Princes? There was in old time one Severus a Roman Emperor. I dare say you never call'd him by any other Name in your Life: and yet in his Days he was flil'd Lucius, Septimius, Severus, Pius, Pertinax, Augustus, Parthicus, Adiabenicus, Arabicus, Maximus, - and what not? What a prodigious Waste of Letters has Time made! what a Number have here drop'd off, and left the poor furviving feven unattended! For my own part, four are all I have to take care for; and I'll be judg'd by you if any Man could live in less Compass? except it were one Monsieur D. and one Romulus \*\*. But these, contrary to the common Calamity, came in process of time, to be call'd Monfieur Boileau Despreaux, and Romulus Threepoints. - Well, Sir, for the future I'll drown all high Thoughts in the Lethe of Cowslip-Wine; as for Fame, Renown, Reputation, take 'em, Critics!

Tradam protervis in Mare Criticum.

If ever I feek for Immortality here, may I be d—d! for there's not fo much Danger in a Poet's being damn'd:

Damnation follows Death in other Men, But your damn'd Poet lives and writes agen.

Novem. 1, 1708.

I HAV E been fo well fatisfy'd with the Country ever fince I faw you, that I have not fo much as once thought of the Town, or enquir'd of any one in it besides Mr Wycherley and yourself. And from him I understand of your Journey this Summer into Leicestershire; from whence I guess you are return'd by this time, to your old Appartment in the Widow's Corner, to your old Business of comparing Critics, and reconciling Commentators; and to the old Diversions of a losing Game at Picquet with the Ladies, and half a Play, or a quarter of a Play, at the Theatre; where you are none of the malicious Audience, but the Chief of amorous Spectators; and for the Infirmity of one \* Sense which there for the most part could only ferve to difgust you, enjoy the Vigour of another which ravishes you.

You know, when one Sense is supprest, It but retires into the rest.

(According to the poetical, not the learned, Dodwell; who has done one thing worthy of eternal Memory; wrote two Lines in his Life that are not Nonfense!) So you have the Advantage

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<sup>\*</sup> His Hearing.

of being entertain'd with all the Beauty of the Boxes, without being troubled with any of the Dulness of the Stage. You are so good a Critic, that 'tis the greatest Happiness of the modern Prets that you do not hear their Works; and next, that you are not so arrant a Critic, as to daman them (like the rest) without hearing. But now I alk of those Citics, I have good News to tell you concerning myfelf, for which I expect you flow a congratulate with me: It is that beyond all in Expectations, and far above my Demerits, I have been most mercifully repriev'd by the sovereign Power of Jacob Tonson, from being brought forth to public Punishment; and respited from time to time from the Hands of those barbarous Executioners of the Muses, whom I was just now speaking of. It often happens, that guilty Poets, like other guilty Criminals, when once they are known and proclaim'd, deliver themselves into the Hands of Justice, only to prevent others from doing it more to their Difadvantage; and not out of any Ambition to spread their Fame, by being executed in the Face of the World, which is a Fame but of short Continuance. That Poet were a happy Man who could but obtain a Grant to preferve his for ninety-nine Years; for those Names very rarely last so many Days, which are planted either in Jacob Tonjon's, or the Ordinary of Newgate's Milcellanies.

I have an hundred things to fay to you, which shall be deferr'd till I have the Happiness of seeing you in Town, for the Seafon now draws on, that invites every body thither. Some of them I had communicated to you by Letters before this, if I had not been uncertain where you pass'd your Time the latt Seafon: So much fine Weather, I doubt not, has given you all the Pleafure you could

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defire from the Country, and your own Thoughts the best Company in it. But nothing could allure Mr Wychertey to our Forest, he continu'd (as you told me long since he wou'd) an obstinate Lover of the Town, in spite of Friendship and sair Weather. Therefore hencesorward, to all those considerable Qualities I know you possest of, I shall add that of Prophecy. But I still believe Mr Wycherley's Intentions were good, and am satisfy'd that he promises nothing but with a real Design to perform it: How much were his other excellent Qualities are above my Lautation, his Sincerity, I hope, is not; and it is with the utmost that I am,

Sir, &c.

JAN. 22, 1708-9.

I Had sent you the inclos'd \* Popers before this time, but that I intended to have brought them myself, and afterwards cou'd find no Opportunity of sending them without Suspicion of their misearrying; not, that they are of the least Value, but for fear some body might be foolish enough to imagine them so, and inquisitive enough to discover those Faults which I (by your help) would correct. I therefore beg the Favour of you to let them go no farther than your Chamber, and to be very free of your Remarks in the Margins, not only in regard to the Accuracy, but to the Fidelity of the Translation; which I have not had time of late to compare with it's Original. And I desire you to be the more severe, as it is much

<sup>\*</sup> This was a Translation of the first Book of Statius, done when the Author was but 14 Years old, as appears ly an Advertisement before the first Edition of it in a Miscellany publish'd by B. Lintot, 8vo, 1711.

more criminal for me to make another speak Non. sense, than to do it in my own proper, Person. For your better help in comparing, it may be fit to tell you, that this is not an entire Version of the first Book. There is an Omission from the 168th Line Jam murmura ferpunt plebis agenoreze — to the 312th ---- Interea patriis olim vagus exul ab oris - between these + two, Statius has a Description of the Council of the Gods, and a Speech of Jupiter; which contain a peculiar Beauty and Majesty, and were left out for no other Reason, but because the Consequence of this Machine appears not till the second Book). The Translation goes on from thence to the Words Hic vero ambobus rabiem fortuna cruentam where there is an odd Account of a Battle at Fifty-cuffs between the two Princes on a very flight Occasion, and at a time when one would think the Fatigue of their Journey in so tempefluous a Night, might have render'd them very unfit for such a Scuffle. This I had actually translated, but was very ill satisfied with it, even in my cron Words, to which an Author cannot but be partial enough of Conscience; it was therefore of mitted in this Copy, which goes on above eighty Lines farther, at the Words - Hic primum lustrare oculis, &c. — to the end of the Book.

You will find, I doubt not, that Statius was none

of the discreetest Poets, the he was the best Versister next Virgil: In the very Beginning he unluckily betrays his Ignorance in the Rules of Poetry, (which Horace had already taught the Romans) when he asks his Muse where to begin his Thebaid, and seems to doubt whether it should not be ab ovo Ledwo? When he comes to the Scene of his Poem,

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<sup>†</sup> These he since translated, and they are extant in the printed Version.

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and the Prize in Dispute between the Brothers, he gives us a very mean Opinion of it — Pugna est de paupere regno. — Very different from the Conduct of his Master Virgil, who at the Entrance of his Poem informs his Reader of the Greatness of it's Subject, — Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere Gentem. [Bossu on Epic Poetry.] There are innumerable little Faults in him, among which I cannot but take Notice of one in this Book, where speaking of the implacable Hatred of the Brothers, he says, The whole World wou'd be too small a Prize to repay so much Impiety.

Quid si peteretur crimine tanto Limes uterque Poli, quem Sol emissus Eco Cardine, aut portu vergens prospectat Ibero?

This was pretty well, one wou'd think already, but he goes on

Quasque procul terras obliquo sydere tangit Avius, aut Boreæ gelidas, madidive tepentes Igne Noti?

After all this, what cou'd a Poet think of but Heaven itself for the Prize? But what follows is astonishing.

Convectentur Opes?

I do not remember to have met with so great a Fall in any ancient Author whatsoever. I should not have insisted so much on the Faults of this Peet, if I did not hope you would take the same Freedom with, and revenge it upon, his Translator. I shall be extreamly glad if the reading this can be any Anasy-

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ment to you, the rather because I had the Dissatisfaction to hear you have been consin'd to your Chamber by an Illness, which I fear was as troublesome a Companion as I have sometimes been to you in the same Place: where if ever you sound any Pleasure in my Company, it must surely have been that which most Men take in observing the Faults and Follies of another; a Pleasure which you see I take Care to

give you even in my Absence.

If you will oblige me at your Leisure with the Confirmation of your Recovery, under your own Hand, it will be extream grateful to me, for next to the Pleasure of seeing my Friends, is that I take in hearing from them, and in this particular, I am beyond all Acknowledgments oblig'd to our Friend MrWycherley, who, as if it were not enough to have excell'd a!! Men in Wit, is resolv'd to excel them in Good-nature too. I know I need no Apology to you for speaking of Mr Wycherley, whose Example as I am proud of following in all things, so in nothing more than in prosessing myself like him,

Your, &c.

MAY 7, 1709.

YOU had long before this time been troubled with a Letter from me, but that I deferr'd it till I could fend you either the \* Miscellany, or my Continuation of the Version of Statius. The first I imagin'd you might have had before now, but since the contrary has happened, you may draw this Moral from it, that Authors in general are more ready to write nonsense, than Booksellers are

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<sup>\*</sup> Jac b Tonfon's finth Volume of Poetical Miscellanies, in which Mr Pope's Pastorais, and some Versions of Homer, and Chaucer were first printed.

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to publish it. I had I know not what extraordinary Flux of Rhime upon me for three Days together, in which time all the Verses you see added, have been written; which I tell you that you may more freely be fevere upon them. Mercy I do not affault you with a Number of original Sonnets and Epigrams, which our modern Bards put forth in the Spring-time, in as great Abundance, as Trees do Blossoms, a very lew whereof ever come to be Fruit, and please no longer than just in their Birth. So that they make no less haste to bring their Flowers of Wit to the Press, than Gardeners to bring their other Flowers to the Market, which if they can't get off their Hands in the Morning, are fure to die before Night. Thus the same Reason that furnishes Covent-Garden with those Nosegays you so delight in. supplies the Muses Mercury, and British Apollo (not to fay Jacob's Miscellanies) with Verses. And it is the Happiness of this Age, that the modern Invention of printing Poems for Pence a-piece, has brought the Nofegays of Parnassus to bear the fame Price; whereby the public-spirited Mr Henry Hills of Black-fryars has been the Cause of great Ease and fingular Comfort to all the learned, who never over-abounding in transitory Coin, shou'd not be discontented (methinks) even the Poems were distributed gratis about the Streets, like Bunyan's Sermons and other pious Treatifes, usually published in a like Volume and Character.

The Time now drawing nigh, when you use with Sapho to cross the Water in an Evining to Spring-Garden, I hope you will have a fair Opportunity of ravishing her:——I mean only (as Oldfox in the Plaix dealer says) thro' the Ear, with your well-penned Verses. I have been told of a very lucky Compliment of an Officer to his

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Miftres

Miffres in the very same Place, which I cannot but fet down (and defire you at prefent to take it in good part instead of a Latin Quotation) that it may fome time or other be improved by your Pronunciation, while you walk Solus cum Sola in those amorous Shades.

When at Spring-garden Sapho deigns t'appear, The Flow'rs march in her van, Musk in her rear.

I wish you all the Pleasures which the Season and the Nymph can afford; the best Company, the best Coffee, and the best News you can defire. And what more to wish you than this, I do not know; unless it be a great Deal of Patience to read and examine the Verses I send you; and I promise you in return, a great Deal of Deserence to your Judgment, and an extraordinary Obedience to your Sentiments for the future, (to which you know I have been fometimes a little Refractory), If you will please to begin where you left off last, and mark the Margins, as you have done in the Pages immediately before, (which you will find corrected to your Sense since your last Perusal you will extreamly oblige me, and improve my Translation. Besides those Places which may deviate from the Sense of the Author, it wou'd be very kind in you to observe any Deficiencies in the Diction or Numbers. The Hiatus in particular I wou'd avoid as much as possible, to which you are certainly in the Right to be a professed Enemy; tho' I confess I could not think it possible at all times to be avoided by any Writer, till I found by reading Malherbe lately, that there is scarce any throughout his Poems. I thought your Observation true enough to be passed into a Rule, but not a Rule without Exceptions, nor that ever it had

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Mr POPE to H. C. Esq; 75

been reduced to practice: But this Example of one of the most correct and best of their Poets has undeceiv'd me, and confirms your Opinion very strongly, and much more than Mr Dryden's Authority, who tho' he made it a Rule, seldom observed it.

Your, &c.

June 10, 1709.

Have receiv'd part of the Version of Statius, and return you my thanks for your Remarks which I think to be just, except where you cry out (like one in Horace's Art of Poetry, Pulchre, bene, recte! There I have some fears, you are often, if not always, in the wrong.

One of your Objections, namely on that Paf-

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The rest, revolving Years shall ripen into Fate,

may be well grounded, in relation to it's not being the exact Sense of the Words—\* Cætera reliquo ordine ducam. But the Duration of the Action of Statius's Poem may as well be excepted against, as many things beside in him (Which I wonder Bossu has not observed). For instead of confining his Narration to one Year, it is manifestly exceeded in the very first two Books. The Narration begins with Oedipus's Prayer to the Fury to promote Discord betwixt his Sons; afterward the Poet expressly describes their entring into the Agreement of reigning a Year by Turns; and Polynices takes his Flight for Thebes on his Brother's Resulal to resign the Throne. All this is in the first Book;

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<sup>\*</sup> See the first Book of Statius, Verse 302.

76 LETTERS of

in next, Tydeus is fent Ambassador to Etheocles, and demands his Resignation in these Terms,

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——Astriferum velox jam circulus orbem Torsit, & amissa redierunt montibus umbra, Ex quo frater inops, ignota per oppida tristes Exul agit casus——

But Bossu himself is mistaken in one particular, relating to the Commencement of the Action; saying in Book z. Cap. 8. that Statius opens it with Europa's Rape, whereas the Poet at most deliberates whether he should or not?

Ire Deæ? Gentisne canam primordia, diræ, Sidonios raptus? &c.

but then expressly passes all this with a Longa retro

Oedipodæ confusa domus—

Indeed there are numberless Particulars blameworthy in our Author, which I have try'd to soften in the Version:

In latus, & geminis vix fluctibus obstitit Isthmus

is most extravagantly hyperbolical: Nor did I ever read a greater Piece of Tautology than

— Vacua cum solus in Aula Respiceres jus omne tuum, cunctosque Minores, Et nusquam par stare caput. In the Journey of *Polynices* is some geographical Error,

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could hardly be; for the Isthmus of Corinth is full five Miles over: And Caligantes abrupto sole Mycanas, is not consistent with what he tells us, in Lib. 4. lin. 305: "That those of Mycanae" came not to the War at this Time, because they were then in Confusion by the Divisions of the Brothers, Atreus and Thyestes:" Now from the raising the Greek Army against Thebes, back to the Time of this Journey of Polynices, is (according to Statius's own Account) three Years.

Your's, &c.

JULY 17, 1709.

THE Morning after I parted from you, I found myself (as I had prophecy'd) all alone, in an uneafy Stage-Coach; a doleful Change from that agreeable Company I enjoy'd the Night before! without the least Hope of Entertainment but from my last Recourse in such Cases, a Book. I then began to enter into Acquaintance with the Moralists, and had just received from them some cold Confolation for the Inconveniencies of this Life, and the Incertainty of human Affairs; when I perceived my Vehicle to stop, and heard from the Side of it the dreadful News of a fick Woman preparing to enter it. 'Tis not easy to guess at my Mortification, but being fo well fortify'd with Philosophy, I food refign'd with a Stoical Constancy to endure the worst of Evils, a sick Wo-

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man. I was indeed a little comforted to find. by her Voice and Drefs, that she was young, and a Gentlewoman; but no sooner was her Houl remov'd, but I saw one of the finest Faces I ever beheld, and to increase my Surprize, heard her falute me by my Name. I never had more Reafon to accuse Nature for making me short-sighted than now, when I could not recollect I had ever feen those fair Eves which knew me so well, and was utterly at a Loss how to address myself; till with a great Deal of Simplicity and Innocence she let me know (even before I discovered my Ignorance) that she was the Daughter of one in our Neighbourhood, lately marry'd, who having been confulting her Physicians in Town, was returning into the Country, to try what good Air and a new Husband cou'd do to recover her. My Father, you must know, has sometimes recommended the Study of Physick to me, but I never had any Ambition to be a Doctor till this instant. I ventur'd to prescribe some Fruit (which I happen'd to have in the Coach) which being forbidden her by her Doctors, she had the more Inclination to. In fhort, I tempted, and fhe eat; nor was I more like the Devil than she like Eve. Having the good Success of the 'foresaid Gentleman before my Eyes, I put on the Gallantry of the old Serpent, and in spite of my evil Form accossed her with all the Gaiety I was mafter of; which had fo good Effect, that in less than an Hour she grew pleasant, her colour return'd, and she was pleas'd to fay my Prescription had wrought an immediate Cure: In a Word, I had the pleafantest Journey imaginable

Thus far (methinks) my Letter has fomething of the Air of a Romance, tho' it be true. But I hope you will look on what follows as the greatest of Truths, that I think myfelf extreamly oblight

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by you in all Points, especially for your kind and honourable Information and Advice in a Matter of the utmost Concern to me, which I shall ever acknowledge as the highest Proof at once of your Friendship, Justice, and Sincerity. At the same time be affur'd, that Gentleman we spoke of, shall never by any Alteration in me discover my Knowledge of his Mistake; the hearty forgiving of which is the only Kind of Return I can possibly make him for fo many Favours. And I may derive this Pleasure at least from it, that whereas I must otherwise have been a little uneasy to know my Incapacity of returning to his Obligations; I may now, by bearing his Frailty, exercise my Gratitude and Friendship more than himself either is, or perhaps ever will be fenfible of.

Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, Amores Abstulit; ille habeat secum, servetque Sepulchro!

But in one thing, I must confess you have yourfelf oblig'd me more than any Man, which is, that you have shew'd me many of my Faults, to which as you are the more an implacable Enemy, by so much the more you are a kind Friend to me. I cou'd be proud, in Revenge, to find a few flips in your Verses, which I read in London, and fince in the Country with more Application and Pleafure: the Thoughts are very just, and you are fure not to let them fuffer by the Versification. If you wou'd oblige me with the trust of any thing of your's, I shou'd be glad to execute any Commissions you wou'd give me concerning them. I am here so perfectly at leisure, that nothing wou'd be so agreeable an Entertainment to me; but if you will not afford me that, do not deny me at least the Satisfaction of your Letters as long

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as we are absent, if you wou'd not have him very unhappy who is very fincerely

Your, &c.

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Having a vacant Space here, I will fill it with a fhort Ode on Solitude, which I found yesterday by great Accident, and which I find by the Date was written when I was not twelve Years old; that you may perceive how long I have continu'd in my Passion for a rural Life, and in the same Employments of it.

Happy the Man, whose Wish and Care, A few paternal Acres bound, Content to breathe his native Air, In his own Ground.

Whose Herds with Milk, whose Fields with Bread,
Whose Flocks supply him with Attire,
Whose Trees in Summer yield him Shade,
In Winter, Fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, Days, and Years, slide soft away,
In Health of Body, Peace of Mind,
Quiet by Day.

Sound Sleep by Night; Study and Ease, Together mixt; sweet Recreation, And Innocence, which most does please, With Meditation.

Thus, let me live unseen, unknown,
Thus, unlamented let me die,
Steal from the World, and not a Stone
Tell where I lie

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August 19, 1709.

IF I were to write to you as often as I think of you, my Letters wou'd be as bad as a Rent-Charge; but tho' the one be but too little for your Good-nature, the other wou'd be too much for your Quiet, which is one Bleffing Good-nature shou'd ind spenfably receive from Mankind, in return for those many it gives. I have been informed of late, how much I am indebted to that Quality of your's, in speaking well of me in my Absence; the only thing by which you prove yourfelf no Wit or Critic: Tho' indeed I have often thought, that a Friend will show just as much Indulgence (and no more) to my Faults when I am abfent, as he does Severity to 'em when I am prefent. To be frank with you, Sir, I must own, that where I receiv'd fo much Civility at first, I cou'd hardly have expected fo much Sincerity afterwards. But now I have only to wish, that the last were but equal to the first, and that as you have omitted nothing to oblige me, fo you wou'd omit nothing to improve me.

I caus'd an Acquaintance of mine to enquire twice of your welfare, by whom I have been inform'd, that you have left your speculative Angle in the Widow's Coffee-house, and hidding adieu for some time to all the Rehearfals, Reviews, Gazettes, &c. have march'd off into Lincol shire. Thus I find you vary your Life in the Scene at least, the' not in the Action; for the' Life for the most part, like an old Play, be still the same, yet now and then a new Scene may make it more entertaining. As for myself, I would not have my Life a very regular Play, let it be a good merry Farce, a G-d's Name, and a Fig for the critical Unities! Yet (on the other side) I wou'd

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as foon write like Durfey, as live like T——e; whose beastly, vet merry Life, is, (if you will excuse such a Similitude) not unlike a F——t, at once nastly and laughable. For the Generality of Men, a true modern Life is like a true modern Play, neither Tragedy, Comedy, nor Farce, nor one, nor all of these: Every Actor is much better known by his having the same Face, than by keeping the same Character: For we change our Minds as often as they do their Parts, and he who was yesterday Cæsar, is to Day Sir John Daw. So that one might ask the same Question of a modern Life, that Rich did of a modern Play; "Pray" do me the Favour, Sir, to inform me; Is this

" your Tragedy or your Comedy?

I have dwelt the longer upon this, because I perfwade myfelf it might be ufeful, at a time when we have no other Theatre, to divert ourselves at this great one. Here is a glorious standing Comedy of Fools, at which every Man is heartily merry, and thinks himself an unconcern'd Spectator. (to our fingular Confort) neither my Lord-Chamberlain, nor the Queen herfelf can ever shut up, or filence. While that of Drury (alas!) lies desolate, in the profoundest peace: and the melancholy Prospect of the Nymphs yet lingering about it's beloved Avenues, appear no less moving than that of the Trojan Dames lamenting over their ruin'd Ilium! What now can they hope, disposses'd of their ancient Seats, but to ferve as Captives to the infulting Victors of the Hay-Market? The afflicted Subjects of France do not, in our Post-man, so grievously implore the Obstinacy of their arbritary Monarch, as these perishing People of Drury the obdurate Heart of that Pharaoh, Rich, who, like him, difdains all Propofals of Peace and Accommodation. Several Libels have been fecretly affix'd

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to the great Gates of his imperial Palace in Bridgesfireet; and a Memorial, representing the Distresses
of these Persons, has been accidentally dropt (as we
are credibly inform'd by a Person of Quality) out
of his first Minister the chief Box-keeper's Pocket, at a late Conference of the said Person of
Quality and others, on the part of the Confederates, and his Theatrical Majesty on his own part.
Of this you may expect a Copy as soon as it shall
be transmitted to us from a good Hand. As for
the large Congress, it is here reported, that it has
not been wholly inessectual; but this wants Confirmation; yet we cannot but hope the concurring
Prayers and Tears of so many wretched Ladies
may induce this haughty Prince to Reason.

I am, &c..

OCTOBER 19, 1709.

I M A Y truly fay I am more oblig'd to you this Summer than to any of my Acquaintance, for had it not been for the two kind Letters you fent me, I had been perfectly, oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus & illis. The only Companions I had were those Muses of whom Tully fays, Adolescentiam alunt, Senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobifcum, peregrinantur, rusticantur. Which indeed is as much as ever I expected from them; for the Muses, if you take them as Companions, are very pleasant and agreeable; but whoever should be forc'd to live or depend upon 'em, would find That Quiet, himself in a very bad condition. which Cowley calls the Companion of Obscurity, Was

was not wanting to me, unless it was interrupted by those fears you so justly guess I had for our Friend's Welfare. 'Tis extreamly kind in you to tell me the News you heard of him, and you have deliver'd me from more anxiety than he imagines me capable of on his account, as I am convinc'd by his long filence. However the love of fome things rewards itself, as of Virtue, and of Mr Wycherley. I am surpriz'd at the danger you tell me he has been in, and must agree with you, that our Nation would have lost in him alone, more Wit, and Probity, than would have remain'd (for ought I know) in all the rest of it. My concern for his Friendship will excuse me (fince I know you honour him fo much, and fince you know I love him above all men) if I vent a part of my uneafiness to you, and tell you, that there has not been wanting one to infinuate malicious untruths of me to Mr Wycherley, which I fear may have had fome effect upon him. so, he will have a greater punishment for his Crebility than I cou'd wish him, in that Fellow's Acquaintance. The lofs of a faithful Creature is fomething, tho' of ever fo contemptible an one; and if I were to change my Dog for fuch a Man as the aforefaid, I shou'd think my Dog undervalu'd: (who follows me about as constantly here in the Country, as I was us'd to do Mr Wycherley in the Town.)

Now I talk of my Dog, that I may not treat of a worse Subject which my Spleen tempts me to, I will give you some Account of him; a thing not wholly unprecedented, since Montagne (to whom I am but a Dog in comparison) has done the very same thing of his Cat. Dic mihi quid melius desidiosus agam? You are to know then, that as 'tis Likeness begets Affection, so my Fa-

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yourite is Dog is a little one, a lean one, and none of the finest shap'd. He is not much a Spaniel in his fawning, but has (what might be worth any Man's while to imitate from him) a dumb furly fort of kindness, that rather shows itself when he thinks me ill us'd by others, than when we walk quietly and peaceably by ourfelves. If it be the chief point of Friendship to comply with a Friend's Motions and Inclinations, he possesses this in an eminent degree; he lies down when I fit, and walks when I walk, which is more than many good Friends can pretend to, witness our Walk a Year ago in St James's Park. —— Histories are more full of Examples of the Fidelity of Dogs than of Friends, but I will not infift upon many of 'em, because it is possible some may be almost as fabulous as those of Pylades and Orestes, &c. I will only fay for the Honour of Dogs, that the two most ancient and esteemable Books sacred and prophane extant, (viz. the Scripture and Homer) have shewn a particular Regard to these Ani-That of Toby is the more remarkable, because there was no manner of Reason to take notice of the Dog, besides the great Humanity of the Author. Homer's Account of Ulysses's Dog Argus is the most pathetic imaginable, all the Circumstances consider'd, and an excellent Proof of the old Bard's Good-nature. Ulysses had left him at Ithaca when he embark'd for Troy, and found him at his Return after twenty Years, (which by the way is not unnatural as some Critics have faid, fince I remember the Dam of my Dog was twenty two Years old when she dy'd: May the Omen of Longævity prove fortunate to her Successor!) you shall have it in Verse.

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When wife Ulyfies from his native Coaft, Long kept by Wars, and long by Tempests toft, Arriv'd at last, poor, old, disguis'd, alone, To all his Friends, and ev'n his Queen, unknown, Chang'd as he was, with Age, and Toils, and Cares, Furrow'd his rev'rend Face and white his Hairs, In his own Palace forc'd to ask his Bread, Scorn'd by those Slaves his former Bounty fed, Forgot of all his own demestic Crew; The faithful Dog alone his rightful Niaster knew! Unfed, unbous'd, neglected, on the Clay, Like an old Servant now cashier'd, he lay; Touch'd with Resentment of ungrateful Man, And longing to behold his ancient Lord again. Him when he faw - he rose, and crawl'd to meet, ('Twas all he cou'd) and fawn'd, and kis'd his

Seiz'd with dumb Joy — them falling by his Side, Own'd his returning Lord, look'd up, and dy'd!

Plutarch relating how the Athenians were oblig'd to abandon Athens in the time of Themistocles, steps back again out of the way of his History, purely to describe the lamentable Cries and Howlings of the poor Dogs they left behind. He makes mention of one, that follow'd his Mafter a-cross the Sea to Salamis, where he dy'd and was honour'd with a Tomb by the Athenians, who gave the Name of the Dog's Grave to that part of the Island where he was buried: This Respect to a Dog in the most polite People of the World, is very observable A modern Instance of Gratitude to a Dog (tho' we have but few fuch) is, that the chief Order of Denmark (now injuriously call'd the Order of the Elebhant) was instituted in Memory of the Fidelity

lity of a Dog nam'd Wild-brat, to one of their Kings who had been deferted by his Subjects: He gave his Order this Motto, or to this Effect, (which still remains) Wild-Brat was fuithful. Sir William Trumbull has told me a Story which he heard from one that was prefent: King Charles I, being with fome of his Court during his Troubles, a Discourse arose what fort of Dogs deserv'd Preeminence, and it being on all Hands agreed to belong either to the Spaniel or Greyhound, the King gave his Opinion on the part of the Greyhound, because (said he) it has all the Good-nature of the other, without the Fawning. A good piece of Satire upon his Courtiers, with which I will conclude my Discourse of Dogs. Call me a Cynic, or what you pleafe, in Revenge for all this Impertinence, I will be contented; provided you will but believe me when I fay a bold Word for a Christian, that, of all Dogs, you will find none more faithful than

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Your, &c.

APRIL 10, 1710.

I H A D written to you fooner, but that I made fome fcruple of fending prophane things to you in Holy-Week. Befides our Family wou'd have been fcandaliz'd to fee me write, who take it for granted I write nothing but ungodly Verses. I affure you I am look'd upon in the Neighbourhood for a very well-dispos'd Person, no great Hunter indeed, but a great Admirer of the noble Sport, and only unhappy in my want of Constitution for that, and Drinking. They all say 'tis pity I am so sickly, and I think 'tis pity they are so healthy. But I say nothing

nothing that may destroy their good Opinion of me: I have not quoted one Latin Author fince I came down, but have learn'd without Book a Song of Mr Thomas Durfey's, who is your only Poet of tolerable Reputation in this Country. He makes all the Merriment in our Entertainments, and but for him, there would be fo miserable a Dearth of Catches, that I fear they wou'd put either the Parson or me upon making some of 'em. Any Man, of an Quality, is heartily welcome to the best Toping-Table of our Gentry, who can roar out fome Rhapfodies of his Works: So that in the fame manner as was faid of Homer to his Detractors, What? dares any Man speak against him who has given fo many Men to Eat? (meaning the Rhapfodists who liv'd by repeating his Verses) thus may it be faid of Mr Durfey to his Detractors; Dares any one despise him, who has made fo many Men Drink? Alas, Sir, this is a Glory which neither you nor I must ever pretend to. Neither you with your Ovid, nor I with my Statius, can amuse a whole Board of Justices and extraordinary 'Squires, or gain one Hum of Approbation, or Laugh of Admiration! These Things (they wou'd fay) are too studious, they may do well enough with fuch as love Reading, but give sour ancient Poet Mr Durfey! 'Tis mortifying gh, it must be confess'd; but however, let us proceed in the way that Nature has directed us -Multi multa sciunt, sed nemo omnia, as it is said in the Almanack. Let us communicate our Works for our mutual Comfort; fend me Elegies, and you shall not want Heroics. At present, I have only these Arguments of Prose to the Thebaid, which you claim by promise, as I do your Translation of Pars me Sulmo tenet - and the Ring: The rest I hope for as soon as you can conveniently transcribe

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transcribe 'em, and whatsoever Orders you are pleas'd to give me, shall be punctually obey'd by

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Your, &c.

MAY 10. 1710.

THAD not so long omitted to express my Acknowledgments to you for fo much good Nature and Friendship as you lately show'd me; but that I am but just return'd to my own Hermitage, from Mr Caryl's, who has done me fo many Favours, that I am almost inclin'd to think my Friends infect one another, and that your Coversation with him has made him as obliging to me as yourself. I can affure you he has a fincere Respect for you, and this I believe he has partly contracted from me, who am too full of you not to overflow upon But I must now be conthose I converse with. tented to converse only with the Dead of this World, that is to fay, the dull and obscure, every way obscure, in their Intellects as well as their Persons: Or else have recourse to the living Dead, the old Authors with whom you are so well acquainted, even from Virgil down to Aulus Gellius, whom I do not think a Critic by any means to be compar'd to Mr Dennis: And I must declare positively to you, that I will persist in this Opinion, till you become a little more civil to Atticus. Who fould have imagin'd, that he who had escap'd all the Missortunes of his Time, unhurt even by the Profcriptions of Anthony and Augustus, shou'd in these Days find an Enemy more severe and barbarous than those Tyrants? and that Enemy the gentlest too, the best-natur'd of Mortals.

tals, Mr C—? Whom I must in this compare once more to Augustus; who seem'd not more unlike himself, in the Severity of one part of his Life, and the Clemency of the other, than you, I leave you to reslect on this, and hope that Time (which mollishes rocks, and of stiff Things make limber) will turn a resolute Critic to a gentle Reader; and instead of this positive, tremendous, newfashion'd Mr C——, restore unto us our old Acquaintance, the soft, beneficent, and courteous Mr C——.

I expect much, towards the civilizing of you in your critical Capacity, from the innocent Air and Tranquility of our Forest, when you do me the favour to visit it. In the mean time, it wou'd do well by way of Preparative, if you wou'd duly and constantly every Morning read over a Pastoral of Theocritus or Virgil; and let the Lady Isabella put your Macrobius and Aulus Gellius somewhere out of your way, for a Month or so. Who knows, but travelling and long airing in an open Field, may contribute more successfully to the cooling a Critic's Severity, than it did to the assuming of Mr Cheek's Anger, of old? In these Fields you will be secure of finding no Enemy, but the most faithful and affectionate of your Friends, &c.

MAY 17, 1710.

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AFTER I had recover'd from a dangerous Illness which was first contracted in Town,
about a Fortnight after my coming hither I troubl'd you with a Letter, and a Paper inclos'd, which
you had been so obliging as to defire a fight of
when last I saw you, promising me in return some
Translations

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Translations of your's from Ovid. Since when, I have not had a fyllable from your hands, fo that 'tis to be fear'd that tho' I have escap'd Death, I have not Oblivion. I should at least have expected you to have finish'd that Elegy upon me, which you told me you was upon the point of beginning when I was fick in London; if you will but do fo much for me first, I will give you leave to forget me afterwards; and for my own part will die at discretion, and at my leisure. But I fear I must be forc'd, like many learned Authors, to write my own Epitaph, if I would be remember'd Monsieur de la Fountaine's wou'd fit me to a hair, but it is a kind of Sacrilege, (do you think it is not?) to fleal Epitaphs. In my prefent, living dead Condition, nothing wou'd be properer than Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus & illis, but that unluckily I can't forget my Friends, and the Civilities I receiv'd from yourfelf, and some others. They say, indeed, 'tis one Quality of generous Minds to forget the Obligations they have conferr'd, and perhaps too it may be fo to forget those on whom they conferr'd 'em? Then indeed I must be forgotten to all intents and purposes! I am, it must be own'd, dead in a natural Capacity, according to Mr Bickerstaff; dead in a poetical Capacity, as a damn'd Author; and dead in a civil Capacity, as a useless Member of the Common-wealth. But reflect, dear Sir, what melancholly Effects may enfue, if Dead men are not civil to one another? If he who has nothing to do himfelf, will not comfort and support another in his Idleness? If those who are to die themselves, will not now and then pay the Charity of vifiting a Tomb and a dead Friend, and frowing a few Flow'rs over him? In the Shades where

where I am, the Inhabitants have a mutual Com. passion for each other: Being all alike Inanes, and Umbratiles, we faunter to one another's Habitations, and daily affift each other in doing nothing at all; this I mention for your Edification and Example, that Tout plein du vie as you are, ve you may not fometimes disdain-desipere in loca. Tho' you are no Papift, and have not fo much re gard to the dead as to address yourself to them (which I plainly perceive by your Silence) yet! hope you are not one of those Heterodox, who hold them to be totally infensible of the good Offices and kind Wishes of their living Friends, and to be in: dull State of Sleep, without one Dream of those ther left behind them? If you are, let this Letter convince you to the contrary, which affures you, I am still, tho' in a State of Separation,

Your, &c.

P. S. This Letter of Deaths, puts me in mind of poor Mr Betterton's; over whom I wou'd have this Sentence of Tully for an Epitaph.

Vitæ bene actæ jucundissima est Recordatio.

JUNE 24, 1710.

Young Lover, to think the Persons they love have nothing to do but to please them; when perhaps they, for their parts, had twenty other Engagements before. This was my Case, when I wonder'd I did not hear from you; but I no sooner receiv'd your short Letter, but I forgot your long Silence; and so many fine Things as you said

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faid of me cou'd not but have wrought a Cure on my own Sickness, if it had not been of the nature of that, which is deaf to the Voice of the Charmer. 'Twas impossible you cou'd have better tim'd your Compliment on my Philosophy; it was certainly properest to commend me for it just when I most needed it, and when I cou'd least be proud of it; that is, when I was in pain. 'Tis not easy to express what an Exaltation it gave to my Spirits, above all the Cordials of my Doctor; and 'tis no compliment to tell you, that your Compliments were sweeter than the sweetest of his Juleps and Syrups. But if you will not believe so much,

Pour le moins, votre Compliment M'a soulage dans ce moment; Et des qu' on me l'est venu faire, J'ay chasse mon Apoticaire, Et renvoye mon Lavement.

Nevertheless I wou'd not have you entirely lay aside the thoughts of my Epitaph, any more than I do those of the probability of my becoming (e'er long) the fubject of one. For Death has of late been very familiar with some of my Size; I am told my Lord Lumley and Mr Litton are gone before me; and tho' I may now without vanity efteem my felf the least thing like a Man in England, yet I can't but be forry, two Heroes of fuch a make should die, inglorious in their Beds; when it had been a Fate more worthy our fize, had they met with theirs from an Irruption of Cranes, or other warlike Animals, those ancient Enemies to our Pygmæan Ancestors! You of a superior Species little regard what befals us Homunciolos Sofquipedales; however you have no reason to be so unconcern'd, fince all Physicians agree there is no

greater sign of a Plague among Men, than a Mortality among Frogs. I was the other Day in Company with a Lady, who rally'd my Person so much, as to cause a total subversion of my countenance: Some days after, to be reveng'd on her, I presented her among other Company the following Rondeau on that occasion, which I desire you to show Sapho.

You know where you did despise (T'other day) my little Eyes, Little Legs, and little Thighs, And some Things of little Size, You know where.

You, 'tis true, have fine black Eyes, Taper Legs, and tempting thighs, Yet what more than all we prize Is a Thing of little Size, You know where.

This fort of writing call'd the Rondeau is what I never knew practis'd in our Nation, and I verily believe it was not in use with the Greeks or Romans, neither Macrobius nor Hyginus taking the least notice of it. 'Tis to be observ'd, that the vulgar spelling and pronouncing it Round O, is a manifest Corruption, and by no means to be allow'd of by Critics. Some may mistakenly imagine that it was a fort of Rondeau which the Gallic Soldiers fung in Cafar's Triumph over Gaul-Gallias Cafar subegit, &c. as it is recorded by Suetonius in Julio, and so derive it's original from the antient Gauls to the modern French: but this is erroneous; the words there not being rang'd according to the Laws of the Rondeau, as laid down by Clement Marot. If you will fay, that the Song

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Song of the Soldiers might be only the rude beginning of this kind of Poem, and fo consequently imperfect, neither Heinfius nor I can be of that Opinion; and fo I conclude, that we know nothing of the matter.

But, Sir, I ask your pardon for all this Buffoonry, which I could not address to any one so well as to you, fince I have found by experience, you most easily forgive my impertinencies. 'Tis only to flow you that I am mindful of you at all times, that I write at all times; and as nothing I can fay can be worth your reading, fo I may as well throw out what comes upperment, as fludy to be dull.

I am, &c.

## Mr C .... to Mr POPE.

JULY 15, 1710.

A T last I have prevailed over a lazy humour to transcribe this Elegy: I have chang'd the fituation of fome of the Latin Verses, and made some Interpolations, but I hope they are not abfurd, and foreign to my Author's fense and manner; but they are referr'd to your censure, as a debt; whom I esteem no less a Critic than a Poet: I expect to be treated with the fame rigour as I have practis'd to Mr Dryden and you,

## - Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicessim.

I defire the favour of your opinion, why Friam, in his speech to Pyrrhus in the second Eneid, says this to him,

At non ille satum quo te mentiris, Achilles.

He wou'd intimate (I fancy by Pyrrhus's anfwer) only his degeneracy: but then these sollowing lines of the Version (I suppose from Homer's History) seem absurd in the mouth of Priam, viz.

He chear'd my forrows, and for sums of Gold, The bloodless carcase of my Hector sold.

I am,

Your, &c.

# Mr Pope's Answer.

JULY 20, 1710.

I Give you thanks for the Version you sent me of Ovid's Elegy. It is very much an image of that author's writing, who has an agreeableness that charms us without correctness, like a Mistress whose faults we see, but love her with them all. You have very judiciously alter'd his method in some places, and I can find nothing which I dare insist upon as an error: What I have written in the margins being meerly Guesses at a little improvement, rather than Criticisms. I assure you I do not expect you shou'd subscribe to my private notions but when you shall judge 'em agreeable to reason and good sense. What I have done is not as a Critic, but as a Friend; I know too well how many qualities are requisite to make up the one, and that I want almost all I can reckon

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up; but I am fure I do not want inclination, nor I hope capacity, to be the other. Nor shall I take it at all amifs, that another diffents from my Opinion: 'Tis no more than I have often done from my own; and indeed, the more a Man advances in understanding, he becomes the more every Day a Critic upon himself, and finds something or other still to blame in his former notions and opinions. I cou'd be glad to know if you have translated the 11th Elegy of Lib. 2. Ad amicam navigantem. the 8th of Book 3, or the 11th of Book 3, which are above all others my particular favourites, espe-

cially the last of these.

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As to the passage of which you ask my Opinion in the fecond Eneid, it is either so plain as to require no folution; or else (which is very probable) vou see farther into it than I can. Priam wou'd fay, that " Achilles (whom furely you only feign " to be your Father, fince your actions are fo " different from his) did not use me thus inhu-" manly. He blush'd at his murder of Hector " when he faw my forrows for him; and reftored " his dead body to me to be buried.' To this the answer of Pyrrhus seems to be agreeable enough. "Go then to the shades, and tell Achilles how I ' degenerate from him:' granting the truth of what Priam had faid of the difference between them. Indeed Mr Dryden's mentioning here what Virgil more judiciously passes in silence, the circumstance of Achilles's selling for Money the body of Hector, feems not fo proper; it in some meafure less'ning the character of Achilles's generofity and piety, which is the very point of which Priam endeavours in this place to convince his Son, and to reproach him with the want of. But the truth of this circumstance is no way to be question'd, being expressly taken from Homer, who repreients

fents Achilles weeping for Priam, yet receiving the Gold, Iliad 24: For when he gives the body, he uses these words, 'O my Friend Patroclus! for- give me that I quit the corps of him who killed. "thee; I have great gifts in ransom for it, which I will bestow upon thy funeral."

I am, &c.

#### Mr C .... to Mr POPE.

August 3, 1710.

Looking among some French Rhymes, I was agreeably surprized to find in the Rondeau of Pour le moins — your Apoticaire and Lavement, which I took for your own; so much is your Muse of Intelligence with the Wits of all Languages. You have refin'd upon Voiture, whose Ou vous Scavez is much inferior to your You know where — You do not only pay your club with your author (as our friend says) but the whole reckoning; who can form such pretty lines from so trivial a hint.

For my + Elegy; 'tis confess'd, that the Topography of Sulmo in the Latin makes but an awkward figure in the Version. Your couplet of the Dog-Star is very fine, but may be too sublime in this place. I laugh'd heartily at your note upon Paradise; for to make Ovid take of the Garden of Eden, is certainly most absurd: But Xenophon in his Oeconomics, speaking of a Garden finely planted and watered (as is here described) calls it Paradisos: 'Tis an interpolation indeed, and serves for a gradation to the Cælestial Orb; which ex-

In Voiture's Poems.

<sup>1</sup> Ovid's Amorum, 1. 2. El. 16. Pars me Sulmo, &c.

presses in some fort the Sidus Castoris in parte Cæli - How Trees can enjoy, let the Naturalists determine; but the Poets make 'em sensitive, lovers, bachelors, and married. Virgil in his Georgics Lib. 2. Horace Ode 15. Lib. 2. Platanus cælebs evincet ulmos. Epod. 2. Ergo aut adulta vitium propagine Altas maritat populos. Your Critique is a very Dolce-piccante; for after the many faults you justly find, you smooth your rigour: but an obliging thing is owing (you think) to one who so much esteems and admires you, and who shall ever be

Your, &c.

AUGUST 21, 1710.

YOUR Letters are a perfect charity to a Man in retirement, utterly forgotten of all his Friends but you; for fince Mr Wycherley left London, I have not heard a word from him; tho' just before, and once fince, I writ to him, and tho' I know my felf guilty of no offence but of doing fincerely just what he | bid me. - Hoc mihi libertas, hoc pia lingua dedit! But the greatest injury he does me is the keeping me in ignorance of his welfare, which I am always very follicitous for, and very uneafy in the fear of any Indisposition that may befal him. In what I fent you some time ago, you have not Verse enough to be fevere upon, in revenge for my last criticism: In one point I must persist, that is to say, my diflike of your Paradife, in which I take no pleafure; I know very well that in Greek 'tis not only us'd by Xenophon, but is a common word for any

Correcting his Verses. See the Letters in 1706, and the following Years, of Mr Wycherley and Mr Pope.

Garden:

Garden; but in English it bears the fignification and conveys the idea of Eden, which alone is (I think) a reason against making Ovid use it; who will be thought to talk too like a Christian in your version at least, whatever it might have been in Latin or Greek. As for all the rest of my Remarks, fince you do not laugh at them as at this, I can be so civil as not to lay any stress upon 'em (as I think I told you before) and in particular in the point of Trees enjoying, you have, I must own, fully fatisfied me that the expression is not only defenfible, but beautiful. I shall be very glad to fee your Translation of the Elegy, Ad Amicam navigantem, as foon as you can; for (without a Compliment to you) every thing you write either in verse or prose, is welcome to me; and you may be confident, (if my Opinion can be of any fort of confequence in any thing) that I will never be unfincere, tho' I may be often mistaken. To use Sincerity with you is but paying you in your own coin, from whom I have experienc'd fo muchof it; and I need not tell you how much I really efteem you, when I efteem nothing in the world fo much as that Quality. I know you fometimes fay civil things to me in your Epistolary Style, but those I am to make allowance for, as particuly when you talk of Admiring; 'tis a word you are so us'd to in conversation of Ladies, that it will creep into your Discourse in spite of you, ev'n to your Friends. But as Women when they think themselves secure of Admiration, commit a thousand Negligences, which show them so much at difadvantage and off their guard, as to lofe the little real Love they had before: fo when Men imagine others entertain some esteem for their abilities, they often expose all their Imperfections and foolish Works, to the disparagement of the little

# Mr POPE to H. C. Efq; 101

little Wit they were thought Masters of. I am going to exemplify this to you, in putting into your hands (being encourag'd by fo much indulgence) fome Verses of my Youth, or rather Childhood; which (as I was a great admirer of Waller) were intended in imitation of his manner; and are perhaps, fuch imitations, as those you fee in awkward country Dames of the fine and wellbred Ladies of the Court. If you will take 'em with you into Lincolnshire, they may fave you one Hour from the Conversation of the Country Gentlemen and their Tenants, (who differ but in Drefs and Name) which if it be there as bad as here, is even worse than my Poetry. I hope your flay there will be no longer than (as Mr Wycherley calls it) to rob the Country, and run away to London with your Money. In the mean time 1 beg the favour of a line from you, and am (as I will never cease to be)

Your, &c.

Остов. 12. 1710.

I Deferr'd answering your last, upon the Advice I receiv'd that you were leaving the Town for some time, and expected your return with impatience, having then a Design of seeing my Friends there, among the first of which I have reason to account your self. But my almost continual Illnesses prevent that, as well as most other satisfactions of my Life: However I may say one good thing of sickness, that it is the best Cure in Nature for Ambition, and Designs upon the World or Fortune: It makes a Man pretty indifferent for the suture, provided he can but be easy, by intervals.

intervals, for the prefent. He will be content to compound for his quiet only, and leave all the circumstantial part and pomp of Life to those, who have a health vigorous enough to enjoy all the Mistresses of their Desires. I thank God, there is nothing out of my self which I would be at the trouble of seeking, except a Friend; a Happiness I once hop'd to have posses'd in Mr Wycherley; but — Quantum mutatus ab illo! — I have for some Years been employ'd much like Children that build Houses with Cards, endeavouring very busily and eagerly to raise a Friendship, which the first breath of any ill-natur'd By-stander cou'd puff away. — But I will trouble you no farther with Writing, nor my self with thinking, of this

Subject.

I was mightily pleas'd to perceive by your Quotation from Voiture, that you had track'd me fo far as France. You fee 'tis with weak Heads as with weak Stomachs, they immediately throw out what they receiv'd last: and what they read, floats upon the Surface of their Mind, like Oil upon Water, without incorporating. This, I think however, can't be faid of the Love-Verses I last troubled you with, where all (I am afraid) is fo puerile and fo like the Author, that no body will suspect any thing to be borrow'd. Yet you, (as a Friend, entertaining a better Opinion of 'em) it feems fearch'd in Waller, but fearch'd in vain. Your Judgment of 'em is (I think) very right, - for it was my own Opinion before. If you think 'em not worth the trouble of correcting, pray tell me fo freely, and it will fave me a Labour; if you think the contrary, you wou'd particularly oblige me by your Remarks on the feveral Thoughts as they occur. I long to be nibbling at your Verses, and have not forgot who promis'd

mis'd me Ovid's Elegy ad Amicam Navigantem: Had Ovid been as long composing it, as you in sending it, the Lady might have fail'd to Gades, and receiv'd it at her return. I have really a great Itch of Criticism upon me, but want Matter here in the Country; which I desire you to furnish me with, as I do you in the Town,

Sic servat Studii Fædera quisque sui.

I am oblig'd to Mr Caryl (whom you tell me you met at Epsom) for telling you Truth, as a Man is in these Days to any one that will tell Truth to his Advantage, and I think none is more to mine, than what he told you, and I shou'd be glad to tell all the world, that I have an extream Affection and Esteem for you.

Tecum etenim longos memini confumere foles,
Et tecum primas epulis decerpere noctes,
Unum Opus & Requiem pariter disponimus
ambo,
Atque verecunda laxamus seria mensa.

By these Epulæ, as I take it, Persius meant the Portugal Snuff and burn'd Claret, which he took with his Master Cornutus; and the Verecunda Mensa was, without Dispute, some Coffee-House Table of the Antients. — I will only observe, that these sour lines are as Elegant and Musical as any in Persius, not excepting those six or seven which Mr Dryden quotes as the only such in all that Author. — I cou'd be heartily glad to repeat the satisfaction describ'd in them, being truly

Your, &c.

OCTOBER 28, 1710.

I Am glad to find by your last Letter that you write to me with the Freedom of a Friend, fetting down your Thoughts as they occur, and dealing plainly with me in the matter of my own Trifles, which I affure you I never valu'd half fo much as I do that Sincerity in you which they were the Occasion of discovering to me; and which while I am happy in, I may be trufted with that dangerous Weapon, Poetry; fince I shall do nothing with it but after asking and following your Advice. I value Sincerity the more, as I find by fad Experience, the practice of it is more dangerous; Writers rarely pardoning the Executioners of their Verses, even tho' themselves pronounce Sentence upon them. — As to Mr Philips's Pastorals, I take the first to be infinitely the best, and the second the worst; the third is for the greatest Part a Translation from Virgil's Daphnis. I will not forestal your Judgment of the rest, only observe in that of the Nightingale these Lines (speaking of the Musician's playing on the Harp).

Now lightly skimming o'er the Strings, they pass, Like Winds that gently brush the plying Grass, And melting Airs arise at their Command; And now, laborious, with a weighty Hand, He finks into the Cords, with folemn Pace, And gives the swelling Tones a manly Grace.

To which nothing can be objected, but that they are too lofty for Pastoral, especially being put into the Mouth of a Shepherd, as they are here; in the Poet's own Person they had been (I believe) more proper. These are more after Virgil's manner than that of Theocritus, whom yet in the Character of Pastoral he rather seems to imitate. In the whole, I agree with the Tatler, that we

have

have no better Eclogues in our Language. There to a small Copy of the same Author publish'd in then Tatler No 12, on the Danish Winter: 'Tis poetical Painting, and I recommend it to your Perusal.

Dr Garth's Poem I have not feen, but believe I shall be of that Critic's Opinion you mention at Will's, who fwore it was good: For tho' I am very cautious of swearing after Critics, yet I think one may do it more fafely when they com-

mend, than when they blame.

I agree with you in your Censure of the Use of Sea-Terms in Mr Dryden's Virgil; not only because Helenus was no great Prophet in those Matters, but because no Terms of Art or Cant-Words fuit with the Majesty and Dignity of Stile which Epic Poetry requires.—— Cui mens divinior atque os magna soniturum.—— The Tarpawlin Phrase can please none but such Qui Aurem habent Batavam; they must not expect Auribus Atticis probari, I find by you. (I think I have brought in two Phrases of Martial here very dextrously).

Though you fay you did not rightly take my meaning in the Verse I quoted from Juvenal, yet I will not explain it; because though it feems you are refolv'd to take me for a Critic, I wou'd by no means be thought a Commentator .- And for another Reason too, because I have quite forgot both the Verse and the Application.

I hope it will be no Offence to give my most hearty Service to Mr Wycherley, tho' I perceive by his last to me, I am not to trouble him with my Letters, fince he there told me he was going instantly out of Town, and till his Return was my Servant, &c. I guess by your's he is yet with you, and beg you to do what you may with all Truth and Honour, that is, affure him I have ever born all the Respect and Kindness imaginable

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ible to him. I do not know to this Hour what it as that has estrang'd him from me; but this I know, that he may for the future be more fafely my friend, fince no Invitation of his shall ever more make me fo free with him. I cou'd not have thought any Man had been fo very cautious and fuspicious, as not to credit his own Experience of a Friend. Indeed to believe no body, may be a Maxim of Safety, but not fo much of Honesty. There is but one way I know of converfing fafely with all Men, that is, not by concealing what we fay or do, but by faying or doing nothing that deserves to be conceal'd, and I can truly boat this Comfort in my Affairs with Mr Wycherley. But I pardon his Jealoufy, which is become his Nature, and shall never be his Enemy whatsoever he fays of me. Your. &c.

### Mr C- to Mr POPE.

NOVEMBER 5, 1710.

I Find I am oblig'd to the Sight of your Love-Verses, for your Opinion of my Sincerity; which had never been call'd in question, if you had not forc'd me, upon fo many other Occasions

to express my Esteem.

I have just read and compar'd \* Mr Rowe's Version of the 9th of Lucan, with very great Pleasure, where I find none of those Absurdities so frequent in that of Virgil, except in two Places, for the fake of lashing the Priests; one where Cato fays - Scrtilegis egeant dubii - and one in the Simile of the Hamorrhois - fatidici Sabai - He is so errant a Whig, that he strains even beyond his

Pieces printed in the fixth Volume of Tonfon's Miscellanies. Author,

# Mr POPE to H. C. Efq; 107

Author, in Passion for Liberty, and Aversion to Tyranny; and errs only in Amplification. Lucan in initio 9ni, describing the Seat of the Semidei manes, says,

Quodque patet terras inter Lunæque meatus, Semidei manes habitant—

Mr Rowe has this Line,

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Then looking down on the Sun's feeble Ray.

Pray your Opinion, if there be an Error-Spharicus in this or no? Your, &c.

Nov. 11, 1701.

YOU mistake me very much in thinking the Freedom you kindly us'd with my Love-Verses, gave me the first Opinion of your Sincerity: I assure you it only did what every goodnatur'd Action of your's has done since, confirm'd me more in that Opinion. The Fable of the Nightingale in Philips's Pastoral, is taken from Famianus Strada's Latin Poem on the same Subject, in his Prolusiones Accedemica; only the Tomb he erects at the End, is added from Virgil's Conclusion of the Culex. I can't forbear giving you a Passage out of the Latin Poem I mention, by which you will find the English Poet is indebted to it.

Alternat mira arte fides, dum torquet acutas Inciditque graves operoso verbere pulsat— Jamque manu per fila volat; simul hos, simul illos Explorat numeros, chordaque laborat in omni.—

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Mox silet. Illa modis totidem respondit, & artem Arte resert; nunc ceu rudis, aut incerta canendi, Præbet iter liquidum labenti e pectore voci, Nunc cæsim variat, modulisque canora minutis Delibrat vocem, tremuloque reciprocat ore.

This Poem was many Years fince imitated by Crashaw, out of whose Verses the following are very remarkable.

From this to that, from that to this he flies, Feels Music's Pulse in all it's Arteries; Caught in a Net which there Apollo spreads, His Fingers struggle with the vocal Threads.

I have (as I think I formerly told you) a very good Opinion of Mr Rowe's ninth Book of Lucan: Indeed he amplifies too much, as well as Brebæuf, the famous French Imitator. If I remember right, he fometimes takes the whole Comment into the Text of the Version, as particularly in lin. 808. Utque folet pariter totis se effundere signis Corycii pressura croci.— And in the place you quote, he makes of those two Lines in the Latin

Vidit quanta sub nocte jaceret Nostra dies, risitque sui ludibria trunci.

no less than eight in English.

What you observe sure cannot be an Error-Sphæricus, strictly speaking, either according to their Ptolomaic, or our Copernican System; Tycho Brahe himself will be on the Translator's Side. For Mr Rowe here says no more, than that he look'd down on the Rays of the Sun, which Pompey might do, even tho' the Body of the Sun were above him.

You can't but have remark'd what a Journey Lucan here makes Cato take for the fake of his fine

# Mr POPE to H. C. E/q; 109

fine Descriptions. From Cyrene he travels by Land, for no better Reason than this:

Hæc eadem sua debat Hyems quæ clauserat æquor.

The Winter's Effects on the Sea, it feems, were more to be dreaded than all the Serpents, Whirlwinds, Sands, &c. by Land, which immediately after he paints out in his Speech to the Soldiers: Then he fetches a Compass a vast way round about, to the Nasamones and Jupiter Ammon's Temple, purely to ridicule the Oracles: And Labienus must pardon me, if I do not believe him when he fays -- fors obtulit, & fortuna viæ -- either Labienus or the Map, is very much mistaken here. Thence he returns back to the Syrtes (which he might have taken first in his way to Utica) and so to Leptis Minor, where our Author leaves him; who feems to have made Cato fpeak his own Mind, when he tells his Army- Ire fat eft- no matter whither. I am,

Your, &c.

## Mr C- to Mr POPE.

Nov. 20, 1710.

THE System of Tycho Brahe (were it true, as it is Novel) could have no room here: Lucan, with the rest of the Latin Poets, seems to follow Plato; whose order of the Spheres is clear in Cicero, De Natura Deorum, De somnio Scipionis, and in Macrobius. The Seat of the Semidei manes is Platonic too, for Apuleius de Deo Socratis assigns the same to the Genii, viz. the Region of the Air for their Intercourse with Gods and Men; so that I fancy, Rowe mistook the Situation, and I can't be reconcil'd to, Look down on the Sun's Rays. I

am glad you agree with me about the Latitude he takes; and wish you had told me, if the fortilegi, and fatidici, cou'd licence his Invectives against Priests? but I suppose you think them (with Helena) undeferving of your Protection. I agree with you in Lucan's Errors, and the Cause of 'em, his poetic Descriptions: For the Romans then knew the Coast of Africa from Cyrene (to the South-east of which lies Ammon toward Egypt) to Leptis and Utica: But pray remember how your Homer nodded while Ulyffes flept, and waking knew not where he was, in the short Passage from Corcyra to Ithaca. I like Trapp's Versions for their Justness; his Psalm is excellent, the Prodigies in the first Georgic judicious (whence I conclude, that 'tis easier to turn Virgil justly in blank Verse than Rhyme). The Eclogue of Gallus, and Fable of Phaëton, pretty well; but he is very faulty in his Numbers; the Fate of Phaëton might run thus,

—The blasted Phaëton with blazing Hair, Shot gliding thro' the vast Abys of Air, And tumbled beadlong, like a falling Star.

I am, Your, &c.

## Mr Pope's Answer.

Nov. 24, 1710.

TO make use of that Freedom and Familiarity of Style which we have taken up in our Correspondence, and which is more properly talking upon Paper, than writing; I will tell you without any Presace, that I never took Tycho Brahe for one of the Antients, or in the least an Acquaintance of Lucan's; nay, 'tis a Mercy on this Occasion

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casion that I do not give you an Account of his Life and Converfation; as how he liv'd fome Years like an inchanted Knight in a certain Island, with a Tale of a King of Denmark's Mistress that shall be nameless. But I have Compasfion on you, and wou'd not for the World you shou'd stay any longer among the Genii and Semidei Manes, you know where; for if once you get so near the Moon, Sapho will want your Prefence in the Clouds and inferior Regions; not to mention the great Loss Drury-Lane will sustain, when Mr C-- is in the milky-way. These coelestial Thoughts put me in mind of the Priests you mention, who are a fort of Sortilegi in one Sense, because in their Lottery there are more Blanks than Prizes; the Adventurers being at best in an Uncertainty, whereas the Setters-up are fure of fomething. Priests indeed in their Character. as they represent God, are facred; and so are Constables as they represent the King; but you will own a great many of 'em are very odd Fellows, and the Devil a Bit of Likeness in 'em. Yet I can affure you, I honour the good as much as I detest the bad, and I think, that in condemning these, we praise those. I am so far from esteeming ev'n the worst unworthy of my Protection, that I have defended their Character (in Congreve's and Vanbrugh's Plays) ev'n against their own Brethren. And fo much for Priests in general, now for Trapp in particular, whose Tranflations from Ovid I have not so good an Opinion of as you; not (I will affure you) from any fort of Prejudice to him as a Priest, but because I think he has little of the main Characteristic of his Author, a graceful Easiness. For let the Sense be ever so exactly render'd, unless an Author looks like himself, in his Air, Habit, Manner.

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# 112 LETTERS of

ner, 'tis a Disguise and not a Translation. But as to the Psalm, I think David is much more beholding to him than Ovid; and as he treated the Roman like a Jew, so he has made the Jew speak like a Roman.

Your, &c.

## Mr C- to Mr Pope.

DEC. 5, 1710.

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THE same Judgment we made on Rowe's 9th of Lucan will serve for his part of the sixth, where I find this memorable Line,

Parque novum fortuna videt concurrere, bellum Atque virum.

For this he employs fix Verses, among which is this.

As if on Knightly Terms in Lists they ran.

Pray can you trace Chivalry up higher than Pharamond? will you allow it an Anachronism?— Tickell in his Version of the Phoenix from Claudian,

When Nature ceases, thou shalt still remain, . Nor second Chaos bound thy endless Reign.

Claudian thus,

Et clades te nulla rapit, solusque superstes, Edomita Tellure maneswhich plainly refers to the Deluge of Deucalion and the Conflagration of Phaëton; not to the final Defolution. Your Thought of the Priests Lottery is very fine; you play the Wit, and not the Critic,

upon the Errors of your Brother.

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Your Observations are all very just: Virgil is eminent for adjusting his Diction to his Sentiments; and among the Moderns, I find your Practice the Profodia of your Rules. Your \* Poem shews you to be, what you fay of Voiture, with Books well-bred: The State of the Fair, tho' fatirical, is touch'd with that Delicacy and Gallantry, that not the Court of Augustus, nor -But hold, I shall lose what I lately recover'd, your Opinion of my Sincerity; yet I must fay, 'tis as faultless as the Fair to whom 'tis address'd, be she never so perfect. The M. G. (who it seems had no right Notion of you, as you of him) transcrib'd it by Lucubration: From some discourse of Your's, he thought your Inclination led you to (what the Men of Fashion call Learning) Pedantry; but now he fays he has no lefs, I affure you, than a Veneration for you.

Your, &c.

## Mr Pope to Mr C ....

DECEM. 17, 1710.

IT feems that my late mention of Crashaw, and my Quotation from him, has mov'd your Curiosity. I therefore send you the whole Author, who has held a place among my other Books of

<sup>\*</sup> To a Lady, with the Works of Voiture.

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this Nature for fome Years; in which time having read him twice or thrice, I find him one of those whose Works may just deserve reading. I take this Poet to have writ like a Gentleman, that is, at leifure Hours, and more to keep out of Idleness, than to establish a Reputation: so that nothing regular or just can be expected from him. All that regards Defign, Form, Fable, (which is the Soul of Poetry) all that concerns Exactness, or confent of Parts, (which is the Body) will probably be wanting; only pretty Conceptions, fine Metaphors, glitt'ring Expressions, and something of a neat Cast of Verse, (which are properly the Dress, Gems, or loofe Ornaments of Poetry) may be found in these Verses. This is indeed the Case of most other poetical Writers of Miscellanies; nor can it well be otherwise, fince no Man can be a true Poet, who writes for Diversion only. These Authors shou'd be consider'd as Versifiers and with Men, rather than as Poets; and under this Head will only fall the Thoughts, the Expressions, and the Numbers. These are only the pleasing parts of Poetry, which may be judg'd off at a View, and comprehended all at once. And (to express myself like a Painter) their Colouring entertains the Sight, but the Lines and Life of the Picture are not to be inspected too narrowly.

This Author form'd himself upon Petrarch, or rather upon Marino. His Thoughts one may observe, in the main, are pretty; but oftentimes far fetch'd, and tpo often strain'd and stiffned to make them appear the greater. For Men are never so apt to think a thing great, as when it is odd or wonderful; and inconsiderate Authors wou'd rather be admir'd than understood. This Ambition of surprizing a Reader, is the true natural Cause of all Fustian, or Bombast in Poetry. To consimm what

what I have faid, you need but look into his first Poem of the Weeper, where the 2d, 4th, 6th, 14th, 21st Stanza's are as sublimely dull, as the 7th, 8th, 9th, 16th, 17th, 20th, and 23d Stanza's of the fame Copy, are foft and pleafing: And if thefe last want any thing, it is an easier and more unaffected Expression. The remaining Thoughts in that Poem might have been spared, being either but Repetitions, or very trivial and mean. And by this Example in the first one may guess at all the rest; to be like this, a Mixture of tender gentle Thoughts, and fuitable Expressions, of forc'd and inextricable Conceits, and of needless fillers-up to the rest. From all which it is plain, this Author writ fast, and set down what came uppermost. A Reader may skim off the Froth, and use the Clear underneath; but if he goes too deep will meet with 2 Mouthful of Dregs: Either the Top or Bottom of him are good for little, but what he did in his own, natural, middle-way, is best.

To speak of his Numbers is a little difficult, they are so various and irregular, and mostly Pindaric: 'Tis evident his heroic Verse (the best Example of which is his Music's Duel) is carelesty made up; but one may imagine from what it now is, that he had taken more Care, it had been musical and pleasing enough, not extreamly majestic, but sweet: And the time consider'd of his Writing, he was (ev'n as uncorrect as he is) none

of the worst Versificators.

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I will just observe, that the best Pieces of this Author are, a Paraphrase on Psal. 23. On Lessius, Epitaph on Mr Ashton, Wishes to his suppos'd Misteres, and the Dies Ira.

I am, &c.

#### Mr POPE to Mr C...

DECEMBER 30, 1710.

I Resume my old Liberty of throwing out myfelf upon Paper to you, and making what Thoughts float uppermost in my Head, the Subject of a Letter. They are at present upon Laughter, which (for ought I know) may be the Cause you might sometimes think me too remiss a Friend, when I was most entirely so: For I am never so inclin'd to Mirth as when I am most pleas'd and most easy, which is in the Company of a Friend

like yourself.

As the fooling and toying with a Mistress is a proof of Fondness, not Disrespect, so is Raillery with a Friend. I know there are Prudes in Friendship, who expect Distance, Awe, and Adoration, but I know you are not of them; and I for my part am no Idol-worshipper, tho' a Pap.... were to address Jupiter himself in a Heathen way, I fancy I should be apt to take hold his Knee in a familiar manner, if not of his beard like Diomyfius; I was just going to say of his Buttons, but I think Jupiter wore none (however I won't be positive to so nice a Critic as you, but his Robe might be subnetted with a Fibula). I know some Philosophers define Laughter, A recommending ourselves to our own Favour, by Comparison with the Weakness of another: But I am sure I very rarely laugh with that View, nor do I believe Children have any fuch Confideration in their Heads, when they express their Pleasure this way: I laugh full as innocently as they, for the most part, and as There is a Difference too betwixt laughing about a thing, and laughing at a thing: One may find the inferior Man (to make a kind of cafuiftical fui Or W th

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fuiltical Diwinction) provok'd to Folly at the Sight or Observation of some Circumstance of a Thing, when the Thing itself appears solemn and august to the superior Man, that is, our Judgment and Reafon. Let an Ambassador speak the best Sense in the World, and deport himself in the most graceful manner before a Prince, yet if the Tail of his Shirt happen (as I have known it happen to a very wife Man) to hang out behind, more People shall laugh at that than attend to the other; till they recollect themselves, and then they will not have a Jot the less Respect for the Minister. I must confess the Iniquity of my Countenance before you; feveral Muscles of my Face sometimes take an impertinent Liberty with my Judgment, but then my Judgment foon rifes, and fets all right again about my Mouth: And I find I value no Man so much, as he in whose Sight I have been playing the Fool. I cannot be Sub-Persona before a Man I love; and not to laugh with Honesty, when N ture prompts, or Folly (which is more a fecond Nature than any thing I know) is but a knavish hypocritical way of making a Mask of one's own Face. — To conclude, those that are my Friends I laugh with, and those that are not I la th at; so am merry in Company, and if eve. I am wife, it is all by myfelf. You take just another Course, and to those that are not your Friends, are very civil, and to those that are, very endearing and complaifant: Thus when you and I meet, there will be the Risus & Blanditiæ united together in Conversation, as they commonly are in a Verse: But without Laughter on the one Side, or Compliment on the other, I affure you I am with real efteem,

## Mr C . . . . to Mr POPE.

Ост. 26. 1711.

MR Wycherley visited me at the Bath in my Sickness, and express'd much Affection to me: hearing from me how welcome his Letters wou'd be, he presently writ to you; in which I inferted my Scrall, and after a fecond. He went to Gloucester in his way to Salop, but was disappointed of a Boat, and fo return'd to Bath; then he shew'd me your Answer to his Letters, in which you speak of my good Nature, but I fear you found me very froward at Reading; yet you allow for my Illness. I could not possibly be in the same House with Mr Wycherley, tho' I sought it earnestly; nor come up to town with him, he being engag'd with others; but whenever we met we talk'd of you. He praises your \* Poem, and even outvies me in kind Expressions of you. As if he had not wrote two Letters to you, he was for writing every Post; I put him in mind he had already. Forgive me this Wrong, I know not whither my talking fo much of your great Humanity and Tenderness to me, and Love to him; or whether the Return of his natural Disposition to you, was the Cause; but certainly you are now highly in his Favour: now he will come this Winter to your House, and I must go with him; but first he will invite you speedily to Town. - I arriv'd on Saturday last much wearied, yet had wrote fooner, but was told by Mr Gay (who has writ a pretty Poem to Lintot, and who gives you his Service) that was gone from home. Lewis shew'd me your Letter which fet me right, and your next

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<sup>\*</sup> Effay on Critism.

Letter is impatiently expected by me. Mr Wy-cherley came to Town on Sunday last, and kindly surprized me with a Visit on Monday morning. We din'd and drank together; and I saying, To our Loves, he reply'd, 'Tis Mr Pope's Health: He said he would go to Mr Thorold's and leave a Letter for you. Tho' I cannot answer for the Event of all this, in respect to him; yet I can assure you, that when you please to come you will be most desirable to me, as always by Inclination so now by Duty, who shall ever be

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Your, &c.

### Mr POPE to Mr C .

Nov. 12, 1711.

Receiv'd the Entertainment of your Letter the Day after I had fent you one of mine, and I am but this Morning return'd hither. The News you tell me of the many Difficulties you found in your Return from Bath, gives me fuch a kind of Pleasure as we usually take in accompanying our Friends in their mix'd Adventures; for methinks I fee you labouring thro' all your Inconveniencies of the rough Roads, the hard Saddle, the trotting Horse, and what not? What an agreeable Surprize wou'd it have been to me, to have met you by pure Accident, (which I was within an ace of doing) and to have carry'd you off triumphantly, let you on an easier Pad, and reliev'd the wandring Knight with a Night's Lodging and rural Repast, at our Castle in the Forest? But these are only the pleasing Imaginations of a disappointed Lover, who must suffer in a melancholy Absence

yet

yet these two Months. In the mean time, I take up with the Muses for want of your better Company; the Muses, Quæ nobiscum pernoctant, peregrinantur, rusticantur. Those aerial Ladies just discover enough to me of their Beauties to urge my Purfuit, and draw me on in a wand'ring Maze of Thought, still in hopes (and only in hopes) of attaining those Favours from 'em, which they confer on their more happy Admirers. We grasp fome more beautiful Idea in our own Brain, than our Endeavours to express it can set to the View of others; and still do but labour to fall short of our first Imagination. The gay Colouring which Fancy gave at the first transient Glance we had of it, goes off in the Execution; like those various Figures in the gilded Clouds, which while we gaze long upon, to separate the Parts of each imaginary Image, the whole faints before the Eye and decays into Confusion.

I am highly pleas'd with the Knowledge you give me of Mr Wycherley's present Temper, which feems fo favourable to me. I shall ever have such a Fund of Affection for him as to be agreeable to myfelf when I am fo to him, and cannot but be gay when he's in good humour, as the Surface of the Earth (if you will pardon a poetical Similitude) is clearer or gloomier, just as the Sun is brighter, or more overcast. I shou'd be glad to see the Verses to Lintot which you mention, for methinks, fomething oddly agreeable may be produc'd from that Subject. - For what remains, I am fo well, that nothing but the Assurance of your being so can make me better; and if you wou'd have me live with any Satisfaction these dark Days in which I cannot fee you, it must be by your writing sometimes to

Your, &c.

## Mr POPE to H. C. Efq; 121

### Mr C . . . to Mr POPE.

DEC. 7, 1711.

M R Wycherley has, I believe, fent you two or three Letters of Invitation; but you, like the Fair, will be long follicited before you yield, to make the Favour the more acceptable to the Lover. He is much your's by his Talk; for that unbounded Genius which has rang'd at large like a Libertine, now feems confin'd to you: and I shou'd take him for your Mistress too by your Simile of the Sun and Earth: 'Tis very fine, but inverted by the Application; for the gaiety of your Fancy, and the drooping of his by the withdrawing of your Luftre, perfuades me it wou'd be juster by the Reverse. Oh happy Favourite of the Muses! how per-noctare, all night long with them? But, alas! you do but toy, but skirmish with them, and decline a close Engagement. Leave Elegy and Translation to the inferior Class, on whom the Muses only glance now and then like our Winter-Sun, and then leave them in the dark. Think on the Dignity of Tragedy, which is of the greater Poetry, as Dennis fays, and foil him at his other Weapon, as you have done in Criticism. Every one wonders, that a Genius like your's will not support the finking Drama; and Mr Wilks, (tho' I think his Talent is Comedy) has express'd a furious Ambition to fwell in your Buskins. We have had a poor Comedy of Johnson's (not Ben) which held seven Nights, and has got him three hundred Pounds, for the Town is sharp-set on new-In vain would I fire you by Interest or Ambition, when your Mind is not susceptible of either; tho' your Authority (arifing from the general Esteem, like that of Pompey) must infallibly

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libly affure you of Success; for which in all your Wishes you will be attended with those of

Your, &c.

### Mr POPE to Mr C ....

DECM B. 21, 1711.

F I have not writ to you fo foon as I ought, let my writing now attone for the Delay; as it it will infallibly do, when you know what a Sacrifice I make you at this time, and that every moment my Eyes are employ'd upon this Paper, they are taken off from two of the finest Faces in the Universe. But indeed 'tis some Consolation to me to reflect, that while I but write this Period, I escape some hundred fatal Darts from those unerring Eyes, and about a thousand Deaths, or better. Now you that delight in dying, wou'd not once have dream'd of an absent Friend in these Circumstances; you that are so nice an Admirer of Beauty, or (as a Critic wou'd fay after Terence) so elegant a Spectator of Forms? You must have a fober Dish of Coffee, and a folitary Candle at your fide, to write an Epistle Lucubratory to your Friend; whereas I can do it as well with two pair of radiant Lights, that out-shine the golden God of Day and filver Goddess of Night, with all the refulgent Eyes of the Firmament. You fancy now that Sapho's Eyes are two of these my Tapers, but it is no fuch matter, Sir; thefe are Eyes that have more Persuasion in one Glance than all Sapho's Oratory and Gesture together, let her put her Body into what moving posture she pleases. Indeed, indeed, my Friend, you cou'd never

never have found fo improper a Time to tempt me with Interest or Ambition: Let me but have the Reputation of these in my keeping, and as for my own, let the Devil, or let Dennis, take it for ever. How gladly wou'd I give all I am worth, that is to fay, my Pastorals for one of them, and my Effay for the other? I wou'd lay out all my Poetry in Love; an Original for a Lady, and a Translation for a waiting Maid! alas! what have I to do with Jane Gray, as long. as Miss Molly, Miss Betty, or Miss Patty are in this World? Shall I write of Beauties murder'd long' ago, when there are those at this instant that murder me? I'll e'en compose my own Tragedy. and the Poet shall appear in his own person to move Compassion: 'Twill be far more effectual than Bays's ent'ring with a Rope about his Neck, and the World will own, there never was a more miserable Object brought upon the Stage.

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i'd ver Now you that are a Critic, pray inform me, in what manner I may connect the foregoing part of this Letter with that which is to follow, according to the Rules? I would willingly return Mr Gay my Thanks for the Favour of his Poem, and in particular for his kind mention of me; I hop'd, when I heard a new Comedy had met with Success upon the Stage, that it had been his, to which I really wish no less; and (had it been any way in my power) shou'd have been very glad to have contributed to it's Introduction into the World. His Verses to Lintot \* have put a Whim into my head, which you are like to be troubl'd with in the opposite Page: Take it as you find it, the

These Verses are printed in Dr Swift's, and our Author's Miscellanies, in 3 Vols, 8vo.

# 124 LETTERS of, &c.

Production of half an hour t'other Morning. I defign very soon to put a Task of a more serious nature upon you, in reviewing a piece of mine that may better deserve Criticism; and by that time you have done with it, I hope to tell you in person with how much Fidelity I am

Your, &c.



LETTERS



# LETTERS

TO

# Several LADIES.

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LETTER I.

MADAM,



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SEND you the Book of Rudiments of Drawing, which you were pleas'd to command, and think myfelf oblig'd to inform you at the same time of one of the many Excellencies you

possess without knowing of 'em. You are but too good a Painter already; and no Picture of Raphael's was ever so beautiful, as that which you have form'd in a certain Heart of my Acquaintance. Indeed it was but just that the finest Lines in Nature should be drawn upon the most durable Ground, and none could ever be met with that wou'd fo readily receive, or fo faithfully retain them, as this

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Heart. I may boldly fay of it that you will not find it's fellow in all the Parts of the Body in this Book. But I must complain to you of my hand, which is an arrant Traitor to my heart; for having been copying your Picture from thence and from Kneller these three Days, it has done all posfible Injury to the finest Face that ever was made, and to the liveliest Image that ever was drawn. have Imagination enough in your Absence, to trace some Resemblance of you; but I have been fo long us'd to lose my Judgment at the fight of you, that 'tis past my power to correct it by the Life. Your Picture feems least like when plac'd before your Eyes, and, contrary to all other Pictures, receives a manifest Disadvantage by being fet in the fairest Light in the World. The Painters are a very vain Generation, and have a long time pretended to rival Nature; but to own the Truth to you, she made such a finish'd Piece about three and twenty Years ago, (I beg your pardon Madam, I protest I meant but two and twenty) that 'tis in vain for them any longer to contend with her. know you indeed made one fomething like it, betwixt five and fix Years past: 'Twas a little Girl, done with abundance of Spirit and Life; and wants nothing but time to be an admirable Piece : But not to flatter your Work, I don't think 'twill ever come up to what your Father made. However I wou'd not discourage you; 'tis certain you have a strange Happiness, in making fine Things of a sudden and at a stroke, with incredible Ease and Pleafure.

Madam,

## LETTER II.

IT is too much a Rule in this Town, that when a Lady has once done a Man a Favour, he is to be rude to her ever after. It becomes our Sex to take upon us twice as much as your's allows us: By this Method I may write to you most impudently, because you once answer'd me modestly; and if you shou'd never do me that honour for the future, I am to think (like a true Coxcomb) that your Silence gives confent. Perhaps you wonder why this is address'd to you rather than to Mrs M-with whom I have the right of an old Acquaintance, whereas you are a fine Lady, have bright Eyes, &c. First, Madam, I make choice of you rather than of your Mother, because you are younger than your Mother. Secondly, becaufe I fancy you fpell better, as having been at School later. Thirdly, because you have nothing to do but to write if you please, and por bly it may keep you from employing yourfelf orfe: It may fave some honest neighbouring Gentlemen from three or four of your pestilent Glances. Cast your Eyes upon Paper, Madam, there you may look innocently: Men are feducing, Books are dangerous; the amorous ones foften you, and the godly ones give you the Spleen: If you look upon Trees, they clasp in Embraces; Birds and Beafts make love; the Sun is too warm for your Blood; the Moon melts you into yielding and melancholy. Therefore I fay once more, cast your Eyes upon Paper, and read only fuch Letters as I write, which convey no Darts, no Flames, but proceed from innocence of Soul, and fimplicity of Heart. However, I can allow you a Bonnet lin'd with

with green for your Eyes, but take care you don't tarnish it with ogling too fiercely: I am told, that hand you shade yourself with this shining Weather, is tann'd pretty much, only with being carry'd over those Eyes-thank God I am an hundred Miles off from them—Upon the whole, I wou'd fooner trust your Hand than your Eyes for doing me mischief; and tho' I doubt not some part of the Rancour and Iniquity of your Heart will drop into your Pen, yet fince it will not attack me on a fudden and unprepar'd, fince I may have time, while I break open your Letter, to cross myself and fay a Pater-noster, I hope Providence will protect me from all you can attempt at this difflance. Mr B— tells me, you are at this hour as handsome as an Angel, for my part I have forgot your Face fince two Winters, I don't know whether you are tall or short, nor can tell in any respect what fort of Creature you are, only that you are a very mischievous one whom I shall ever pray to be defended from. But when Mr Bfends me word you have the Small-pox, a good many Freckles, or are very pale, I will defire him to give thanks for it in your Parish-Church, which as foon as he shall inform me he has done, I will make you a Vifit at — without Armour: I will eat any thing you give me without fuspicion of Poison, take you by the hand without Gloves, nay venture to follow you into an Arbour without calling the Company. This, Madam, is the top of my Wishes, but how differently are our Defires inclin'd! You figh out, in the Ardour of your Heart, Oh Plav-houses, Parks, Opera's, Assemblies, London! I cry with Rapture, Oh Woods, Gardens, Rookeries, Fish-ponds, Arbours! Mrs Betty M-

### LETTER III.

To a Lady, written on the opposite Pages of a Letter to her Husband from Lady M.

THE Wits would fay, that this must needs be a dull Letter, because it is a marry'd one. I am afraid indeed you will find what Spirit there is must be on the side of the Wife, and the Husband's part as usual will prove the dullest. What an unequal pair are put together in this Sheet? in which tho' we fin, it is you must do penance. When you look on both fides of this Paper, you may fancy that our words (according to a Scripture expression) are as a Two-edg'd Sword, whereof Lady M. is the shining blade, and I only the handle. But I can't proceed without fo far mortifying Sir Robert as to tell him, that she writes this purely in Obedience to me, and that it is but one of those Honours a Husband receives for the fake of his Wife.

It is making court ill to one fine Woman to shew her the regard we have for another; and yet I must own there is not a period of this Epistle but squints toward another over-against it. It will be in vain to dissemble: Your penetrating Eyes cannot but discover how all the Letters that compose these words lean forward after Lady M's Letters, which seem to bend as much from mine, and sly from them as fast as they are able. Ungrateful Letters that they are? which give themselves to another Man in the very presence of him who will yield to no mortal in knowing how to value them.

You will think I forget my felf, and am not Writing to you; but let me tell you, 'tis you forget your felf in that Thought, for you are almost the only Woman to whom one can fafely address the praises of another. Besides can you imagine a Man of my importance fo stupid, as to say fine things to you before your Husband? Let us fee how far Lady M. her felf dares do any thing like it, with all the Wit and Address she is Mistress of. If Sir Robert can be so ignorant (now he is left to himself in the Country) to imagine any such matter, let him know from me, that here in Town every Thing that Lady fays, is taken for Satire. For my part, every body knows it is my constant Practice to speak Truth, and I never do it more than when I call my felf

Your, &c.

### LETTER IV.

To a Lady in the Name of her Brother.

IF you have not a chaste Ear and a pure Heart do not peruse this Letter, for as Jeremy Taylor says, in his Holy Living and Dying, the first thing a Virgin ought to endeavour, is to be ignorant of the distinction of Sexes.

It is in the confidence I have that you are thus innecent, that I endeavour to gratify your Curiofity in a point in which I am fensible none but a

Brother could do it with decency.

I shall

I shall entertain you with the most reigning Curiosity in the Town, I mean a Person who is equally the toast of Gentlemen and Ladies, and is at present more universally admired than any of either Sex: You know sew proficients have a greater genius for Monsters than my self; but I never tasted a Monster to that degree I have done this Creature: It was not, like other Monsters, produced in the Deserts of Arabia, nor came from the Country of the Great Mogul, but is the production of the joint-endeavours of a Kentish Parson and his Spouse, who intended in the singleness of Heart to have begot a Christian but of one Sex, and providence has sent them one of two.

There are various Opinions concerning this Creature about Town, Mr Cromwell observes that the Age is very licentious, and the present Reign very lewd and corrupt, in permitting a Lady by Authority (as appears by the printed bills) to expose her personal Curiosities for a Shilling.

Mr P. looks upon it as a Prodigy portending fome great Revolution in the State: to strengthen which Opinion h produces the following Prophecy of Nostradamus, which he explains politically.

When as two Sexes join'd in one, Shall in the Realm of Brute be shown; Then Factions shall unite, if I know, To choose a Prince Jure Divino. This Prodigy of common Gender Is neither Sex but a Pretender, So the Long shield the Faith's Defender.

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Mrs N — admires what People wonder at to much? and fays the is just to her felf: The Duchels of S — is of the fame Opinion.

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Among

Among these various conjectures, that I might be informed of the Truth, I took along with me a Physician and a Divine, the one to inspect the State of it's Body, the other to examine that of it's Mind: The Persons I made choice of were the ingenious Dr P— and the Reverend Mr— We were no sooner in the room but the Party came to us drest in that Habit in which the Ladies affect an Hermophroditical imitation of Men—your sharp Wit, my dear Sister, will immediately conclude that I mean a Riding-Habit.

I think it not material to inform you, whether the Doctor, the Divine, or my felf look'd first. The Priest you will maliciously fancy was in his Nature most an Insidel, and doubted most of this Miracle: we therefore proposed to him to take the surest method of believing, seeing, and seeling: He comply'd with both Admonitions, and having taken a large pinch of Snuff upon it, advis'd us with a nod, that we should by no means regard it as a Female but as a Male, for by so doing we

should be guilty of less sinfulness.

The Doctor upon inspection differr'd from this Opinion, he wou'd by no means allow it a Miracle, or at most a Natural one: He said upon the whole it was a Woman; that whatever might give a handle to think otherwise, was a trisle, nothing being more common than for a Child to be mark'd with that thing which the Mother long'd

for.

As for this Party's temper of Mind, it appears to be a most even Disposition, partaking of the good Qualities of both Sexes: for she is neither so inaccessible as other Ladies, nor is he so impudent as other Gentlemen. Of how obliging and complaisant a turn appears by this, that he tells the Ladies he has the Inclinations of a Gentleman,

and that she tells the Gentlemen she has the Tendre of a Lady. As a surther proof of this affable Disposition, he formerly received visits of the fair Sex in their masques, till an impertinent Fellow in a Female disguise mingled with a party of Ladies, and impudently overheard their improving Speculations.

Notwithstanding this, she civilly promised at my Request, that my two Sisters should be admitted privately whenever you wou'd do her the

Honour of your confideration.

How agreeable foever this fight has been to me, I affure you it cannot be so pleasing as the fight of you in Town, and whatever you may see in the Country, I dare affirm no Man or Woman can

fhew you the like.

I therefore earnestly desire you to make haste to this place; for tho' indeed like most other Brothers, I should be forry you were married at my expence, yet I would by no means, like them, detain you in the Country from your admirers, for you may believe me, no Brother in the World ever lov'd a Sister as I do you.

I am, &c.

## LETTER V.

BATH, 1714.

YOU are to understand, Madam, that my Passion for your fair self and your Sister, has been divided with the most wonderful regularity in the World. Even from my Infancy I have been in Love with one after the other of you, Week by Week, and my Journey to Bath sell out in the

three hundred seventy sixth Week of the Reign of my Sovereign Lady Sylvia. At the present Writing hereof it is the three hundred eighty ninth Week of the Reign of your most Serene Majesty, in whose service I was listed some Weeks before I beheld your Sister. This Information will account for my Writing to either of you hereafter, as either shall happen to be Queen-Regent at that time.

Pray tell your Sister, all the good Qualities and virtuous Inclinations she has, never gave me so much pleasure in her Conversation, as that one Vice of her obstinacy will give me Mortification this Month. Ratcliffe commands her to the Bath, and she resuses! indeed if I were in Berkshire I should honour her for this obstinacy, and magnify her no less for disobedience than we do the Barcelonians. But People change with the change of places (as we see of late) and Virtues become Vices when they cease to be for one's Interest, with me, as with others.

Yet let me tell her, she will never look fo finely while she is upon Earth, as she would here in the Water. It is not here as in most other instances, for those Ladies that would please extreamly, must go out of their own Element. does not make half fo good a figure on Horfeback as Christina Queen of Sweden; but were she once feen in the Bath, no Man wou'd part with her for the best Mermaid in Christendom. You know I have feen you often, I perfectly know how you look in black and in white; I have experienc'd the utmost you can do in Colours; but all your Movements, all your graceful Steps, deferve not half the Glory you might here attain, of a moving and easy behaviour in Buckram: Something between swimming and walking, free enough,

- Land Sandard

enough, and more modestly-half-naked, than you can appear any were else. You have conquer'd enough already by Land; show your Ambition, and vanquish also by Water. We have no pretty Admirals on these Seas, but must strike Sails to your white Flags, were they once hoisted up. The Buckram I mention is a Dress particularly useful at this time, when we are told the Princess is bringing over the Fashion of German Russ: You ought to use yourselves to some Degrees of Stissness beforehand. And when our Ladies Chins have been tickled a-while with starch'd Muslin and Wire, they may possibly bear the Brush of a German Beard and Whisker.

I cou'd tell you a delightful Story of Dr P. but want room to display it in all it's shining Circumstances. He had heard it was an excellent Cure for Love, to kiss the Aunt of the Person beloved, who is generally of Years and Experience enough to damp the fiercest Flame: He try'd this Course in his Passion, and Liss'd Mrs E—at Mr D—'s, but he says it will not do, and that he loves you

as much as ever.

Your's, &c.

## LETTER VI.

# To the same.

IF you ask how the Waters agree with me, I must tell you, so very well, that I question how you and I should agree if we were in a Room by ourselves? Mrs T. has honestly assured me, that but for some Whims which she can't entirely conquer, she would go and see the World with

me in Man's Cloaths. Even you, Madam, I fancy (if you wou'd not partake in our Adventures) would wait our coming in at the Evening with fome Impatience, and be well enough pleas'd to hear 'em by the Fire-side. That would be better than reading Romances, unless Lady M. would be our Historian; for as she is married, she has probably leifure Hours in the Night-time, to write or do what she will in. What raises these Defires in me, is an Acquaintance I am beginning with my Lady Sandwich, who has all the Spirit of the last Age, and all the gay Experience of a pleasurable Life. It were as scandalous an Omission to come to the Bath and not to see my Lady Sandwich, as it had been formerly to travel to Rome without visiting the Queen of Sweden. She is, in a Word, the best thing this Country has to boast of; and as she has been all that a Woman of Spirit could be, fo she still continues that easy and independent Creature that a sensible Woman always will be.

I must tell you a Truth, which is not however much to my Credit. I never thought fo much of yourfelf and your Sifter, as fince I have been fourscore Miles distance from you. In the Forest I look'd upon you as good Neighbours, at London as pretty kind of Women, but here as Divinities, Angels, Goddesses, or what you will. In the fame manner I never knew at what a Rate I valu'd your Life, till you were upon the Point of dying. If Mrs T. and you will but fall very fick every Season, I shall certainly die for you. Seriously I value you both fo much, that I effeem others much the less for your sakes; you have robb'd me of the Pleasure of esteeming a thousand pretty Qualities in them, by showing me so many finer in yourselves. There are but two things in the World which

which could make you indifferent to me, which I believe you are not capable of, I mean Ill-nature and Malice. I have feen enough of you not to overlook any Frailty you cou'd have, and nothing less than a Vice can make me like you less. I expect you shou'd discover by my Conduct towards you both, that this is true, and that therefore you should pardon a thousand Things in me for that one Disposition. Expect nothing from me but Truths and Freedom, and I shall always be thought by you, what I always am,

Your, &c.

## LETTER VII.

To the Same.

I Return'd home as flow and as contemplative after I had parted from you, as my Lord—retired from the Court and Glory to his Country-Seat and Wife, a Week ago. I found here a difmal desponding Letter from the Son of another great Courtier who expects the same Fate, and who tells me the great ones of the Earth will now take it very kindly of the mean ones, if they will favour them with a Visit by Day-light. With what Joy would they lay down all their Schemes of Glory, did they but know you have the Generosity to drink their Healths once a day, as soon as they are fallen? Thus the unhappy by the sole Merit of their Missortunes, become the Care of Heaven and you. I intended to have put this last into Verse, but in this Age of Ingrati-

tude my best Friends forfake me, I mean my

Rhymes.

I desire Mrs P— to stay her Stomach with these half hundred Plays, till I can procure her a Romance big enough to satisfy her great Soul with Adventures. As for Novels, I sear she can depend upon none from me but that of my Life, which I am still, as I have been, contriving all possible Methods to shorten, for the greater Ease both of my Historian and the Reader. May she believe all the Passion and Tenderness express'd in these Romances to be but a faint Image of what I bear her, and may you (who read nothing) take the same Truth upon hearing it from me; you will both injure me very much, if you don't think me a truer Friend than ever any romantic Lover, or any Imitator of their Style could be.

The Days of Beauty are as the Days of Greatness, and as long as your Eyes make their Sunshine, all the Word are your Adorers: I am one of those unambitious People, who will love you forty Years hence, when your Eyes begin to twinkle in a Retirement, for your own sakes, and without the Vanity which every one now will

take to be thought

Your, &c.

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## LETTER VIII.

YOU have ask'd me News a hundred Times at the first Word you spoke to me, which some would interpret as if you expected nothing better from my Lips: And truly 'tis not a Sign two Lovers are together, when they can be so imper-

impertinent as to enquire what the World does? All I mean by this is, that either you or I are not in love with the other: I leave you to guess which of the two is that stupid and insensible Creature, so blind to the other's Excellencies and Charms?

This then shall be a Letter of News; and sure if you did not think me the humblest Creature in the World, you could never imagine a Poet could dwindle to a Brother of Dawks and Dyer, from a

Rival of Tate and Brady.

The Earl of Oxford has behaved so bravely, that in this Act at least he might seem above Man, if he had not just now voided a Stone to prove him subject to human Infirmities. The utmost Weight of Affliction from princely Power and popular Hatred, were almost worth bearing, for the Glory of such a dauntless Conduct as he has shewn under it.

You may foon have your Wish, to enjoy the gallant Sights of Armies, Incampments, Standards waving over your Brother's Corn-fields, and the pretty Windings of the Thames about M— stain'd with the Blood of Men. Your Barbarity, which I have heard so long exclaim'd against in Town and Country, may have it's fill of Destruction. I would not add one Circumstance usual in all Descriptions of Calamity, that of the many Rapes committed, or to be committed, upon those unfortunate Women that delight in War. But God forgive me— in this martial Age, if I could, I would buy a Regiment for your sake and Mrs P—'s and some others, whom I have Cause to fear no fair means will prevail upon.

Those Eyes that care not how much mischief is done, or how great slaughter committed, so they have but a fine Show; those very-female

Eyes

Eyes will be infinitely delighted with the Camp which is speedily to be formed in Hyde-Park. The Tents are carried thither this morning, new Regiments, with new Cloaths and Furniture (far exceeding the late Cloath and Linnen design'd by his Grace for the Soldiery). The Sight of so many gallant Fellows, with all the Pomp and Glare of War yet undeform'd by Battle, those Scenes which England has for many Years only beheld on Stages, may possibly invite your Curiosity to this Place.

Mrs—— expects the Pretender at her Longings by Saturday se'nnight. She has bought a Picture of Madam Maintenon to set her Features by, against that time. Three Priests of your Acquaintance are very positive, by her Interest to be his

Father Confessor.

By our last Accounts from Dukestreet, Westminster, the Conversion of T. G. Esq; is reported in a manner fomewhat more particular: That upon the Seizure of his Flanders-Mares, he feem'd more than ordinarily diffurb'd for fome Hours, fent for his Ghoftly Father, and refolv'd to bear his Loss like a Christian; till about the Hours of feven or eight the Coaches and Horses of several of the Nobility paffing by his Window towards Hyde-Park, he could no longer endure the Disappointment, but instantly went out, took the Oath of Abjuration, and recover'd his dear Horses which carry'd him in Triumph to the Ring. The poor diffressed Roman Catholics, now unhors'd and uncharioted, cry out with the Pfalmift, Some in Chariots and fone in Horses, but we will invocate the name of the Lord.

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## LETTER IX.

I Will not describe Bl— in particular, not to forestal your Expectations before you see it: Only take a fhort Account, which I will hazard my little Credit is no unjust one. I never faw fo great a thing with fo much Littleness in it: I think the Architect built it entirely in Compliance to the Taste of it's Owners: For it is the most inhospitable thing imaginable, and the most selfish: It has, like their own Hearts, no room for Strangers, and no Reception for any person of superior Quality to themselves. There are but just two Apartments, for the Master and Mistress, below; and but two Apartments above, (very much inferior to them) in the whole House. When you look upon the Outfide, you'd think it large enough for a Prince; when you fee the Infide, it is too little for a Subject; and has not Conveniency to lodge a common Family. It is a House of Entries and Passages; among which there are three Vista's thro' the whole, very uselessly handsome. There is what might have been a fine Gallery, but spoil'd by two Arches towards the Fre of it, which take away the Sight of feveral of the Windows. There are two ordinary Stair-cases instead of one great one. The best things within the House, are the Hall, which is indeed noble and well proportion'd; and the Cellars and Offices under-ground, which are the most commodious, and the best contriv'd of the whole. At the top of the Building are feveral Cupola's and little Turrets that have but an ill Effect, and make the Building look at once finical and heavy. What seems of the best Taste, is that Front towards the Gardens, which is not

yet loaded with these Turrets. The two Sides of the Building are intirely spoil'd by two monstrous Bow-windows which stand just in the middle, instead of Doors: And as if it were fatal that some trisling Littleness should every where destroy the Grandeur, there are in the chief Front two Semicircles of a lower Structure than the rest, that cut off the Angles, and look as if they were purposely design'd to hide a lostier and nobler piece of Building, the top of which appears above them. In a Word, the whole is a most expensive Absurdity; and the Duke of Shrewsbury gave a true Character of it, when he said, it was a great Quarry of Stones above Ground.

We paid a Visit to the Spring where Rosamond bathed herself, on a Hill where remains only a piece of a Wall of the old Palace of Henry II. We toasted her shade in the cold Water, not without a Thought or two, scarce so cold as the Liquor we drank it in. I dare not tell you what they were,

and fo haften to conclude,

Your, &c.

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## LETTER X.

YOU can't be furprized to find him a dull Correspondent whom you have known so long for a dull Companion. And tho' I am pretty sensible, that if I have any Wit, I may as well write to show it, as not; (because any Lady that has once seen me, will naturally ask, what I can show that is better?) yet I'll content myself with giving you as plain a History of my Pilgrimage, as Purchas himself, or as John Bunyan could do

do of his walking through the Wilderness of this

World, &c.

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First then I went by Water to Hampton-Court, unattended by all but my own Virtues; which were not of fo modest a Nature as to keep themselves, or me, conceal'd: For I met the Prince with all his Ladies on Horseback, coming from hunting. Mrs B and Mrs L took me into Protection (contrary to the Laws against harbouring Papists) and gave me a Dinner, with fomething I lik'd better, an Opportunity of Conversation with Mrs. H- We all agreed, that the Life of a Maid of Honour, was of all things the most miserable; and wish'd that every Woman who envy'd it had a Specimen of it. Westphalia-Ham in a Morning, ride over Hedges and Ditches on borrow'd Hacks, come home in the Heat of the Day with a Fever, and (what is worse a hundred Times) with a red Mark in the Forehead from an uneasy Hat; all this may qualify them to make excellent Wives for Fox-hunters, and bear Abundance of ruddy-complexion'd Children. As foon as they can wipe off the Sweat of the Day, they must simper an Hour and catch cold, in the Princes's Apartment; from thence (as Shakespear has it) To Dinner, with what Appetite they may- and after that, 'till Midnight, walk, work, or think, which they please? I can easily believe no Lone-house in Wales, with a Mountain and Rookery, is more contemplative than this Court; and as a proof of it I need only tell you Mrs L-walk'd all alone with me three or four Hours by Moonlight, and we met no Creature of any Quality but the King, who gave Audience to the Vice-Chamberlain, all alone, under the Garden-wall.

In short, I heard of no Ball, Assembly, Basset. Table, or any place where two or three were gather'd together, except Madam Kilmansegg's, to which I had the Honour to be invited, and the

Grace to stay away.

I was heartily tir'd, and posted to B—— Park: there we had an excellent Discourse of Quackery; Dr Shadwell was mention'd with Honour. Lady A. walked a whole Hour abroad without dying after it, at least in the time I stay'd, tho' she seem'd to be fainting, and had convulsive Motions several times in her Head.

This Day I receiv'd a Letter with certain Advices where Women were to be met with at Oxford. I defy them and all their Works: I love no Meat but Ortolans, and no Women but you: tho' indeed that's no proper Comparison, but for fat Duchesses; for to love you, is as if one should wish to eat Angels, or to drink Cherubim-broth.

I arriv'd in the Forest by Tuesday Noon, having sted from the Face (I wish I could say the horned Face) of Moses B——, who din'd in the midway thither. I past the rest of the Day in those Woods where I have so often enjoy'd a Book and a Friend. I made a Hymn as I pass'd thro' which ended with a Sigh that I will not tell you the

meaning of.

Your Doctor is gone the way of all his Patients, and was hard put to it how to dispose of an Estate miserably unweildly, and splendidly unuseful to him. Sir Samuel Garth says, that for Ratcliffe to leave a Library, was as if a Eunuch should found a Seraglio. Dr Sh—lately told a Lady he wonder'd she could be alive after him; she made Answer she wonder'd at it for two reasons, because Dr Ratcliffe was dead and because Dr Sh—was living. I am Your, &c.

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#### LETTER XI.

To the Same.

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NOthing could have more of that Melancholy, which once used to please me, than my last which once used to please me, than my last Days Journey; for after having pass'd through my favourite Woods in the Forest, with a thoufand Reveries of past Pleatures, I rid over hanging Hills, whose Tops were edg'd with Groves, and whose Feet water'd with winding Rivers, listening to the Falls of Cataracts below, and the Murmuring of the Winds above: The gloomy Verdure of Stonor succeeded to these; and then the Shades of the Evening overtook me. The Moon rose in the clearest Sky I ever saw, by whose solemn Light I paced on slowly, without Company, or any Interruption to the Range of my Thoughts. About a Mile before I reach'd Oxford, all the Bells toll'd in different Notes; the Clocks of every Colledge answer'd one another, and founded forth (fome in a deeper, fome a softer Tone) that it was eleven at Nght. All this was no ill Preparation to the Life I have led fince, among those old Walls, venerable Galleries, Stone Portico's, studious Walks, and solitary Scenes of the University. I wanted Nothing but a black Gown and a Salary, to be as meer a Book-Worm as any there. I conform'd myleit to the College Hours, was roll'd up in Books, lay in one of the most ancient dusky Parts of the University, and was as dead to the World as any Hermit of the Defart. If any Thing was alive or awake in me, it was a little Vanity, such as even those good Men us'd to entertain, when the Monks of their own Order extoll'd their Piety and Abstraction. For I found mysfelf receiv'd with a Sort of Respect, which this idle Part of Mankind, the Learned, pay to their own Species, who are as considerable here, as the Busy, the Gay, and the Ambitious are in

your World.

Indeed I was treated in such a Manner, that I could not but sometimes ask myself in my Mind, what College I was Founder of, or what Library I had built? Methinks I do very ill to return to the World again, to leave the only Place where I make a Figure, and from seeing myself seated with Dignity in the most conspicuous Shelves of a Library, put myself into the abject Posture of lying at a Lady's Feet in St. James's Square.

I will not deny, that like Alexander, in the Midst of my Glory I am wounded, and find myself a meer Man. To tell you from whence the Dart comes, is to no Purpose, since neither of you will take the tender Care to draw it out of my Heart, and suck the Poyson with your

Lips.

Here, at my Lord H—'s, I see a Creature nearer an Angel than a Woman, (tho' a Woman be very near as good as an Angel) I think you have formerly heard me mention Mrs. T—as a Credit to the Maker of Angels; she is a Relation of his Lordship's, and he gravely proposed her to me for a Wise; being tender of her Interests, and knowing (what is a Shame to Providence) that she is less indebted to Fortune than I. I told him, 'twas what he could never have thought of, if it had not been his Missfortune to be

be blind, and what I never could think of, while

I had Eyes to see both her and myself.

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I must not conclude without telling you, that I will do the utmost in the Affair you desire. It would be an inexpressible Joy to me if I could serve you, and I will always do all I can to give myself Pleasure. I wish as well for you as for myself; I am in Love with you both as much as I am with myself, for I find myself most so with all three, when I least suspect it.

I am, &c.

#### LETTER XII.

To Mrs. Arabella Fermor on her Marriage.

YOU are by this Time satisfy'd how much the Tenderness of one Man of Merit is to be preser'd to the Addresses of a thousand. And by this Time the Gentleman you have made Choice of is sensible, how great is the Joy of having all those Charms and good Qualities which have pleas'd so many, now apply'd to please one only. It was but just, that the same Virtues which gave you Reputation, should give you Happiness; and I can wish you no greater, than that you may receive it in as high a Degree yourself, as so much good Humour must infallibly give it to your Husband.

It may be expected perhaps, that one who has the Title of Poet, should say something more polite on this Occasion: But I am really more a Well-Wisher to your Felicity, than a Celebrater

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of your Beauty. Besides, you are now a married Woman, and in a Way to be a great many better Things than a fine Lady; such as an excellent Wife, a faithful Friend, a tender Parent; and at last as the Consequence of them all, a Saint in Heaven. You ought now to hear nothing but that, which was all you ever defired to hear (whatever others may have spoken to you) I mean Truth; and it is with the utmost that I assure you, no Friend you have can more rejoice in any Good that befalls you, is more fincerely delighted with the Prospect of your future Happinels, or more unfeignedly defires a long Continuance of it. I beg you will think it but just, that a Man who will certainly be spoken of as your Admirer, after he is dead, may have the Happiness to be esteemed while he is living.

Your, &c.

#### LETTER XIII.

THE chief Cause I have to repent my leaving the Town, is the Uncertainty I am in every Day of your Sister's State of Health. I really expected by every Post to have heard of her Recovery, but on the contrary, each Letter has been a new Awakening to my Apprehensions, and I have ever since suffered Alarms upon Alarms on her Account. No one can be more sensibly touch'd at this than I; nor any Danger of any I love could affect me with more Uneassiness, (tho' as I never had a Sister, I can't be quite so good a Judge as you, how far Humanity would carry me) I have felt some Weaknesses

fes of a tender Kind, which I would not be free from, and I am glad to find my Value for People so rightly placed, as to perceive them on this Occasion.

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I cannot be so good a Christian as to be willing (tho' no less than God should order it) to refign my own Happiness here for hers in another Lite. I do more than wish for her Safety, for every With I make, I find immediately changed into a Prayer, and a more fervent one than I had learned to make till now.

May her Life be longer and happier than perhaps herfelf may defire, that is, as long and as happy as yourfelf can wish: May her Beauty be as great as possible, that is, as it always was, or as yours is: But whatever Ravages a mercileis Distemper may commit, I dare promise her boldly, what few (if any) of her Makers of Vifits and Complements dare to do, the shall have one Man as much her Admirer as ever. As for your Part, Madam, you have me so more than ever, fince I have been a Witnets to the generous Tenderness you have shewn upon this Occasion.

Your, &c.

## LETTER XIV.

I' is with infinite Satisfaction I am made acquainted that your Brother will at, last prove your Relation, and has entertain'd fuch Sentiments as become him in your Concern. I have been prepared for this by Degrees, having feveral Times receiv'd from Mrs. — that which is one of the greatest Pleasures, the Know-

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ledge that others enter'd into my own Sentiments concerning you. I ever was of Opinion that you wanted no more to be vindicated than to be known, and like Truth could appear no where but you must conquer. As I have often condoled with you in your Adversities, so I have a Right which but few can pretend to, of congratulating on the Prospect of your better Fortunes. and I hope for the Future to have the Concern I have felt for you overpaid in your Felicities. Tho' you modestly say the World has left you, yet I verily believe it is coming to you again as falt as it can; For to give the World its due, it is always very fond of Werit when 'tis past its Power to oppose it. Therefore if you should take it into Favour again upon its Repentance. and continue in it, you would be so far from leading what is commoly called an unfettled Life, (and what you with too much unjust Severity call a Vagabond Life) that the Wife could only look upon you as a Prince in Progress, who travels to gain the Affections he has not, or to fix those he already has, which he effectually does wherever he shews himself. But if you are resolved in Revenge to rob the World of so much Example as you may afford it, I believe your Defign will be vain; for even in a Monaftery your Devotions cannot carry you fo far toward the next World, as to make This lofe the Sight of you, but you'll be like a Star, that while it is fix'd to Heaven, thines over all the Earth.

Wherefoever Providence shall dispose of the most valuable Thing I know, I shall ever follow you with my sincerest Wishes, and my best Thoughts will be perpetually waiting upon you, when you never hear of me or them. Your own Guardian Angels cannot be more constant, nor

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more filent. I beg you will never cease to think me your Friend, that you may not be guilty of that which you never yet knew to commit, an Injustice. As I have hitherto been so in Spite of the World, so hereafter, if it be possible you should ever be more opposed, and more deserted. I should only be so much the more

Your faithful, &c.

#### LETTER XV.

I Can say little to recommend the Letters I shall write to you, but that they will be the most impartial Representations of a free Heart, and the truest Copies you ever faw, tho' of a very mean Original. Not a Feature will be soften'd. or any advantageous Light employed to make the ugly Thing a little less hideous; but you shall find it in all Respects, most horribly like. You will do me an Injustice if you look upon any Thing I shall say from this Instant, as a Compliment, either to you or to myself; whatever I write will be the real thought of that Hour, and I know you'll no more expect it of me to persevere till Death in every Sentiment or Notion I now fet down, than you would imagine a Man's Face should never change when once his Picture was drawn.

The Freedom I shall use in this Minner of Thinking aloud, may indeed prove me a Fool; but it will prove me one of the best fort of Fools, the honest ones. And fince what Folly we have will infallibly buoy up at one Time or other in Spight of all our Art to keep it down; methinks 'tis

'us almost foolish to take any Pains to conceal it at all, and almost Knavish to do it from those that are our Friends. If Momus's Project had taken, of having Windows in our Breasts, I should be for carrying it further, and making those Windows, Casements; that while a Man show'd his Heart to all the World, he might do fomething more for his Friends, even give it them, and truft it to their Handling. I think [ " love you as well as King Herod did Herodias (tho' I never had so much as one Dance with you) and would as freely give you my Heart in a Dith, as he did another's Head. But fince 74piter will not have it fo, I must be content to thew my Taste in Life, as I do my Taste in Painting, by loving to have as little Drapery as possible. Not that I think every Body naked altogether so fine a Sight, as yourself and a few more would be, but because 'tis good to use People to what they must be acquainted with, and there will certainly come some Day of Judgment or other, to uncover every Soul of us. We shall then see that the Prudes of this World ow'd all their fine Figure only to their being ftraiter laced than the rest, and that they are naturally as arrant Squabs as those that went more loose, nay as those that never girded their Loins - But a particular Reason that may engage you to write your Thoughts the more freely to me, is, that I am confident no one knows you better; for I find when others express their Thoughts of you, they fall very short of mine, and I know at the same Time theirs are fuch as you would think sufficiently in your Favour.

You may easily imagine how desirous I must be of a Correspondence with a Person, who ) le

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had taught me long ago that it was as possible to esteem at first Sight, as to love; and who has fince ruin'd me for all the Conversation of one Sex, and almost all the Friendship of the other. I am but too fenfible thro' your Means, that the Company of Men wants a certain Softness to recommend it, and that of Women wants every Thing else. How often have I been quietly going to take Possession of that Tranquility and Indolence I had fo long found in the Country, when one Evening of your Convertation has spoil'd me for a Solitaire! Books have lost their Effect upon me, and I was convinc'd fince I faw you, that there is one alive wifer than all the Sages: A Plague of Female Wisdom! It makes a Man ten Times more unealy than his' What is very strange, Virtue herself, (when you have the Dreffing her) is too amiable for one's Repose. You might have done a World of Good in your Time, if you had allowed half the fine Gentlemen who have feen you to have converfed with you, they would have been strangely Bitt, while they thought only to fall in Love with a fair Lady, and you had bewitch'd them with Roason and Virtue (two-Beauties that the very Fops pretend to no Acquaintance with.)

The unhappy Distance at which we correspond, removes a great many of these Restrictions and punctilious Decorums, that oftentimes in nearer Conversation prejudice Truth, to save good Breeding. I may now hear of my Faults and you of your good Qualities, without a Blush; we converse upon such unfortunate generous. Terms, as exclude the Regards of Fear, Shame, or Design, in either of us. And methinks it would be as paltry a Part, to impose (even in a

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fingle Thought) upon each other in this State of Separation, as for Spirits of a different Sphere who have to little Intercourse with us, to employ that little (as some would make us think they do) in putting Tricks and Delusions upon poor Mortals.

Let me begin then, Madam, by asking you a Question, that may enable me to judge better of my own Conduct than most Instances of my Life. In what Manner did I behave the last Hour I saw you? What Degree of Concern did I discover when I selt a Mistortune which I hope you will never feel, that of parting from what one most esteems? for if my parting look'd but like that of your common Acquaintance, I am the greatest of all the Hypocrites that ever De-

cency made.

I never fince pass by your House but with the same Sort of Melancholly that we feel upon teeing the Tomb of a Friend, which only ferves to put us in mind of what we have loft. I reflect upon the Circumstances of your Departure which I was there a Witness of (your Behaviour in what I may call your last Moments) and I indulge a gloomy Kind of Pleasure in thinking that those last Moments were given to me. would fain imagine this was not accidental, but proceeded from a Penetration which I know you have, in finding out the Truth of People's Sentiments; and that you are willing, the last Man that would have parted from you, should be that last that did. I really look'd upon you just as the Friends of Curtius might have done upon that Hero, at the Instant when he was devoting himself to Glory, and running to be lost out of Generofity. I was obliged to admire your Refolution, in as great a Degree as I deplored it; and

and had only to wish, that Heaven would reward so much Virtue as was to be taken from us, with all the Felicities it could enjoy elsewhere!

I am, &c.

#### LETTER XVI.

YOU will find me more troublesome than ever Brutus did his Evil Genius; I shall meet you in more Places than one, and often refresh your Memory before you arrive at your Philippi. These Shadows of me (my Letters) will be haunting you from Time to Time, and putting you in Mind of the Man who has really suffered very much from you, and whom you have robbed of the most valuable of his Enjoyments, your Convertation. The Advantage of hearing your Sentiments by discovering mine, was what I always thought a great one, and even worth the Rifque I generally run of manifesting my own Indiscretion. You then rewarded my Trust in you the Moment it was given, for you pleas'd or inform'd me the Minute you answer'd. I must now be contented with more flow Returns. However, 'tis fome Pleasure, that your Thoughts upon Paper will be a more lasting Possession to me, and that I shall no longer have Cause to complain of a Loss I have so often regretted, that of anything you faid, which I happen'd to forget. In earnest, Madam, if I were to write to you as often as I think think of you, it must be every Day of my Life. I attend you in Spirit thro' all your Ways, I follow you thro' every Stage in Books of Travels, and Fear for you thro' whole Folio's; you make me shrink at the past Dangers of dead Travellers; and if I read of a delightful Prospect, or agreeable Place, I hope it yet subsists to please you. I enquire the Roads, the Amusements, the Company, of every Town and Country thro' which you pass, with as much Diligence as if I were to fet out next Week to over-take you. In a Word, no one can have you more constantly in Mind, not even your Guardian Angel (if you have one) and I am willing to indulge so much Popery, as to fancy fome Being takes Care of you, who knows your Value better than you do your felf: I am willing to think that Heaven never gave fo much Self-Neglect and Resolution to a Woman, to occasion her Calamity, but am pious enough to believe those Qualities must be intended to conduce to her Benefit and her Glory.

Your first short Letter only serves to show me you are alive: It puts me in mind of the sirst Dove that return'd to Noah, and just made him know it had found no Rest a-

broad.

There is nothing in it that pleases me, but when you tell me you had no Sea-Sickness. I beg your next may give me all the Pleasure it can, that is, tell me any that you receive. You can make no Discoveries that will be half so valuable to me as those of your own Mind: Nothing that regards the States or Kingdoms you pass thro, will engage so much of my Curiosity or Concern, as what relates to your

les,

your felf: Your Welfare, to say Truth, is more

at my Heart than that of Christendom.

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I am fure I may defend the Truth, tho' perhaps not the Virtue of this Declaration. One is ignorant, or doubtful at best, of the Merits of differing Religions and Governments; but private Virtues one can be fure of. I therefore know what particular Person has Desert enough to merit being happier than others, but not what Nation deserves to conquer or oppress another. You will fay, I am not Publick-spirited; let it be so, I may have too many Tendernesses, particular Regards, or narrow Views; but at the fame Time I am certain that whoever wants thefe, can never have a Publick-Spirit; (for as a Friend of mine fays) how is it possible for that Man to love twenty thousand People, who never loved one?

I communicated your Letter to Mr. Che thinks of you and talks of you as he ought, I mean as I do, and one always thinks that to be just as it ought. His Health and mine are now to good, that we wish with all our Souls you were a Witness of it. We never meet but we lament over you; we pay a kind of weekly Rites to your Memory, where we strow Flowers of Rhetorick, and offer such Libations to your Name, as it would be prophane to call Toasting. The Duke of B——m is formetimes the High Priest of your Praises; and upon the whole, I believe there is as few Men that are not forry at your Departure, as Women that are; for you know most of your Sex want good Sense, and therefore must want Generosity: You have so much of both, that I am fure you pardon them; for one cannot but forgive whatever one despi-

## 158 LETTERS to, &c.

fes. For my part I hate a great many Women for your Sake, and under-value all the rest. 'Tis you are to blame, and may God revenge it upon you, with all those Bleffings and earthly Prosperities which the Divines tell us are the Cause of our Perdition; for if he makes you happy in this World, I dare trust your own Virtue to do it in the other. I am,

Your, &c.

LETTER8

# LETTERS

OF

Sir William Trumbull, Mr. Steele, Mr. Addison, and Mr. Pope.

From 1711, to 1715.

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## LETTERS

OF

Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL, Mr. STEELE, Mr. ADDISON, &c.

\* Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL to Mr. Pope.

HAVE this Moment receiv'd the Favour of yours of the 8th Instant; and will make you a true Excuse, (tho' perhaps no very good one) that I defer'd the troubling you with a Letter, when I sent back your Papers, in Hopes of seeing you at Binsteld before this Time. If I had met with any Fault in your Performance, I should freely now (as I have done too presumptuously in Convertation with you) tell you my Opinion; which I have frequently ventur'd to give you, rather in Compliance with your Desires than that I could think it reasonable. For I am not yet satisfied upon what Grounds I can pretend to judge of Poetry, who never have been practiced in the Art. There may possibly be some happy Genius's, who may judge of

<sup>\*</sup> Secretary of State to King William the Third.

Man may of the Proportions of a Building, without having read Vitravius, or knowing any thing of the Rules of Architecture: But this, tho' it may fometimes be in the right, must be subject to many Mistakes, and is certainly but a superficial Knowledge; without entring into the Art, the Methods, and the particular Excellencies of the whole Composure, in all the Parts of it.

Besides my Want of Skill, I have another Reason why I ought to suspect my self, by Reafon of the great Affection I have for you, which might give too much Biats, to be kind to every Thing that comes from you; but after all, I must fay (and I do it with an old-fashion'd Sincerity) that I entirely approve of your Translation of those Pieces of Homer, both as to the Versification and the true Sense that shines thro' the ...ole; nay I am confirmed in my former Application to you, and give me Leave to renew it upon this Occasion. that you would proceed in translating that incomparable Poet, to make him speak good English, to dress his admirable Characters in your proper, fignificant, and expreffive Conceptions, and to make his Works as uleful and instructive to this degenerate Age, as he was to our Friend Horace, when he read him at Præneste, Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non, &c. I break off with that anid non? with which I confess I am charm'd.

Upon the whole Matter I intreat you to fend this presently to be added to the Miscellanies, and I hope it will come time enough for that

Purpose.

I have nothing to fay of my Nephew B.'s Observations, for he sent them to me so late,

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that I had not time to confider them; I dare fay he endeavour'd very faithfully (tho' he told me very hastily) to execute your Com-

mands.

All I can add is, that if your Excess of Modesty should binder you from publishing this Essay, I shall only be forry that I have no more Credit with you, to persuade you to oblige the Publick, and particularly, dear Sir,

Your most faithful

Apr. 9. 1708.

bumble Servant,

W. Trumbull.

## Mr. Pope to the Hon. J. C. Esq;

June 15, 1711.

I Send you Dennis's Remarks on the \* Essay, which equally abound in just Criticisms and fine Railleries: The sew Observations in my Hand in the Margins, are what a Morning's Leisure permitted me to make, purely for your Perusal. For I am of Opinion that such a Critic as you will find him by the latter Part of his Book, is but one Way to be properly answered, and that Way I would not take after what he informs me in his Presace, that he is at this Time persecuted by Fortune. This I knew not before; if I had, his Name had been spar'd in the Essay for that only Reason. I can't conceive what Ground he has for so excessive a Resentment;

<sup>\*</sup> On Criticisin.

nor imagine how those three Lines can be call'd a Reflection on his Person, which only describe him subject a little to Anger on some Occasions. I have heard of Combatants so very furious, as to fall down themselves with that very Blow which they defign'd to lay heavy on their Antagonists. But if Mr. Dennis's Rage proceeds only from a Zeal to discourage young and unexperienced Writers from fcribling, he should frighten us with his Verse not Prose: For I have often known, that when all the Precepts in the World would not reclaim a Sinner, some very sad Example has done the Business \*. Yet to give this Man his Due, he has objected to one or two Lines with Reason, and I will alter 'em in case of another Edition; I will make my Enemy do me a Kindness where he meant an Injury, and so serve instead of a Friend. What he observes at the Bottom' of Page 20th of his Reflections, was objected to by yourfelf, and had been mended but for the Haste of the Press: 'Tis right Hibernian, and I confess it what the English call a Bull in the Expression, tho' the Sense be manifest enough: Mr. Dennis's Bulls are seldom in the Expression, they are always in the Sense.

I shall certainly never make the least Reply to him, not only because you advise me, but because I have ever been of Opinion, that if a Book can't answer for itself to the Publick, 'tis

\* This Thought we find afterwards put into Verse in the Dunciad, Book 1.

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<sup>‡</sup> But Appius reddens at each Word you speak, And stares tremendous with a threatning Eye, Like some sherce Tyrant in old Tapestry.

to no Sort of Purpole for its Anthor to do it. If I am wrong in any Sentiment of that Effay. I protett fincerely, I don't defire all the World should be deceiv'd (which would be of very ill Consequence) merely that I my self may be thought right, (which is of very little Confequence.) I'd be the first to recant, for the Benefit to others, and the Glory of my felf; for (as I take it) when a Man owns himself to have been in an Error, he does but tell you in other Words, that he is wifer than he was. But I have had an Advantage by the publishing of that Book of D-s's, which otherwise I should never have known: It has been the Occasion of making me Friends, and open Abettors, of several Gentlemen of known Sense and Wit; and of proving to me what I have till now doubted, that my Writings are taken some Notice of by the World in general, or I should never be attack'd thus in particular. I have read that 'twas a Custom among the Romans, while a General rode in Triumph, to have common Soldiers in the Streets that rail'd at him and reproach'd him; to put him in Mind, that tho' his Services were in the Main approved and rewarded, yet he had Faults enough to keep him humble.

You will see by this, that whoever sets up for Wit in these Days ought to have the Constancy of a Primitive Christian, and be prepar'd to suffer Martyrdom in the Cause of it. But sure this is the first Time that a Wit was attack'd for his Religion, as you'll find I am most zealously in this Treatise: And you know

<sup>\*</sup> See the ensaing Letters.

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Sir, what Alarms I have had from the \* opposite side on this Account. Have I not Reason to cry out with the poor Fellow in Virgil,

Quid jam misero mihi denique restat?

Cui neque apud Danaos usquam locus, & super ipsi

Dardanidæ infensi pænas cum Sanguine poscunt!

'Tis however my Happiness that you, Sir, are impartial,

Jove was alike to Latian and to Phrygian, For you well know that Wit's of no Religion,

The Manner in which Mr. D. takes to pieces feveral particular Lines, detach'd from their natural places, may shew how easy it is to a Caviller to give a new Sense, or a new Nonsence to any thing. And indeed his Constructions are not more wrested from the genuine Meaning, than theirs who objected to the hetorodox Parts, as they call'd 'em.

Our Friend the Abbè is not of that Sort, who with the utmost Candour and Freedom, has modestly told me what others thought, and shew himself one (as he very well expresses it) rather of a Number than a Party. The only Difference between us in Relation to the Monks, is, that he thinks most Sorts of Learning slourish'd among them, and I am of Opinion that only some Sort of Learning was barely kept alive by them: He believes, that in the most natural and obvious Sense, that Line (A second Delage Learning over-run) will

will be understood of Learning in general; and I fancy 'twill be understood only (as 'tis meant) of police Learning, Criticism, Poetry, Ge. which is the only Learning concern'd in the Subject of the Essay. It is true, that the Monks did preserve what Learning there was, about Nicholas the Fifth's Time; but those who fucceeded fell into the Depth of Barbarisin, or at least, stood at a Stay while others rose from thence, insomuch that even Erasmus and Reuchlin could hardly laugh them out of it. I am highly oblig'd to the Abbe's Zeal in my Commendation, and Goodness in not concealing what he thinks my Error. And his testifying fome Esteem for the Book, just at a Time when his Brethren rais'd a Clamour against it, is an Instance of great Generosity and Candor, which I shall ever acknowledge.

Your, &c.

#### To the Same.

June 18, 1711.

IN your last you inform'd me of the mistaken Zeal of some People, who seem to make it no less their Business to persuade men they are erroneous, than Doctors do that they are sick; only that they may magnify their own Cure, and triumph over an imaginary Distemper. The Simile objected to in my Essay,

(Thus Wit, like Faith, by each Man is apply'd To one small Sect, and all are damn'd beside.)

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plainly concludes at this fecond Line, where stands a full Stop: And what follows (Meanly they seek, &c.) speak only of Wit, (which is meant by that Bleffing, and that Sun) for how can the Sun of Faith be said to sublime the Southern Wit, and to ripen the Genius's of Northern Climates? I fear these Gentlemen understand Grammar as little as they do Criticism: and perhaps out of good Nature to the Monks are willing to take from them the Censure of Ignorance, and to have it to themselves. The Word They refers (as I am fure I meant, and as I thought every one must have known) to those Criticks there spoken of, who are partial to some particular Set of Writers, to the Prejudice of all others. And the very Simile itfelf, if twice read, may convince them, that the Censure here of damning, lies not on our Church at all, unless they call our Church one finall Sect: And the cautious Words, (by each Man) manifestly show it a general Reflection on all fuch (whoever they are) who entertain those narrow and limited Notions of the Mercy of the Almighty; which the Reform'd Ministers and Presbyterians are as guilty of as any People living.

Yet after all, I promise you Sir, if the Alteration of a Word or two will gratify any Man of sound Faith tho' weak Understanding, I will (tho' it were from no other Principle than that of common good Nature) comply with it. And if you please but to particularize the Spot where their Objection lies, (for it is in a very narrow Compass) that Stumbling-Block, tho' it be but a little Pebble, shall be removed out of their Way. If the Heat of these good Disputants (who I am afraid being bred up to wrangle in the

the Schools, cannot get rid of the Humor all their Lives) should proceed so far as to perfonal Reflections upon me, I affure you notwithflanding I will do, or fay nothing, however provok'd (for some People can no more provoke than oblige) that is unbecoming the Character of a true Catholick. I will set before me the Example of that great Man, and great Saint Erasmus; who in the Midst of Calumny proceeded with all the Calmness of Innocence, and the unrevenging Spirit of primitive Christianity. However, I would advise them to suffer the Mention of him to pass unregarded, lest I should be forced to do that for his Reputation which I would never do for my own; I mean, to vindicate so great a Light of our Church from the Malice of past Times, and the Ignorance of the present, in a Language which may extend farther than that in which the Trifle about Criticifin is written. I wish these Gentlemen would be contented with finding Fault with me only, who will fubmit to thein right or wrong, as far as I only am concern'd; I have a greater Re-

gard to the Quiet of Mankind than to diffurb it for things of for little Confequence as my Credit and my Sense. A little Humility can do a Poet no Hurt, and a little Charity would do a Priest none: For as St. Austin finely says, Lie Charitas, ibi Humilitas; ubi Humilitas, ibi Paries

Yours, &c

## To the Same.

July 19, 1711.

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THE Concern which you more than feem to be affected with for my Reputation, by the several Accounts you have so obligingly given of what Reports and Censures the holy Vandals have thought sit to pass upon me, makes me desirous of telling so good a Friend my whole Thoughts of this Matter, and of setting before you in a clear Light the true State of it.

I have ever believ'd the best Piece of Service one could do to our Religion, was openly to express our Detethation and Scorn of all those mean Artifices and Piæ frandes, which it stands so little in need of, and which have laid it under

so great a Scandal among its Enemies.

Nothing has been fo much a Scarecrow to them, as that too peremptory and feemingly-uncharitable Affertion of an utter Impossibility of Salvation to all but our felves; invincible Ignorance excepted, which indeed some People define under so great Limitations and with such Exclusions, that it seems as if that Word were rather invented as a Salvo, or Expedient, not to be thought too bold with the Thunder-Bolts of God (which are hurl'd about fo freely on almost all Mankind by the Hands of Ecclesiaflicks) than as a real Exception to almost universal Damnation. For besides the small Number of the truly faithful in our Cnurch, we must again subdivide; the Jansenist is damn'd by the Jesuit, the Jesuit by the Jansenist, the Scotist by the Thimist, and so forth. There

There may be Errors I grant, but I can't think them of such Consequence as to destroy utterly the Charity of Mankind; the very greatest Bond in which we are engaged by God to one another. Therefore I own to you, I was glad of any Opportunity to express my Dislike of so shocking a Sentiment as those of the Religion I profess are commonly charg'd with; and I hop'd, a slight Intinuation, introduced so easily by a casual Similitude only, could never have given Offence; but on the contrary must needs have done good; in a Nation and Time, wherein we are the smaller Party, and consequently most misrepresented, and most in need of Vindication.

For the same Reason, I took Occasion to mention the Superstition of some Ages after the Subversion of the Roman Empire, which is too manifest a Truth to be deny'd, and does in no Sort reflect upon the present Professors of our Faith, who are free from it. Our Silence in these Points may with some Reason make our Adversaries think we allow and persist in those Biggotries; which yet in Reality all good and sentible Men despise, tho' they are persuaded not to speak against them; I can't tell why, since now, 'tis no way the Interest even of the worlt of our Priesthood (as it might have been then) to have them imother'd in Silence: For as the opposite Sects are now prevailing, 'iis too late to hinder our Church from being flander'd; 'tis our Bufiness now to show it is flandered unjustly, and to vindicate our felves from being thought Abettors of what they charge us with. This can't so well be brought about with serious Faces; we must laugh with them at what deferves H . 2

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deferves it; and then we need not doubt of be-

ing cleared, even in their Opinions.

As to Particulars; you cannot but have obferv'd that at first the whole Objection against the Simile of Wit and Faith lay to the Word They: When that was beyond Contradiction removed (the very Grammar ferving confute them ) then the Objection lies against the Simile itself; or if that Simile will not be objected to (Sense and common Reason being indeed a little stubborn, and not apt to give Way to every Body) next the Mention of St perstition must become a Crime (as if Religion and the were Sifters, or that it were Scandal upon the Family of Christ, to say a Word against the Devil's Bastard.) Afterwards more Mischief is discover'd in a Place that seemed innocent at first, the two Lines about Schismaticks, at the Bottom of Page 24. An ordinary Man would imagine the Author plainly declared against those Schismaticks, for quitting the true Faith out of Contempt of the Understanding of some few of its Believers: But these Believers are called Dull, and because I say that thoje Schismaticks think some Believers dull, therefore these charitable Interpreters of my Meaning will have it, that I think all Believers dull. I was telling lately Mr. — these Objections: who affur'd me I had faid nothing which a Catholick need to disown, and I have Cause to know that Gentleman's Fault (if he has any) is not Want of Zeal: He put a Notion into my Head, which I confess I can't but perfectly aquiesce in; that when a Set of People are piqu'd at any Truth which they think to their own Disadvantage, their Method of Revenge on the Truth-Speaker is to attack his Reputation

tion a By-way, and not openly to object to the Place they are really gall'd by: What thefe therefore (in his Opinion) are in earnest angry at, is, that Erasmus whom their Tribe oppress'd and perfecuted should be vindicated after an Age of Obloquy by one of their own People, willing to utter an honest Truth in Behalt of the Dead, whom no Man fure will flatter, and to whom few will do Justice. Others, you know were as angry that I mentioned Mr. Walsh with Honour; who as he never refus'd to any one of Merit of any Party the Praise due to him, for honestly deserv'd it from all others, tho' of ever fo different Interests or Sentiments. May I be ever guilty of this Sort of Liverry, and Latitude or Principle! which gives us the Hardiness of fpeaking well of thote whom Envy oppresses even after Death. As I would always theak well of my living Friends when they are ablent. nay because they are absent; so would I much more of the Dead, in that eternal Absence; and the rather because I expect no Thanks for it.

Thus, Sir, you fee I do in my Conscience persist in what I have written; yet in my Friendship I will recant and alter whatever you please, in Case of a second Edition (which I think the Book will not so soon arrive at, for Teason's Printer told me he drew off a Thousand Copies in this first Impression, and I sancy a Treatise of this Nature, which not one Gentleman in Threescore, even of a liberal Education can understand, can hardly exceed the Vent of that Number.) You shall sind me a true Trojan in my Faith and Friendship, in both which I will.

persevere to the end.

Your, &c.

To General ..... upon his having translated into French Verse the Essay on Criticism.

IF I could as well express, or (if you will allow me to say it) translate the Sentiments of my Heart, as you have done those of my Head. in your excellent Version of my Essay; I should not only appear the best Writer in the World. but what I much more defire to be thought, the most your Servant of any Man living. 'Tis an Advantage very rarely known, to receive at once a great Honour and a great Improvement. This Sir, you have afforded me, having at the same Time made others take my Sense, and taught me to understand my own; if I may call that my own which is indeed more properly yours: Your Verles are no more a Translation of mine. than Virgil's are of Homer, but are like his, the justest Imitation and the noblest Commentary.

In putting me into a French Drefs, you have not only adorned my outfide, but mended my Shape; and if I am now a good Figure, I must consider you have naturalized me into a Country which is samous for making every Man a sine Gentleman. It is by your Means, that (contrary to most young Travellers) I am come back

much better than I went out.

I cannot but wish we had a Bill of Commerce for Translation established the next Parliament, we could not fail of being Gainers by that, nor of making our selves amends for all we have lost by the War. Nay tho' we should insist upon the demolishing of Builean's Works; the French, as long as they have Writers of your Form, might have as good an Equivalent.

Upon the whole, I am really as proud, as our Ministers can be, of the Terms I have gained from abroad; and I defign like them, to publish speedily to the World the Benefits accruing from them; for I cannot refift the Temptation of printing your admirable Translation here \*; to which if you will be fo obliging to give me Leave to prefix your Name, it will be the only Addition you can make to the Honour already done me. I am.

Your, &cc.

## The Hon. J. C. to Mr. POPE.

May 23, 1712. I Am very glad for the Sake of the Widow and for the Credit of the Deceased, that \ Betterton's Remains are fallen into fuch Hands as

B. Lintot.

<sup>\*</sup> This was nover dine, for the two printed French Ve f are neither of this Hand. The one was the Work of Mafieur Roboton, private Secretary to King George the f.; , pristed in Quarto at Amsterdam and at London 1717. The other by the Abb hef in, in Octavo, with a large Preface and Nous, a. . ris,

<sup>‡</sup> A Translation of Some Part of Courer's Canterbury Tales, the Prologues, &c. printed a Minelity my with some Works of Mr. Pope, in woo , ...

may render them reputable to the one and benereficial to the other. Besides the publick Acquaintance I long had with that poor Man, I also had a slender Knowledge of his Parts and Capacity by private Conversation, and ever thought it Pity, he was necessitated by the straitress of his Fortune, to Ad (and especially to his latest Hours) an imaginary and sictitious Part, who was capable of exhibiting a real one, with Credit to himself and Advantage to his Neighbour.

I hope your Health permitted you to execute your Design of giving us an Imitation of Pollio, I am satisfied 'twill be doubly Divine, and I shall long to see it. I ever thought Church-Mesick the most ravishing of all harmonious Compositions, and also believe sacred Subjects, well handled, the most inspiring of all Poetry.

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But where hangs the Lock now? (tho' I know that rather than draw any just Reflection upon your felf, of the least Shadow of Ill-Nature, you would freely have supprest one of the best Poems.) I hear no more of it— will it come out in Lintat's Miscellany or not? I wrote to Lord Petre upon the Subject of the Lock, some time fince, but have as yet had no Answer, nor indeed do I know when he'il be in London. I have fince I faw you corresponded with Mrs. W. I hope the is now with her Aunt, and that her Journey thither was something facilitated by writing to that Lady as preffingly as possible, not to let any Thing whatsoever obstruct it. I sent her obliging Answer to the Party it most concern'd; and when I hear Mrs. W. is certainly there, I will write again to my Lady, to urge as much as possible the effecting the only Thing that

## Mr. P O P E, &c. 177

that in my Opinion can make her Niece easy. I have run out my Extent of Paper, and am

Your, &c.

## Mr. Pope's Answer.

May 28, 1712. IT is not only the Disposition I always have of converfing with you, that makes so me speedily answer your obliging Letter, but the Apprehension left your charitable Intent of writing to my Lady A. on Mrs. W.'s Affair should be frustrated, by the short Stay she makes there. She went thither on the 25th with that Mixture of Expectation and Anxiety, with which People -go into unknown or half-discover'd Countries, utterly ignorant of the Difpositions of the Inhabitants, and the Treatment they are to meet with. The Unfortunate of all People are the most unfit to be left alone; yet we feethe World generally takes Care they shall be fo. Whereas if we took a confiderable Prospect of human Nature, the Bufiness and Study of the Happy and Eafy should be to divert and humour, as well as comfort and pity the Distressed. not therefore excule tome near Allies of mine for their Conduct of late towards this Lady, which has given me a great deal of Anger as well as Sorrow. All I shall fay to you of 'em at prefent is, that they have not been my Relations there two Months: The Confent of Opinions in our Minds, is certainly a nearer Tye than can be contracted by all the Blood in our Bodies: HT

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Bodies; and I am proud of finding I have something congenial with you. Will you permit me to confess to you, that all the Favours and kind Offices you have shown towards Me, have not so throughly cemented me yours, as the Difcovery of that generous and manly Compassion you manifested in the Case of this unhappy Lady? I am afraid to infinuate to you how much I esteem you: Flatterers have taken up the Stile which was once peculiar to Friends, and an honest Man has now no Way left to express himself besides the common one of Knaves: So that true Friends now-a days differ in their Address from Fatterers, much as right Mastiffs do from Spaniels, and flow themselves by a dumb furly Sort of Fidelity, rather than by their complaifant and open Kindness. - Will you never leave commending my Poetry? In fair Truth Sir, I like it but too well my felf already - Expose me no more, I beg you, to the great Danger of Vanity, (the Rock of all Men, but most of young Men) and be kindly content for the Future, when you would please me throughly, to tay only you like what I write.

Your, &c.

## Mr. STEELE to Mr. POPE.

June 1, 1712.

I Am at a Solitude, an House between Hampslead and London, wherein Sir Charles Sedley
died. This Circumstance set me a thinking and
ruminating upon the Employments in which Men

of Wit exercise themselves. It was said of Sir Charles, who breath'd his last in this Room,

Sedley has that prevailing gentle Art,
Which can with a resistless Charm impart,
The loosest Wishes to the chastest Heart;
Raise such a Constitt, kindle such a Fire
Between declining Virtue and Desire,
Till the poor vanquish'd Maid dissolves away
In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Dayo-

This was an happy Talent to a Man of the Town, but I dare fay, without prefuming to make uncharitable Conjectures on the Author's prefent Condition, he would rather have it said of him that he had pray'd,

--- Oh thou my Voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd Lip's with Fire!

He wipes the Tears for ever from our Eyes.

You have express'd it with a good and pious but not with so exalted and poetical a Spirit as the Prophet. The Lord God will wipe away Tears from off all Faces. If you agrees with me in this, alter it by Way of Paraphrase or otherwise.

wife, that when it comes into a Volume it may be amended. Your Poem is already better than the Pollio. I am,

Your, &c.

## Mr. POPE to Mr. STEELE.

June 18, 1712.

YOU have oblig'd me with a very kind Letter, by which I find you shift the Scene of your Life from the Town to the Country, and enjoy that mix'd State which wife Men both delight in, and are qualified for. Methinks the Moralitts and Philosophers have generally run too much into Extremes in commending intirely either Solitude, or publick Life. In the former. Men for the most Part grow useless by too much rest, and in the latter are destroy'd by too much Precipitation; as Waters lying still, putrify and are good for nothing, and running violently on do but the more Mischief in their Pasfage to others, and are swallow'd up and lost the sooner themselves. Those indeed who can be useful to all States, should be like gentle Streams, that not only glide thro'lonely Valleys and Forests amidst the Flocks and the Shepherds, but visit populous Towns in their Course, and are at once of Ornament and Service to them. But there are another Sort of People who feem defign'd for Solitude, fuch I mean as have more to hide than to show: As for my own Part, I am one of those of whom Seneca says, Tam umbratiles sunt, ut putent in turbido effe quicquid in luce est. Some Men like some Pictures, are fitter for a Corner than a full Light; and I believe such as have a natural Bent to Solitude (to carry on the former Similitude) are like Waters which may be forced into Fountains and exalted into a great Height, may make a noble Figure and a louder Noise, but after all they would run more smoothly, quietly and plentifully, in their own natural Course upon the Ground. \* The Confideration of this would make me very well contented with the Poffesfion only of that Quiet which Cowley calls the Companion of Obscurity. But whoever has the Muses too for his Companions, can never be idle enough to be uneasy. Thus Sir you see I would flatter myself into a good Opinion of my own Way of living. Plutarch just now told me, that 'tis in human Life as in a Game at Tables, where a Man may wish for the highest Cast, but if his Chance be otherwise, he is e'en to play it as well as he can, and to make the best of it. I am

Your, &c.

<sup>\*</sup> The foregoing Similitudes our Author had put into Verse some Years before and inserted into Mr. Wycherley's Poem on Mixt Life. We find him apparently in the Versification of them, as they are since printed in Wycherley's postbumous Works, Octavo, Page 3d and 4th.

## Mr. POPE to Mr. STEELE.

You formerly observed to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous Figure in a Man's Life, than the Disparity we often find in him sick and well: Thus one of an unfortunate Constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable Example of the Weakness of his Mind, and of his Body, in their Turns. I have had frequent Opportunities of late to consider my self in these different Views, and I hope have received some Advantage by it, if what Mr. Wailer says be true, that

The Soul's dark Cottage, batter'd and decay'd, Lets in new Light thro' Chinks that Time has made.

Then surely Sickness, contributing no less than old Age to the shaking down this Scassoding of the Body, may discover the inward Structure more plainly. Sickness is a Sort of early old Age; it teaches us a Dissidence in our earthly State, and inspires us with the Thoughts of a Future, better than a Thousand Volumes of Philosophers and Divines. It gives so warning a Concussion to those Props of our Vanity, our Strength and Youth, that we think of fortifying our selves within, when there is so little Dependance upon our Out-Works. Youth at the very best is but a Betrayer of human Life in a gentler and smoother Manner than Age: 'Tis like

like a Stream that nourishes a Plantupon a Bank. and causes it to flourish and blossom to the Sight. but at the same Time is undermining it at the Root in Secret. My Youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me, it has afforded feveral Prospects of my Danger, and given me an Advantage not very common to young Men. that the Attractions of the World have not dazled me very much; and I begin where most People end, with a full Conviction of the Emptiness of all Sorts of Ambition, and the unfatisfactory Nature of all human Pleasure. When 2 Amart Fit of Sickness tells me this scurvy Tenement of my Body will fall in a little Time. I am even as unconcern'd as was that honest Hibernian, who being in Bed in the great Storm fome Years ago, and told the House would tumble over his Head, made Answer, What care I for the House? I am only a Lodger. I fancy 'tis the best Time to die when one is ia the best Humour, and so excessively weak as I now am, I may fay with Conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the Thought that many Men whom I never had any Esteem for, are likely to enjoy this World after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little Atom every fingle Man is, with Respect to the whole Crea tion, methinks 'tis a Shame to be concern'd at the Removal of fuch a trivial Animal as I am. The Morning after my Exit, the Sun will rife as bright as ever, the Flowers smell as sweet, the Plants spring as green, the World will proceed in its old Course, People will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast as they were used to do. The Memory of Man, (as it is elegantly express'd in the Wisdom of Solomon) passeth away as the Remembrance of a Guest that tarrieth but

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one Day. There are Reasons enough, in the fourth Chapter of the same Book, to make any young Man contented with the Prospect of Death. For honourable Age is not that which standeth in Length of Time, or is measur'd by Number of Years. But Wisdom is the gray Hair to Men, and an unspotted Life is old Age. He was taken away speedily, lest Wickedness should alter his Understanding, or Deceit beguile his Soul, &c. I am,

Your, &c.

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# Mr. POPE to Mr. STEELE.

Nov. 7, 1712.

I Was the other Day in Company with five or fix Men of some Learning; where chancing to mention the samous Verses which the Emperor Adrian spoke on his Death-Bed, they were all agreed that 'twas a Piece of Gaicty unworthy of that Prince in those Circumstances. I could not but differ from this Opinion: Methinks it was by no Means a gay, but a very serious Soliloquy to his Soul at the Point of his Departure; in which Sense I naturally took the Verses at my first reading them when I was very young, and before I knew what Interpretation the World generally put upon them.

Animula vagula, blandula, Hospes comesque corporis, Qua nunc abibis in loca? Pallidula, rigida, nudula, Nec (ut Soles) dabis joca!

"Alas, my Soul! thou pleafing Companion of this Body, thou fleeting Thing that art now deferting it! whither art thou flying? to what unknown Scene? all trembling, fearful, and

"pensive. Now what is become of thy former Wit and Humour? thou shalt jest and

" be gay no more."

I confess I cannot apprehend where lies the Trifling in all this? 'T is the most natural and obvious Reflection imaginable to a dying Man: And if we confider the Emperor was a Heathen, that Doubt' concerning the future Fate of his Soul, will feem fo far from being the Effect of Want of Thought, that 'twas scarce reasonable he should think otherwise; not to mention that here is a plain Confession included of his Belief in its Immortality. The diminutive Epithets of vagula, blandula, and the rest, appear not to me as Expressions of Levity, but rather of Endearment and Concern; such as we find in Catullus, and the Authors of Hendecafyllabi after him, where they are used to express the utmost Love and Tenderness for their Mistresses. If you think me right in my Notion of the last Words of Adrian, be pleas'd to insert it in Spectator, if not, to suppress it. Iam

Your. &c.

# ADRIANI Morientis

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# ANIMAM,

Translated.

AH fleeting Spirit! wandring Fire,
That long hast warm'd my tender Ereast,
Must thou no more this Frame inspire?
No more a pleasing, chearful Guest?

Whither, ab whither art thou flying!
To what dark, undiscover'd Shore?
Thou seem'st all trembling, shiv'ring, dying,
And Wit and Humour are no more!

# Mr. STEELE to Mr. POPE.

Nov. 12, 1712.

Have read over your Temple of Fame twice, and cannot find any Thing amis of Weight enough to call a Fault, but see in it a Thousand Thousand Beauties. Mr. Addison shall see it to Morrow: After his Perusal of it, I will let you

Mr. POPE, &c. 187

you know his Thoughts. I desire you will let me know whether you are at Leisure or not? I have a Design which I shall open a Month or two hence, with the Assistance of the Few like your self. If your Thoughts are unengaged, I shall explain myself further. I am

Your, &c.

## Mr. POPE to Mr. STEELE.

Nov. 16, 1712.

VOU oblige me by the Indulgence you have shewn to the Poem I sent you, but will oblige me much more by the kind Severity I hope for from you. No Errors are so trivial. but they deserve to be mended; but fince you fay you see nothing that may be call'd a Fault, can you but think it fo, that I have confin'd the Attendance of \* Guardian Spirits to Heaven's Favourites only? I could point you to feveral, but 'tis my Business to be informed of those Faults I do not know, and as for those I do, not to talk of them but to correct them. You speak of that Poem in a Style I neither merit, nor expect; but lassure you, if you freely mark or dash out, I shall look upon your Blots to be its greatest Beauties. I mean if Mr. Addison and Your felf should like it in the whole otherwife the Trouble of Correction is what I would

<sup>\*</sup> This is not now to be found in the Temple of Fame, of which Poem he speaks here.

not take, for I was really so dissident of it as to let it lie by me these \* two Years, just as you now see it. I am assaid of nothing so much as to impose any Thing on the World which is unworthy

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of its Acceptance.

As to the last Period of your Letter, I shall be very ready and glad to contribute to any Design that tends to the Advantage of Mankind, which of Mankind, which I am sure all yours do. I wish I had but as much Capacity as Leisure, for I am perfectly idle: (a Sign I have not much Capacity)

If you will entertain the best Opinion of me, be pleased to think me your Friend. Assure Mr. Addison of my most faithful Service, of every one's Esteem, he must be assured al-

ready I am

Your, &c.

+ Hence it appears this Poem was writ before the Author was 22 Years old.

#### Mr. POPE to Mr. STEELE.

Nov. 29, 1712.

I Am forry you publish'd that Notion about Adrian's Verses as mine; had I imagin'd you wou'd use my Name, I shou'd have express'd my Sentiments with more Modesty and Dissidence. I only sent it to have your Opinion, and not to publish my own, which I distrusted. But I think the Supposition you draw from the Notion of Adrian's being addicted to Magick, is a little uncharitable, ("That

("That he might fear no fort of Deity, good "or bad") since in the third Verse he plainly testifies his Apprehension of a future State, by being sollicitous whither his Soul was going? As to what you mention of his using gay and ludicrous Expressions, I have own'd my Opinion to be that the Expressions are not so, but that Diminutives are as often in the Latin Tongue, used as Marks of Tenderness and Concern.

Anima is no more than my Soul, Animula has the Force of my dear Soul. To fay Virgo Bella, is not half so endearing as Virguncula bellula, and had Augustus only call'd Horace Lepidum Hominem, it had amounted to no more than that he thought him a pleasant Fellow: 'Twas the Homunciolum that expressed the Love and Tenderness that great Emperor had for him. And perhaps I should my self be much better pleased, if I were told you call'd me your little Friend, than if you complimented me with the Title of a great Genius, or an Eminent Hand (as Jacob does all his Authors.) I am

Your, &c.

# Mr. POPE to .....

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YOU have at length comply'd with the Request I have often made you, for you have shown me, I must confess, several of my Faults in the Sight of those Letters. Upon a Review of them, I find many Things that would

would give me Shame if I were not more defirous to be thought honest than prudent : So many Things freely thrown out fuch Lengths of unreferved Friendship, Thoughts just warm from the Brain without any Polithing or Drefs. the very Dishabille of the Understanding. You have proved your felf more tender of another's Embrio's, than the fondest Mothers are of their own, for you have preferved every Thing that I milcarry'd of. Since I know this, I shall in. one Respect be more afraid of writing to you than ever, at this careless Rate, because I see my evil Works may again rife in Judgment against me: Yet in another Respect I shall be lets afraid, fince this has given me tuch a Proof of the extreme Indulgence you afford to my flightest Thoughts. The Revisal of these Letters has been a kind of Examination of Confcience to me; fo fairly and faithfully have I fet down in 'em, from Time to Time the true and undistinguish'd State of my Mind. But were intended as find that these which Sketches of my Friendship, give as imperfect Images of it, as the little Landscapes we commonly fee in Black and White, do of a beautiful Country, they can represent but a very small Part of it, and that deprived of the Life and Lustre of Nature. I perceive that the more I endeavour'd to render manifest the real Affection and Value I ever had for you, I did but injure it by representing less and less of it: As Glasses which are deligned to make an Object very clear, generally contract it. Yet as when People have a full Idea of a Thing, first, upon their own Knowledge, the least Traces of it ferve to refresh the Remembrance, and are not displeasing on that Score: So I hope the Foreknowledge

knowledge you had of my Esteem for you, is the Reason that you do not dislike my Letters.

They will not be of any great Servce (I find) in the Defign I mentioned to you: I believe I had better iteal from a richer Man, and plunder your Letters, (which I have kept as carefully as I would Letters Patents, fince they intitle me to what I more value than Titles of Honour.) You have some Cause to apprehend this Usage from me, if what some say be true, that I am a great Borrower; however I have hitherto had the Luck that none of my Creditors have challeng'd me for it: And those who fay it, are such, whose Writings no Man ever borrow'd from, so have the least Reason to complain: Their Works are granted on all Hands to be but too much their own. - Another has been pleased to declare, that my Verses are corrected by other Men: I verily believe theirs were never corrected by any Man: But indeed if mine have not, 'twas not my Fault, I have endeavour'd my utmost that they should. But these Things are only whisper'd, and I will not encroach upon Bays's Province and Pen Whispers, so hasten to conclude

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Your, &c.

# Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL to Mr. Pope.

March 6, 1713. Think a hasty Scribble shews more what slows from the Heart, than a Letter after Balzac's Manner in studied Phrases; therefore I will tell you as fast as I can, that I have receiv'd your Favour of the 26th past, with your kind Pre-feut of The Rape of the Lock. You have given me the truest Satisfaction imaginable, not only in making good the just Opinion I have ever had of your Reach of Thought, and my Idea of your comprehensive Genius; but likewise in that Pleasure I take as an English Man to see the French, even Boileau himself in his Lutrin, outdone in your Poem: For you descend, leviore plectro, to all the nicer Touches, that your own Observation and Wit furnish, on such a Subject as requires the finest Strokes, and the liveliest Imagination. But I must say no more (tho' I could a great deal) on what pleases me 10 much: And henceforth I hope you will never condemn me of Partiality, fince I only fwim with the Stream, and approve what all Men of good Tafte (notwithstanding the jarting of Parties) must and do universally applaud. I now come to what is of vall Moment, I mean the Preservation of your Health, and beg of you earnestly to get out of all Tavern-Company, and fly away tanguam ex incendio. What a Misery it is for you to be destroyed by the soolish Kindness ('tis all one whether real or pretended) Heu fuge, nate dea, teque his, ait, eripe flammis!

1 am Your, &c.

# Mr. Pope to Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

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Though any Thing you write is fure to be a Pleasure to me, yet I must own your Letter made me uneasy: You really use a Style of Compliment, which I expect as little as I deserve it. I know 'tis a common Opinion that a young Scribler is as ill pleased to hear Truth as a young Lady. From the Moment one sets up for an Author, one must be treated as ceremoniously, that is as unfaithfully.

# As a King's Favourite; or as a King.

This Proceeding, join'd to that natural Vanity which first makes a Man an Author, is certainly enough to render him a Coxcomb for Life. But I must grant 'tis but a just Judgment up-

I would not be thought to say this as if the obliging Letter you sent me deserved this Imputation, only it put me in Mind of it; and I sancy one may apply to his Friend what Casar said to his Wife. It was not sufficient that he knew her to be chast, himself, but she shou'd not

be so much as suspected by others.

As to the wonderful Discoveries, and all the good News you are pleased to tell me of my felf; I treat it as you who are in the Secret, treat common News, groundless Reports of Things at a Distance, which I who look into the true Springs of the Affair at home, in my own Breast, know to have no Foundation at all. For fame tho' it be as Milton finely calls it, The last Infirmity of nuble Minds, is tcarce fo ftrong a Temptation, as to warrant our Loss of Time here: It can never make us lie down contentedly on a death-bed (as some of the Antients are said to have done with that Thought.) You Sir, have yourfelf taught me, that an easy Situation at that Hour, can proceed from no Ambition less noble than that of an eternal Felicity, which is unartainable by the strongest Endeavours of the Wit, but may be gained by the fincere Intentions of the Heart only. As in the next World, fo in this, the only folid Bleffings are owing to the Goodness of the wlind, not the Extent of the Capacity: Friendship here, is an Emanation from the fame Source as Beatitude there: The fame Benevolence and grateful Disposition that qualifies us for the one, if extended farther, makes us Partakers of the other. The utmost Point of my Defires in in my present State, terminates in the Society and Good-will of worthy Men, which I look upon as no ill Earnest and Foretaste of the Society and Al-

liance of happy Souls hereafter.

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The Continuance of your Favours to me is what not only makes me happy, but causes me to set some value upon myself as a Part of your Care. The Instances I daily meet with of these agreeable Awakenings of Friendship, are of too pleasing a Nature, not to be acknowledged whenever I think of you. I am

Your, &c.

#### To the Same.

I Have been almost every Day employ'd in following your Advice, and amusing myself in Painting, in which I am most particularly obliged to Mr. Fervas, who gives me daily instructions and Examples. As to poetical Assairs, I am content at present to be a bare Looker-on, and from a Practitioner, turn an Admirer, which is (as the World goes) not very usual. Cato was not so much the Wonder of Rome in his Days, as he is of Britain in ours; and tho' all the soolish Industry possible has been used to make it thought a Party-Piay, vet what the Author once said of another may the most properly in the World be apply'd to him on this Occasion.

Envy itself is dumb, in Wonder lost, And Factions strive, who shall appland him most

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The numerous and violent Claps of the Whig-Party on the One-side of the Theatre were eccho'd back by the Tories on the other; while the Author sweated behind the Scenes with Concern. to find their Applause proceeding more from the Hand and the Head. This was the Case too of the Prologue-writer, who was clapp'd into a stanch Whig, at almost every two Lines. I believe you have heard, that after all the Applauses of the opposite Faction, my Lord Bolingbroke sent for Booth who play'd Cato, into the Box, between one of the Acts, and presented him with fifty Guineas: in Acknowledgement (as he express'd it) for defending the Cause of Liberty so well against a Perpetual Dictator. The Whigs are unwilling to be distanc'd this Way (as'tis faid) and therefore defign a Present to the same Cato very speedily; in the mean time they are getting ready as good a Sentence as the former on their Side: So betwixt them. 'tis probable that Cato (as Dr. Garth express'd it). may have something to live upon, after he dies. I am

Your, &c.

#### Mr. POPE to Mr. Addison.

July 30, 1713.

I AM more joy'd at your Return than I should be at that of the Sun, fo much as I wish for him this melancholy wet Seaton; but'tis his Fare too, like yours, to be displeasing to Owls and obscene Animals, who cannot bear his Lustre me in mind of these Night-Birds was John Dennis, whom I think you are best reveng'd upon, as the Sun was in the Fable upon those Batts and bealtly beastly Birds abovemention'd, only by Shining on. I am to far from esteeming it any Misfortune, that I congratulate you upon having your Share in that, which all the great Men and all the good Men that ever liv'd have had their Part of Envy and Calumny. To be uncensur'd and to be obscure, is the same Thing. You may conclude from what I here fay, that 'twas never in my Thoughts to have offer'd you my Pen in any direct Reply to such a Critic, but only in some Raillery; not in Defence of you, but in Contempt of him. \* But indeed your Opinion that 'tis intirely to be neglected, would have been my own had it been my own Case: But I felt more Warmth here than I did when first I saw his Book against m, self, (tho' indeed in two Minutes it made me heartily merry.) he has written against every Thing the World has approved these many Years: I apprehend but one Danger from Dennis's disliking our Sense; that it may make us think fo very well of it, as to become proud and conceited, upon his Difapprobation.

I must not here omit to do justice to Mr.——, whose Zeal in your Concern is worthy a Friend, and Honourer of you. He writto me in the most pressing Terms about it, tho' with that just Contempt of the Critic that he deserves. I think in these Days, one honest Man is oblig'd to acquaint another who are his Friends; when so many mischievous Intects are daily at work to make People of Merit suspicious of each other; that they may have the Satisfaction of seeing them look'd upon no better than themselves.

I am, &c.

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Mr.

<sup>\*</sup> This relates to the Paper occasioned by Dennis's Remarks upon Cato, call'd Dr. Norris's Narrative of the Frenzy of John Den—

#### Mr. Addison to Mr. Pope.

October 26, 1713.

Was extreamly glad to receive a Letter from you, but more so upon reading the Contents of it. The \* Work you mention will I dare fay, very sufficiently recommend itself when your Name appears with the Propofals: And if you think I can any Way contribute to the forwarding of them, you cannot lay a greater Obligation upon me than by employing me in fuch an Office. As I have an Ambition of having it known that you are my Friend, I shall be very proud of showing it by this, or any other Instance. I question not but your Translation will enrich our Tongue, and do Honour to our Country: For I conclude of it already from those Performances with which you have obliged the Publick. I would only have you confider how it may most turn to your Advantage. Excuse my Impertinence in this Particular, which proceeds from my Zeal for your Ease and Happiness. The Work wou'd cost you a great deal of Time, and unless you undertake it, will I am afraid never be executed by any other, at least I know none of this Age that is equal to it besides yourself.

I am at present wholly immersed in Country Bufiness, and begin to take Delight in it. I wish I might hope to see you here sometime, and will not despair of it, when you engage in a Work that will require

Solitude and Retirement. I am

Your, &c.

#### To the Same.

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Nov. 2, 1713.

Have received your Letter, and am glad to find that you have laid to good a Scheme for your great Undertaking. I question not but the Profe will require as much Care as the Poetry, but the Variety will give your eif some Relief, and more Pleasure to your Readers.

You gave me Leave once to take the Liberty of a Friend, in advising you not to content yourself with one Half of the Nation for your Admirers when you might command 'em all: If I might take the Freedom to repeat ir. I would on this Occasion. I think you are very happy that you are out of the Frav. and I hope all your Undertakings will turn to the better Account for it.

You see how I presume on your Friendship in taking all this Freedom with you, but I already fancy that we have lived many Years together in an unreferved Conversation, and that we may do many more, is the fincere Wifa

Your, &c.

#### Mr. Pope to Mr. Addison.

OUR !ast is the more obliging, as it hints at some little Niceties in my Conduct, which your Candor and Affection prompt you to recommend to me, and which (so trivial as

Things of this Nature feem) are yet of no flight Consequence, to People whom every body talks of, and every body as he pleafes. 'Tis a fort of Tax that attends an Estate in Parnaffus, which is often rated much higher than in Proportion to the small Possession an Author holds. For indeed an Author who is once come upon the Town, is enjoy'd without being thank'd for the Pleasure, and sometimes iil-treated by those very Persons that first debauch'd him. Yet to tell you the Bottom of my Heart, I am no way displeased that I have offended the Violent of all Parties already; and at the fame time I affure you conscientiously. I feel not the least Malevolence or Resentment against those who misrepresent me, or are diffatisfied with me. This Frame of Mind is so easy, that I am perfectly content with my Condition.

As I hope and would flatter myself that you know me and my Thoughts so entirely as never to be mistaken in either, so 'tis a Pleasure to me that you gueffed fo right in regard to the Author of that Guardian you mention'd. But I am forry to find it has taken Air that I have some Hand in those Papers, because I write so very few as neither to deserve the Credit of such a Report with some People, nor the Disrepute of it with others. An honest Jacobite spoke to me the Sense or Nonsence of the weak Part of his Party very fairly, that the good People took it ill of me, that I writ with Steele, tho' upon never so indifferent Subjects - This I know you will laugh at as well as I do: Yet I doubt not but many little Calumniators and Persons of sowre Dispositions, will take occasion hence to bespatter me. I confess I scorn

narrow

narrow Souls of all Parties, and if I renounce my Reason in religious Matters, I'll hardly do

it in any other.

I can't imagine whence it comes to pass that the few Guardians I have written are fo generally known for mine; that in particular, which you mention, I never discover'd to any Man but the Publisher till very lately : Yet almost eve-

ry body I met told me of it.

The true Reason that Mr. Steele laid down the Paper, was a Quarrel between him and Facob Tonson. He thood engag'd to his Bookleller, in Articles of Penalty, for all the Guardians: And by defifting two Days and altering the Title of the Paper to that of the Englishman, was quit of his Obligation; these Papers being print-

ed by Buckley.

As to his taking a more Politick Turn, I cannot any way enter into that Secret, nor have I been let into it, any more than into the rest of his Politicks. Tho' 'tis faid, he will take into these Papers also several Subjects of the politer kind, as before: But I affure you as myself, I have quite done with'em, for the future. The little I have done, and the great Respect I bear Mr. Steele as a Man of Wit, bas render'd me a fufpected Whig to some of the Violent, but (as old Dryden said before me) 'Tis not the Violent I defign to please.

I generally employ the Mornings in painting with Mr. Jervas \*; and the Evenings in the Conversation of such, as I think can most improve my Mind, of whatever Party or Denomi-

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<sup>\*</sup> See Mr. Pope's Epistle to him in Verse, writ about this Time.

nation they are, I ever must set the highest Value upon Men of truly great, that is honest Principles, with equal Capacities. The best Way I know of overcoming Calumny and Misconstruction, is by a vigorous Perseverance in every Thing we know to be right, and a total Neglect of all that can ensue from it. 'Tis partly from this Maxim that I depend upon your Friendship, because I believe it will do Justice to my Intention in every Thing; and give me Leave to tell you, that (as the World goes) this is no timal Assurance I repose in you. I am,

Your, &c.

#### To the Same.

Dec. 14, 1713. Have been lying in wait for my own linagination, this Week and more, and watching what Thoughts came up in the Whirl of the Fancy, that were worth communicating to you in a Letter. But I am at length convinced that my rambling Head can produce nothing of that Sort; so must e'en be contented with telling you the old Story, that I love you heartily. nave often found by Experience, that Nature and Truth, tho' never fo low or vulgar, are get pleafing, when openly and artlefsly reprefented; it would be diverting to me, to read the very Letters of an Infant, could it write its. innocent Inconsistencies and Tautologies as just it thought them. This makes me hope a Letter trom me will not be unwelcome to you, when

I am conscious I write with more unreservedness than ever Man wrote, or perhaps talk'd to another. I trust your good Nature with the whole Range of my Follies, and really love you so well, that I would rather you should pardonme than esteem me, since one is an Act of Goodness and Benevelence, the other a kind of constrain'd Deference.

You can't wonder my Thoughts are scarce consistent, when I tell you how they are distracted. Every Hour of my Life, my Mind is strangely divided; this Minute perhaps I am above the Stars, with a Thousand Systems round about me, looking forward into a vast Abyss, and losing my whole Comprehension in the boundless Space of Creation, in Dialogues with W—— and the Astronomers; the next Moment I am below all Trifles, grovelling with T in the very Center of Nonfense. Now I am recreated with the brisk Sallies and quick Turns of Wit, which Mr. Steele in his livelieft and freest Humours darts about him; and now levelling my Application to the infignificant Obfervations and Quirks of Grammar of Mrand D-

Good Good! What an incongruous Animal is Man? how unsettled in his best Part, his Soul; and how changing and variable in his Frame of Body? The Constancy of the one shook by every Notion, the Temperament of the other affected by every Blast of Wind! What is Man altogether, but one mighty Inconsistency! Sickness and Pain is the Lot of one half of us; Doubt and Fear the Portion of the other! What a Bustle we make about passing our Time, when all our Space is but a Point? What Aims and Ambitions are crowded into this little Instant

of our Life, which (as Shakespear finely words it) is Rounded with a Sleep? Our whole Extent of Being no more, in the Eyes of him who gave it, than a scarce perceptible Moment of Duration. Those Animals whose Circle of living is limited to three or four Hours, as the Naturalists affure us, are yet as long-lived and possess as wide a Scene of Action as Man, if we confider him with an Eye to all Space, and all Eternity. Who knows what Plots, what Atchievements a Mire may perform in his Kingdom of a Grain of Dust, within his Life of fome Minuces? and of how much less Consideration than even this, is the Life of Man in the Sight of that God, who is from Ever, and for Ever!

Who that thinks in this Train, but must see the World and its contemptible Grandeurs lessen before him at every Thought? 'Tis enough to make one remain stupisy'd, in a Poize of Inaction, void of all Desires, of all Designs, of

all Friendships.

But we must return (thro' our very Condition of Being) to our narrow selves, and those Things that affect our selves: Our Passions, our Interests, slow in upon us, and unphilosophize us into mere Mortals. For my Part, I never return so much into myself, as when I think of you, whose Friendship is one of the best Comforts I have for the Insignificancy of my self. I am

Your, &c.

#### To the Same.

Jan. 30, 1713-4. YOUR Letter found me very busy in my grand Undertaking, to which I must wholly give my felf up for some Time, unless when I fnatch an Hour to please my self with a diflant Conversation with you and a few others, by writing. 'Tis no comfortable Prospect to be reflecting, that so long a Siege as that of Troy lies upon my Hands, and the Campagne above half over, before I have made any Progress. Indeed the Greek Fortification upon a nearer Approach does not appear fo formidable as it did, and I am almost apt to flatter my felf, that Homer fecretly feems inclined to 2 Correfpondence with me, in letting me into a good Part of his Intentions. There are indeed, a Sort of underling Auxiliars to the Difficulty of a Work, call'd Commentators and Critics, who would frighten many People by their Number and Bulk, and perplex our Progress under Pretence of fortifying their Author. These lie very low in the Trenches and Ditches they themselves have digg'd, encompass'd with Dirt of their own heaping up, but I think there may be found a Method of coming at the main Works by a more speedy and gallant Way than by mining under Ground, that is, by using the Poetical Engines, Wings, and flying over their Heads.

While I am engaged in the Fight, I find you are concerned how I shall be paid, and are sollicitous that I may not have the ill Fate of many discarded Generals, to be first envy'd and ma-

lign'd

lign'd, then perhaps prais'd, and lastly neglected. The former (the constant Attendant upon all great and laudable Enterprizes) I have already experienced. Some have faid that I am not a Master in the Greek, who either are so themselves or are not: If they are not, they can't tell; and if they are, they can't without having catechiz'd me. But if they can read (for I know fome Critics can, and others cannot) there are fairly lying before them, some Specimens of my Tranflation from this Author in the Miscellanies, which they are heartily welcome to. I have met with as much Malignity another Way, fome calling me a Tory, because the Heads of that Party have been distinguishingly favourable to me; some a Whig, because I have been favoured with yours, Mr. Congreve's, and Mr. Craggs his Friendship, and of late with my Lord Hallifax's Patronage. How much more natural a Conclution might be form'd, by any good-natur'd Man, that a Person who has been well used by all Sides, has been offensive to none. This miserable Age is so sunk between Animofities of Party and those of Religion, that I begin to fear, most Men have Politicks enough to mike (thro' Violence) the best Scheme of Government a bad one; and faith enough to hinder their own Salvation. I hope for my own Part, never to have more of either than is confiltent with common Justice and Charity, and always as much as becomes a Christian and honest Min. Tho' I find it an unfortunate Thing to be bred a Papist here, where one is obnoxious to four Parts in five as being so too much, and to the fifth Part as being to too little; I shall yet be easy under both their Mistakes, and be what I more than feem to be, for I suffer for it.

it. God is my Witness that I no more envy you Protestants your Places and Possessions, than I do our Priests their Charity or Learning. I am ambitious of nothing but the good Opinion of good Men, on both Sides; for I know that one Virtue of a free Spirit is more worth, than all the Virtues put together of all the narrow-foul'd People in the World. I am,

Your, &c.

# The Reverend Dean BERKLEY to Mr. POPE.

Leghorne, May 1, 1714. A S I take Ingratitude to be a greater Crime than Impertinence, I chuse rather to run the Risque of being thought guilty of the latter, than not to return you my Thanks for a very agreeable Entertainment you just now gave me. I have accidentally met with your Rape of the Lock here, having never feen it before. Stile, Painting, Judgment, Spirit, I had already admired in others of your Writings, but in this I am charmed with the Magic of your Invention, with all those Images, Allusions, and inexplicable Beauties, which you raise so surprizingly, and at the same Time so naturally, out of a Trifle. And yet I cannot fay that I was more pleafed with the Reading of it, than I am with the Pretext it gives me to renew in your Thoughts the Remembrance of one who values no Happiness beyond the Friendship of Men of Wir, Learning, and good Nature.

I remember to have heard you mention fome

half-form'd Defign of coming to Italy. What might we not expect from a Muse that sings so well in the bleak Climate of England, if she felt the same warm Sun, and breath'd the same Air

with Virgil and Horace?

There are here an incredible Number of Poets, that have all the Inclination but want the Genius, or pernaps the Art of the Ancients. Some among them who understand English, begin to relish our Authors; and I am informed that at Florence they have translated Milton into Italian Verse. If one who knows so well how to write like the old Latin Poets, came among them, it would probably be a Means to retrieve them from their cold, trivial Conceits, to an Imitation their Predecessor.

As Merchants, Antiquaries, Men of Pleasure, &c. have all different Views in Travelling; I know not whether it might not be worth a Poet's While to travel, in order to store his Mind with

strong Images of Nature.

Green Fields and Groves, flow'ry Meadows and purling Streams, are no where in such Perfection as in England: but if you would know lightsome Days, warm Suns, and blue Skys, you must come to Italy: and to enable a Man to describe Rocks and Precipices, it is absolutely ne-

ceffary that he pass the Alps.

You will easily perceive that it is Self-Interest makes me so fond of giving Advice to one who has no need of it. If you came into these Parts I should fly to see you. I am here (by the Favour of my good Friend the Dean of St. Patrick's) in Quality of Chaplain to the Earl of Peterborough; who about three Months since less the greatest Part of his Family in this Town. God knows how long we shall stay here. I am, &c.

Mr.

#### Mr. Pope to the Honourable ....

June 8, 1714. THE Question you ask in Relation to Mr. - and Philips, I shall answer in a few Words. Mr. Philips did express himself with much Indignation against me one Evening at Button's Coffee-House (as I was told) saying, That I was enter'd into a Cabal with Dean Swift and others, to write against the Whig-Interest, and in particular to undermine his own Reputation, and that of his Friends Steele and Addison. But Mr. Philips never open'd his Lips to my Face, on this or any like Occasion, tho' I was almost every Night in the same Room with him, nor ever offer'd me any Indecorum. Mr. Addison came to me a Night or two after Philips had taik'd in this idle Manner, and affored me of his Disbelief of what had been faid, of the Friendship we should always maintain, and defired I would fay nothing further of it. My Lord Hallifax did me the Honour to stir in this Matter. by speaking to several People to obviate a falte Aspertion, which might have done me no small Prejudice with one Party. However Philips did all he could, fecretly to continue the Report with the Hanover Club, and kept in his Hands the Subscriptions paid for me to him, as Secretary to that Club. The Heads of it have fince given him to understand, that they take it ill; but (upon the Terms I ought to be with a Man whom I think a Scoundrel) I would not even ask him for this Money, but commission'd one of the Players, his Equals, to receive it. This is the whole

whole Matter; but as to the secret Grounds of Philips's Malignity, they will make a very pleafant History when we meet. Mr. Congreve and some others have been much diverted with it, and most of the Gentlemen of the Hanover Club have made it the Subject of their Ridicule on their Secretary. It is to this Management of Philips that the World owes Mr. Gay's Pastorals. The ingenious Author is extremely your Servant, and would have comply'd with your kind Invitation, but that he is just now appointed Secretary to my Lord Clarendon, in his Embassy to Hanover.

I am sensible of the Zeal and Friendship with which I am sure you will always defend your Friend in his Abscence, from all those little Tales and Calumnies, which a Man of any Genius or Merit is born to. I shall never complain while I am happy in such noble Desenders, and in such contemptible Opponents. May their Envy and ill Nature ever increase, to the Glory and Pleasure of those they would injure; may they represent me what they will, as long as

you think me what I am,

Your, &c.

## To the Same.

You mention the Account I gave you some Time ago of the Things which Philips said in his Foolishness; but I can't tell from any Thing in your Letter, whether you received a long one from me about a Fortnight since. It was principally intended to thank you for the last obliging Favour you did me; and perhaps for that Reason you pass it in Silence. I there launch'd into some Account of my temporal Affairs, and intend now to give you some Hints of my spiritual. The Conclusion of your Letter draws this upon you, where you tell me, you pray'd for me: Your proceeding, Sir, is contrary to that of most other Friends, who never talk of praying for a Man after they have done him a Service, but only when they will do him none. Nothing can be more kind than the Hint you give me of the Vanity of human Sciences, which I affure you I am daily more and more convinced of; and indeed I have for some Years past, look'd upon all of them no better than Amusements. To make them the ultimate End of our Purfuit, is a miferable and short Ambition, which will drop from us at every little Disappointment here, and even in Case of no Disappointments here, will infallibly desert us hereafter. The utmost Fame they are capable of bestowing, is never worth the Pains they cost us, and the Time they lose us. If you attain the Top of your Defires that Way, all those who envy you will do you Harm; and of those who admire you, few will do you Good, The unfuccessful Writers are your declared Enemies, and probably the Successful your secret ones: For those hate not more to be excell'd, than these to be rivall'd. And at the upshot, after a Life of perpetual Application, to reflect that you have been doing nothing for your felf, and that the same or less Industry might have gained you a Friendship that can never deceive or end, a Satisfaction which Praise cannot bestow, nor Vanity feel, and a Glory which (tho' in one Respect

spect like Fame, not to be had till after Death,) yet shall be felt and enjoy'd to Eternity. These dear Sir, are unseignedly my Sentiments, whenever I think at all; for half the Things that employ our Heads deserve not the Name of Thoughts, they are only stronger Dreams or Impressions upon the Imagination: Our Schemes of Government, our Systems of Philosophy, our golden Worlds of Poetry, are all but to many shadowy Images, and airy Prospects, which arise to us but so much the livelier and more frequent, as we are more o'ercast with the Darkness, and desurb'd with the Fumes of

human Vanity.

The same Thing that makes old Men willing to leave this World, makes me willing to leave Poetry, long-habit, and Weariness of the same Track. Homer will work a Cure upon me; fifteen thousand Verses are equivalent to fourscore Years, to make one old in Rhime: And I should be forry and ashamed, to go on jingling to the last step, like a Waggoner's Horse, in the same Road, and so leave my Bells to the next filly Animal that will be proud of them. That Man makes a mean Figure in the Eyes of Reason, who is measuring Syllables and coupling Rhimes, when he should be mending his own Soul, and fecuring his own Immortality. If I had not this Opinion, I should be unworthy even of those small and limited Parts which God has given me, and unworthy of the Friendthip of fuch a Man as you. I am,

Yours, &c.

#### To the Same.

JULY 25, 1714.

THAVE no better Excuse to offer you, that I have omitted a Task naturally fo pleasing to me as converfing upon Paper with you; but that my Time and Eyes have been wholly employ'd upon Homer, whom I almost fear I shall find but one Way of imitating, which is, in his Blindness. I am perpetually afflicted with Headach's, that very much affect my Sight: and indeed, fince my coming hither, I have scarce pass'd an Hour agreeably, except that in which I read your Letter. I would feriously have you think, you have no Man who more truly knows to place - right Value on your Friendship, than he who least deserves it on all other Accounts. than his due Sense of it. But let me tell you, you can hardly guess what a Task you undertake, when you profess yourself my Friend: there are some Tories who will take you for a Whig, some Whigs who will take you for a Tory, iome Protestants who wi? testeem you a rank Papist, and some Papists who will account you a Heretick.

I find by dear Experience, we live in an Age, where it is criminal to be moderate; and where no one Man can be allowed to be just to all Men. The Notions of Right and Wrong are so far strain'd, that, perhaps, to be in the right so very violently, may be of worse Confequence than to be easily and quietly in the wrong. I really wish all Men so well, that I am satisfied but sew can wish me so; but if those

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few are such as tell me they do, I am content; for they are the best People I know: While you believe me what I profess as to Religion, I can bear any thing the Bigotted may say; while Mr. Congreve likes my Poetry, I can endure Dennis and a thousand more like him; while the most honest and moral of each Party think me no ill Man, I can easily support it, tho' the most violent and mad of all Parties rose up to throw Dirt at me.

I must expect an hundred Attacks upon the Publication of Homer. Whoever, in our Times, would be a Professor of Learning above his Fellows, ought at the very first to enter the World with the Constancy and Resolution of a primitive Christian, and be prepared to suffer all fort of publick Persecution. It is certainly to be lamented, that if any Man does but endeavour to diffinguish himself, or gratify others b his Studies, he is immediately treated as a common Enemy, instead of being look'd upon as a common Friend; and affaulted as generally, as if his whole Delign were to prejudice the State, and ruin the Publick. I will venture to fay, no Man ever rose to any Degree of Perfection in writing, but through bftinacy and an inveterate Reloiution against the Stream of Mankind: So that if the World has received any Benefit from the Labours of the Learned, it was in its own Despite: For when first they essay their Parts, all People in general are prejudiced against new Beginners; and when they have got a little above Contempt, then some particular Persons who were before unfortunate in their own Attempts, are fworn Foes to them only because the succeed. - Upon the Whole, one may fay of the best Writers, that they pay a levere Fine for their Fame,

Fame, which it is always in the Power of the most worthless Part of Mankind to levy upon them when they please.

I am, &c.

## To Mr. JERVAS.

JULY 28, 1714.

I AM just enter'd upon the old Way of Life again, sleeping and musing. It is my Employment to to revive the Old of past Ages to the present, as it is yours to transmit the Young of the present, to the suture. I am copying the great Master in one Art, with the same Love and Diligence, with which the Painters hereaf-

ter will copy you in another.

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eir e, Thus I should begin my Epistle to you, if it were a Dedicatory one. But as it is a friendly Letter, you are to find nothing mention'd in your own Praise but what only one in the World is witness to, your particular good-natur'd Offices to me. Whatever Mankind in general would allow you, that I am not to give you to your Face; and if I were to do it in your Absence, the World would tell me I am too partial to be mitted to pass any judgment of you.

So you see me cut out from any Thing but common Acknowledgments, or common Distourse. The first you would take ill, tho' I told you but half what I ought; so in short the last

only remains.

And as for the last, what can you expect from a Man who has not talk'd these five Days? who is withdrawing his Thoughts as far as he can,

from all the present World, its Customs, and its Manners, to be fully possest and absorpt in the past? When People talk of going to Church, I think of Sacrifices and Libations when I see the Parson, I address him as Chryses Priest of Apollo; and instead of the Lord's Prayer, I begin,

- God of the Silver Bow, &c.

While you in the World are concern'd about the Protestant Succession, I consider only how Menelaus may recover Helen, and the Trojan War be put to a speedy Conclusion. I never inquire if the Queen be well or not, but heartily wish to be at Hector's Funeral. The only Things I regard in this Life, are, whether my Friends are well? whether my Translation go well on? whether Dennis be writing Criticisms? whether any body will answer him, since I don't? and whether Lintott be not yet broke?

I am, &c.

To the Same.

Aug. 16, 1714.

I THANK you for your good Offices, which are numberless. Homer advances to fast, that he begins to look about for the Ornaments he is to appear in, like a modish modern Author.—

With Bays and wicked Rhyme upon't.

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# Mr. POPE, &c.

I have the greatest Proof in Nature at present of the amusing Power of Poetry; for it takes me up so entirely, that I scarce see what passes under my Nose, and hear nothing that is faid about me. To follow Poetry as one ought. one must forget Father and Mother, and cleave to it alone. My Rêverie has been to deep, that I have scarce had an Interval to think myself uneasy in the Want of your Company. I now and then just mils you as I step into Bed; this Minute, indeed, I want extreamly to fee you. the next, I shall dream of nothing but the ta-

king of Troy, or the Recovery of Briseis.

I fancy no Friendship is so likely to prove lasting as ours, because I am pretty sure there never was a Friendship of so easy a Nature. We neither of us demand any mighty Things from each other; what Vanity we have, expects its It is not I. Gratification from other People. that am to tell you what an Artist you are, nor is it you, that are to tell me what a Poet I am: but 'tis from the World abroad we hope (pioufly hope) to hear these Things. At home we follow our Business when we have any; and think and talk most of each other, when we have none. 'Tis not unlike the happy Friendship of a staid Man and his Wife, who are feldom so fond, as to hinder the Bufiness of the House from going on all Day, or so indolent, as not to find Confolation in each other every Evening. Thus wellmeaning Couples hold in Amity to the last, by not expecting too much from human Nature. while romantick Friendships, like violent Loves, begin with Disquiets, proceed to Jealoufies, and conclude in Animosities. I have liv'd to see the fierce Advancement, the sudden Turn, and the abrupt Period, of three or four of these enorenormous Friendships, and am perfectly convinc'd of the Truth of a Maxim we once agreed in, That nothing hinders the constant Agreement of People who live together, but meer Vanity; a Secret infishing upon what they think their Dignity or Merit, and an inward Expectation of such an Over-Measure of Deserence and Regard, as answers to their own extravagant false Scale; and which no body can pay, because none but themselves can tell exactly, to what Pitch it amounts.

I am, &c.

### Mr. Pope to Edward Blount, E/q;

Aug. 27, 1714.

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WHATEVER Studies on the one Hand, or Amusements on the other, it shall be my Fortune to sall into, I shall be equally incapable of forgetting you in any of 'em. The Task I undertook\*, tho' of weight enough in itself, has had a voluntary Increase by the inlarging my Design of the Notes, and the Necessity of consulting a Number of Books, has carry'd me to Oxford: But I fear, thro' my Lord Harcourt's and Dr. Clark's Means, I shall be more conversant with the Pleasures and Company of the Place, than with the Books and Manuscripts of it.

I find still more Reason to complain of the Negligence of the Geographers in their Maps of Old Greece, since I look'd upon two or three

<sup>\*</sup> The Translation of Homer's Iliad.

more noted Names in the publick Libraries here. But with all the Care I am capable of, I have some Cause to fear the Engraver will prejudice me in a few Situations. I have been forced to write to him in fuch a Style, that were my Epistle intercepted, it would raise no small Admiration in an ordinary Man. There is scarce an Order in it, of less Importance than to remove fuch and fuch Mountains, alter the Course of fuch and fuch Rivers, place a large City on fuch a Coast, and raze another in another Country. I have fet Bounds to the Sea, and faid to the Land, Thus far shalt thou advance, and no further\* In the mean time, I who talk and command at this Rate, am in danger of lofing my Horse, and stand in some Fear of a Country Justice. To disarm me, indeed, may be but prudential, confidering what Armies I have at present on foot, and in my Service: An hundred thousand Grecians are no contemptible Body; for all that I can tell, they may be as formidable as four thousand Priests; and they seem proper Forces to fend against those in Barcelona. That Siege deserves as fine a Poem as the Iliad. and the machining Part of the Poetry, would be juster in it, as they say the Inhabitants expect Angels from Heaven to their Affistance, may I venture to fay, who am a Papist, and to fay to you who are a Papift, that nothing is more aftonishing to me, than that People to greatly warm'd with a Sense of Liberty, should be capable of harbouring fuch weak Superstition, and that so much Bravery, and so much Folly, can inhabit the same Breasts?

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<sup>\*</sup> This relates to the Map of ancient Greece, laid down by our Author, in his Observations on the Second Iliad.

I could not but take a Trip to London, on the Death of the Queen, mov'd by the common Curiofity of Mankind, who leave their own Bufiness, to be looking upon other Men's. I thank God, that as for myfelf, I am below all the Accidents of State-Changes by my Circumstances, and above them by my Philosophy. Common Charity of Man to Man, and universal Good-will to all, are the Points I have most at heart; and I am fure those are not to be broken for the fake of any Governors, or Government. I am willing to hope the best, and what I more wish than my own, or any particular Man's Advancement, is, that this Turn may put an End entirely to the Divisions of Whig and Tory; that the Parties may love each other as well as I love them both; or at least hurt each other as little as I would either; and that our own People may live as quietly as we shall certainly let theirs; that is to fay, that Want of Power itself in us, may not be a surer Prevention of Harm, than Want of Will in them. I am fure if all Whigs and all Tories had the Spirit of one Roman-Catholick that I know, it would be well for all Roman-Catholicks; and if all Roman-Catholicks had always had that Spirit, it had been well for all others, and we had never been charg'd with so wicked a Spirit as that of Persecution.

I agree with you in my Sentiment of the State of our Nation fince this Change: I find myself just in the same Situation of Mind you describe as your own, heartily wishing the Good, that is, the Quiet of my Country; and hoping a total End of all the unhappy Divisions of Mankind by Party-Spirit, which at best is but the Madness of many for the Gain of a few. Mr.

I am. &c.

### Mr. JERVAS to Mr. POPE.

Aug. 20, 1714.

I HAVE a Particular to tell you at this Time, which pleases me so much, that you must expect a more than ordinary Alacrity in every Turn. You know I could keep you in suspence for twenty Lines, but I will tell you directly that Mr. Addison and I have had a Conversation, that it would have been worth your while to have been placed behind the Wainfcot, or behind some Half-length Picture to have heard. He affured me, that he would make use not only of his Interest, but of his Art, to do you some Service; he did not mean his Art of Poetry, but his Art at Court; and he is sensible that nothing can have a better Air for himfelf, than moving in your Favour; especially, fince Infinuations were spread, that he did not care you shou'd prosper too much, as a Poet. He protests that it shall not be his Fault, if there is not the best Intelligence in the World, and the most hearty Friendship, &c. He owns, he was afraid Dr. Swift might have carry'd you too far among the Enemy, during the Heat of the Animolity; but now all is fafe, and you are escaped, even in his Opinion. I promised in your Name, like a good Godfather, not that you should renounce the Devil and all his Works, but that you would be delighted to find him your Friend merely for his own fake; therefore prepare yourfelf for some Civilities.

I have done Homer's Head, shadow'd and heighten'd carefully; and I inclose the Out-line

\* K 3

of the same Size, that you may determine whether you would have it so large, or reduced to make Room for Feuillage or Laurel round the Oval, or about the Square of the Busto? Perhaps there is something more solemn in the Image itself, if I can get it well perform'd.

If I have been instrumental in bringing you and Mr. Addison together, with all the Sincerity, I value myself upon it, as an acceptable Piece of Service to such a one as I know

you to be.

Your, &c.

### Mr. Pope's Answer.

Aug. 27, 1714.

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I AM just arriv'd from Oxford, very well diverted and entertain'd there—all very honest Fellows—much concern'd for the Queen's Death. No Panegyricks ready yet for the King.

I admire your Whig-principles of Resistance exceedingly, in the Spirit of the Barcelonians. I join in your Wish for them. Mr. Addison's Vertes on Liberty, in his Letters from Italy, would be a good Form of Prayer, in my Opinion, O Liberty! thou Goddess heavenly bright! &c.

What you mention'd of the friendly Office you endeavour'd to do betwixt Mr. Addison and me, deserves Acknowledgments on my Part. You thoroughly know my Regard to his Character, and my Propensity to testify it by all Ways in my Power. You as thoroughly know the scandalous Meanness of that Proceeding which was used by Philips, to make a Man I so highly value, suspect my Dispositions toward

ward him. But as, after all, Mr. Addifin must be the Judge in what regards himself, and has feem'd to be no very just one to me; so I must own to you, I expect nothing but Civility from him, how much soever I wish for his Friendthip: And as for any Offices of real Kindness or Service, which it is in his Power to do me, I should be asham'd to receive them from any Man who had no better Opinion of my Morals, than to think me a Party-man; nor of my Temper, than to believe me capable of maligning or envying another's Reputation as a Poet. So Heave it to Time to convince him as to both, to shew him the shallow Depths of those halfwitted Creatures, who misinform'd him, and to prove that I am incapable of endeavouring to lessen a Person whom I would be proud to imitate, and therefore ashamed to flatter. In a Word, Mr. Add fon is fure of my Respect at all Times, and of my real Friendship, whenever he shall think fit to know me for what I am.

For all that pass'd betwixt Dr. Swift and me. you know the Whole (without Referve) of our Correspondence: The Engagements I had to him, were fuch as the actual Services he had done me in relation to the Subtcription for Homer obliged me to. I must have leave to be grateful to him, and to any one who ferves me, let him be never fo obnoxious to any Party: Nor did the Tory Party ever put me to the Hardship of asking this Leave, which is the greatest Obligation I owe to it; and I expect no greater from the Whig-party, than the fame Liberty. -A Curfe on the Word Party, which I have been forced to use so often in this Period! I wish the spresent Reign may put an End to the Distinction, that there may be no other for the \*K 4

future, than that of Honest and Knave, Fool and Man of Sense; these two Sorts must always be Enemies; but for the rest, may all People do as you and I, believe what they please, and be Friends.

I am, &c.

### Mr. POPE to Mr. ADDISON.

Остов. 10, 1714.

THAVE been acquainted by one of my Friends who omits no Opportunities of gratifying me, that you have lately been pleased to speak of me in a Manner which nothing but the real Respect I have for you can deserve. May I hope that some late Malevolencies have lost their Effect? Indeed it is neither for me, nor my Enemies, to pretend to tell you whether I am your Friend or not; but if you would judge by Probabilities, I beg to know which of your Poetical Acquaintance has fo little Interest in pretending to be so? Methinks, no Man should question the real Friendship of one who defires no real Service: I am only to get as much from the Whigs, as I got by the Tories, that as to fay, Civility; being neither fo proud, as to be insensible of any good Office, nor so humble, as not to dare heartily to despise any Man who does me an Injustice.

I will not value myself upon having ever guarded all the Degrees of Respect for you; for (to say the Truth) all the World speaks well of you, and I should be under the Necessity of doing the same, whether I cared for you or not.

As to what you have said of me, I shall never believe that the Author of Cato can speak one Thing, and think another: As a Proof, that I account you sincere, I beg a Favour of you: It is,

is, That you would look over the two first Books of my Translation of Homer, which are now in the Hands of my Lord Halifax. I am sensible how much the Reputation of my Poetical Work will depend upon the Character you give it: 'tis therefore some Evidence of the Trust I repose in your Good-will, when I give you this Opportunity of speaking ill of me with Justice, and yet expect you will tell me your truest Thoughts, at the same time that you tell others your most favourable ones.

I have a farther Request, which I must press with Earnestness. My Bookseller is reprinting the Essay on Criticism, to which you have done too much Honour in your Spectator of No 253. The Period in that Paper, where you say, "I have admitted some Strokes of ill Nature in to that Essay," is the only one I could wish omitted of all you have written: But I wou'd not desire it should be so, unless I had the Merit of removing your Objection: I beg you but to point out those Strokes to me, and you may be assured, they shall be treated without Mercy.

Since we are upon the Proofs of Sincerity (which I am pretty confident will turn ro the Advantage of us both in each other's Opinion) give me leave to name another Passage in the same Spectator, which I wish you would alter. It is, where you mention an Observation upon Homer's Verses of Sysiphus's Stone, as \* never having been made before by any of the Criticks: I happen'd to find the same in Dyonisus of Halicarnassus's Treatise, neps Eurobeas Ovoquator, who treats very largely upon these Verses. I know \*K 5

<sup>\*</sup> These Words are since lest out in Mr. Tickel's Edition, but were extant in all during Mr. Addison's Life.

you will think fit to soften your Expression, when you see the Passage; which you must needs have read, tho' it be since slipt out of your Memory. I am, with the utmost Esteem,

Your, &c.

### Mr. Pope to the Earl of HALIFAX.

Dec. 1, 1717. My LORD. AM obliged to you, both for the Favours you have done me, and for those you intend me. I distrust neither your Will nor your Memory, when it is to do good: And if ever I become troublesome or solicitous, it must not be out of Expectation, but out of Gratitude. Your Lordship may either cause me to live agreeably in the Town, or contentedly in the Country, which is really all the Difference I set between an easy Fortune and a small one. It is, indeed, a high Strain of Generofity in you, to think of making me easy all my Life, only because I have been so happy as to divert you some few Hours: But if I may have leave to add, it is because you think me no Enemy to my native Country, there will appear a better Reason; for I must of consequence be very much, (as I fincerely am)

My Lord, &c.

#### Mr. Pope to Mr. Congreve.

METHINKS when I write to you, I am making a Confession, I have got (I can't tell how) such a Custom of throwing myself out upon

upon Paper without Reserve. You were not mistaken in what you judg'd of my Temper of Mind when I writ last. My Faults will not be hid from you; and perhaps it is no Dispraise to me, that they will not. The Cleanness and Purity of one's Mind is never better prov'd, than in discovering its own Faults at first View: As when a Stream shows the Dirt at its Bottom, it shows also the Transparency of the Water.

My Spleen was not occasion'd, however, by any thing an \* abusive, angry Critick could write of me. I take very kindly your heroick Manner of Congratulation upon this Scandal; for I think nothing more honourable, than to be involved in the same Fate with all the Great and the Good that ever lived; that is, to be envy'd

and censur'd by bad Writers.

You do no more than answer my Expectations of you, in declaring how well you take my Freedom in sometimes neglecting as I do, to reply to your Letters so soon as I ought; those who have a right Taste of the substantial Part of Friendship, can wave the Ceremonial. A Friend is the only one that will bear the Omission; and one may find who is not so, by the very Tryal of it.

As to any Anxiety I have concerning the Fate of my Homer, the Care is over with me. The World must be the Judge, and I shall be the first to consent to the Justice of its Judgment whatever it be. I am not so arrant an Author, as even to desire, that if I am in the wrong, all Mankind should be so.

I am

<sup>\*</sup> Dennis, who writ an abusive Pamphlet this Year, intitled, Remarks on Mr. Pope's Homer.

I am mightily pleased with a Saying of Monfieur Tourreil: When a Man writes, he ought to animate himself with the Thoughts of pleasing all the World; but he is to renounce that Desire or Hope, the very Moment the Book goes out of his Hands.

I write this from Binfield, whither I came yesterday, having pass'd a few Days in my Way, with my Lord Bolingbroke: I go to London in three Days time, and will not fail to pay a Visit to Mr. M-, whom I saw not long since at my Lord Halifax's. I hoped from thence, he had some Hopes of Advantage from the present Administration: For sew People (I think) but I, pay Respects to great Men, without any Prospects. I am in the fairest Way in the World of being not worth a Groat, being born both a Papift and a Poet. This puts me in mind of reacknowledging your continu'd Endeavours to enrich me: But I can tell you 'tis to no Purpose, for without the Opes, Aguum animum mi ipse parabo.

I am your, &c.

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### Mr. Pope to Mr. Congreve.

MARCH 19, 1714-15.

THE Farce of the What d'ye-call-it, has occasioned many different Speculations in the Town. Some look'd upon it as a mere Jest upon the Tragick Poets, others as a Satire upon the late War. Mr. Cromwell hearing none of the Words, and seeing the Action to be tragical, was much astonish'd to find the Audience laugh;

laugh; and fays, the Prince and Princess must doubtless be under no less Amazement on the fame Account. Several Templers, and others of the more vociferous kind of Critics, went with a Resolution to his, and confes'd they were forced to laugh fo much, that they forgot the Design they came with. The Court in geral has in a very particular Manner come into the Jest, and the three first Nights, (notwithstanding two of them were Court-Nights) were distinguish'd by very full Audiences of the first The common People of the Pit and Quality. Gallery, receiv'd it at first with great Gravity and Sedatenels, some few with Tears; but after the third Day they also took the Hint, and have ever fince been very loud in their Claps. There are still some sober Men who cannot be of the general Opinion, but the Laughers are so much the Majority, that one or two Criticks feem determined to undeceive the Town at their proper Cost, by writing grave Differtations against it: To encourage them in which laudable Design. it is resolv'd a Preface shall be prefix'd to the Farce, in Vindication of the Nature and Dignity of this new Way of Writing.

Yesterday Mr. Steele's Affair was decided: I am sorry I can be of no other Opinion than yours, as to his whole Carriage and Writings of late. But certainly he has not only been punish'd by others, but suffer'd much even from his own Party in the Point of Character, nor (I believe) received any Amends in that of Interest, as yet; whatever may be his Prospects for the surure.

This Gentleman, among a thousand others, is a great Instance of the Fate of all who are carry'd away by the Party-Spirit of any Side. I wish all Violence may succeed as ill; but am really amazed

amazed that so much of sowre and pernicious Quashou'd be joined with so much natural good Humour as I think Mr. Steele is posses'd of.

I am, &c.

#### To Mr. CONGREVE.

APRIL 7, 1715.

R. Pope is going to Mr. Fervas's, where Mr. Addison is sitting for his Picture; in the mean time amidst Clouds of Tobacco at a Coffee-house, I write this Letter. There is a grand Revolution at Will's, Maurice has quitted for a Coffee-house in the City, and Titcomb is restor'd to the great Joy of Cromwell, who was at a great loss for a Person to converse with upon the Fathers and Church-history; the Knowledge I gain from him, is entirely in Painting and Poetry; and Mr. Pope owes all his Skill in Astronomy to him and Mr. Whiston, to celebrated of late for his Discovery of the Longitude, in an extraordinary Copy of Veries\*. Mr. Rowe's Jane Gray is to be play'd in Easter-weck, when Mrs. Oldfield is to personate a Character directly opposite to female Nature; for what Woman ever despis'd Sovereignty? You know Chaucer has a Tale where a Knight faves his Head, by discovering it was a Thing which all Women most coveted. Mr. Pope's Homer is retarded by the great Rains that have fallen of late, which causes the Sheets to be long a drying: this

<sup>\*</sup> Call'd, An Ode on the Longitude, in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies.

this gives Mr. Lintott great Uneafiness, who is now endeavouring to corrupt the Curate of his Parish to pray for fair Weather, that his Work may go There is a Sixpenny Criticism lately publish'd upon the Tragedy of the What-d'ye-call-it, wherein he with much Judgment and Learning calls me a Blockhead, and Mr. Pope a Knave. His grand Charge is against the Pilgrim's Progress being read, which he fays is directly levelled at Cato's reading Plato; to back this Censure, he goes on to tell you, that the Pilgrims Progress being mention'd to be the eighth Edition, makes the Reflection evident, the Tragedy of Cato having just eight Times (as he quaintly expresses it) visited the Press. He also endeavoured to show that every particular Passage of the Play alludes to some fine Part of Tragedy, which he fays I have injudiciously and profanely abused\*. Sir Samuel Garth's Poem upon my Lord Clare's House, I believe will be publish'd in the Easterweek.

Thus far Mr. Gay — who has in his Letter forestall'd all the Subjects of Diversion; unless it should be one to you to say, that I sit up till Two a-Clock over Burgundy and Champagne; and am become so much a Rake, that I shall be ashamed in a short Time to be thought to do any sort of Business. I fear I must get the Gout by drinking, purely for a fashionable Pretence to sit still long enough to translate four Books of Homer. I hope you'll by that Time be up again, and I may succeed to the Bed and Couch of my Pre-

<sup>\*</sup> This curious Piece was intitled, A compleat-Key to the What-d'ye-call-it. It was written by one Griffin a Player, affifted by Lewis Theobald.

Predecessor: Pray cause the Stuffing to be repaired, and the Crutches shortned for me. The Calamity of your Gout is what all your Friends, that is to say, all that know you, must share in; we desire you in your Turn to condole with us, who are under a Persecution, and much afflicted with a Distemper which proves grievous to many Poets, a Criticism. We have indeed some relieving Intervals of Laughter (as you know there are in some Diseases;) and it is the Opinion of divers good Guessers, that the last Fit will not be more violent than advantageous; for Poets assailed by Critics, are like Men bitten by Tarantula's, they dance on so much the saster.

Mr. Thomas Burnet hath play'd the Precurfor to the Coming of Homer, in a Treatife call'd Homerides. He has fince rifen very much in his Criticisms, and after assaulting Homer, made a daring Attack upon the \* What-d'ye-call-it. Yet is there not a Proclamation issu'd for the burning of Homer and the Pope by the common Hangman; nor is the What-d'ye-call-it yet silenc'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They shall survive the Conslagration of his Father's Works, and live after they and he are damned; (for that the B—p of S. already is so, is the Opinion of Dr.

Sacheverel and the Church of Rome.)

I am, &c.

Mr. POPE

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<sup>\*</sup> In one of his Papers call'd The Grumbler; long fince dead.

### Mr. Pope to the Earl of B-

My LORD,

F your Mare could speak, she would give you an Account of the extraordinary Company she had on the Road; which since she

cannot do, I will.

It was the enterprizing Mr. Lintott, the redoubtable Rival of Mr. Tonfon, who mounted on a Stonehorse, (no disagreeable Companion to your Lordship's Mare) overtook me in Windsor-Forest. He said, he heard I design'd for Oxford, the Seat of the Muses, and would, as my Booksciller, by all Means, accompany me thither.

I ask'd him where he got his Horse? He answer'd, he got it of his Publisher: " For " that Rogue my Printer, faid he, disappoint-" ed me: I hoped to put him in good Hn-" mour by a Treat at the Tavern of a brown " Pricaffee of Rabbits, which cost two Shil-" lings, with two Quarts of Wine, besides " my Conversation. I thought myself cock-" fure of his Horse, which he readily pro-" mised me, but said, that Mr. Tonson had just " fuch another Design of going to Cambridge, " expecting there the Copy of A Comment up" on the Revelations; and if Mr. Tonson went, " he was preingaged to attend him, being " to have the Printing of the faid Copy."

of my Publisher, which he had of Mr. Oldmixon for a Debt; he lent me too the pretty Boy you see after me; he was a smutty Dog yesterday, and cost me near two
Hours to wash the lnk off his Face: But
the Devil is a fair-conditioned Devil, and
and very forward in his Catechise: If
you have any more Bags, he shall carry
them."

" So in short, I borrowed this Stonehorse

I thought Mr. Lintoti's Civility not to be neglected, fo gave the Boy a small Bag, containing three Shirts, and an Elzevir Virgil; and mounting in an Instant, proceeded on the Road, with my Man before, my courteous Stationer beside, and the aforesaid Devil behind.

Mr. Lintott began in this Manner: "Now damn them! what if they should put it into the News-Paper, how you and I went together to Oxford? why, what would I care? If I should go down into Suffex, they would fay, I was gone to the Speaker. But what of that? if my Son were but big enough to go on with the Business, by G—d, I would keep as good Company as old Jacob.

"G-d, I would keep as good Company as old Jacob.

Hereupon I enquir'd of his Son. "The Lad, fays he, has fine l'arts, but is fomewhat fickly, much as you are — I spare for nothing in his Education at Westminster.

Pray don't you think Westminster to be the best School in England? most of the late Ministry came out of it, so did many of this Ministry; I hope the Boy will make his Fortune."

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Don't you design to let him pass a Year at Oxford? To what Purpose (said he) the "Universities do but make Pedants, and I in"tend to breed him a Man of Business."

As Mr. Lintott was talking, I observ'd he fate uneasy upon his Saddle, for which I express'd some Sollicitude: Nothing, says he, I can bear it well enough; but fince we have the Day before us, methinks it would be very pleasant for you to rest awhile under the Woods. When we were alighted, "See here, " what a mighty pretty Horace I have in my " Pocket, what if you amus'd yourfelf in turn-" ning an Ode, till we mount again? Lord! if " you pleas'd, what a clever Miscellany might " you make at leisure Hours." Perhaps I may, faid I, if we ride on; the Motion is an Aid to my Fancy; a round Trott very much awakens my Spirits. Then jog on apace, and I'll think as hard as I can.

Silence ensu'd for a sull Hour; after which Mr. Lintott lugg'd the Reins, stopp'd short, and and broke out, "Well Sir, how far have you gone?" I answer'd seven Miles. "Z—ds "Sir, said Lintott, I thought you had done "seven Stanza's. Oldsmorth in a Ramble round "Wimbleton Hill, would translate a whole "Ode in half this Time. I'll say that for "Oldsworth, (though I lost by his Timothy's) "he translates an Ode of Horace the quickest of any Man in England. I remember Dr. "King would write Verses in a Tavern three "Hours after he could n't speak: And there's "Sir Richard in that rumbling old Chariot of his, "between Fleet Ditch and St. Giles's Pound,

" shall make you half a Job".

Pray Mr. Lintott (faid I) now you talk of Translators, what is your Method of managing them? " Sir (reply'd he) those are the faddest " Pack of Rogues in the World: In a hungry " Fit, they'll swear they understand all the " Languages in the Universe: I have known " one of them takedown a Greek Book upon my " Counter and cry, Aye this is Hebrew, I must " read it from the latter End. By G-d, I " can never be sure in these Fellows, for I neither understand Greek, Latin, French, nor Ita-" lian, myfelf. But this is my Way: I agree " with them for ten Shillings per Sheet, with a " Proviso, that I will have their Doings correct-" ed by whom I please; so by one or the other, they are led at last to the true Sense " of an Author; my Judgment giving the Ne-gative to all my Translators." But how are you secure that those Correctors may not impose upon you? " Why I get any civil Gentle-" man, (especially any Scotchman) that comes " into my Shop, to read the Original to me in " English; by this I know whether my first Tran-" flator be deficient, and whether my Corrector " merits his Money or no.

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" nay, and I stopp'd the Corrector's Pay too, upon this Proof, that he had made use of

" Creech instead of the Original.

Pray tell me next, how you deal with the Critics? " Sir (laid he) nothing more easy. I can " filence the most formidable of them; the rich " one's for a Sheet apiece of the blotted Manu-" fcript, which costs me nothing. " about with it to their Acquaintance, and pre-" tend they had it from the Author, who sub-" mitted to their Correction: This has given " fome of them fuch an Air, that in Time they " come to be consulted with, and dedicated to, " as the top Critics of the Town. — As for " the poor Critics, I will give you one Instance " of my Management, by which you may guess " at the rest. A lean Man that look'd like a " very good Scholar, came to me t'other Day; " he turn'd over Homer, shook his Head, shrug-" ged up his Shoulders, and pish'd at every Line " of it; One would wonder, (fays he) at the " strange Presumption of Men; Homer is no such " easy Task, that every Stripling, every Versi-" fier - He was going on, when my Wife " call'd to dinner: Sir, said I, will you please to " eat a Piece of Beef with me? Mr. Lintott, " faid he, I am forry you should be at the Ex-" pence of this great Book, I am really concern'd
" on your Account — Sir, 1 am much oblig'd " to you: If you can dine upon a Piece of Beef, " together with a Slice of Pudding - Mr. Lin-" tott, I do not say but Mr. Pope, if he would " condescend to advise with Men of Learning -"Sir, the Pudding is upon the Table, if you " please to go in \_\_\_\_ My Critic complies, he " comes to a Taste of your Poetry, and tells " me in the same Breath, that the Book is com-

" mendable, and the Pudding excellent."

Now Sir (concluded Mr. Lintott) in return to the Frankness I have thewn, pray tell me, " Is it the Opinion of your Friends at Court, " that my Lord L --- will be brought to the " Bar or not?" I told him, I heard not, and I hop'd it, my Lord being one I had particu. lar Obligations to. "That may be (reply'd " Mr. Lintott) but by G-d if he is not, I shall " lose the Printing of a very good Trial."

These my Lord are a few Traits by which you may discern the Genius of my Friend Mr. Lintott, which I have chosen for the Subject of a Letter. I dropp'd him as foon as I got to 0xford, and paid a Visit to my Lord Carleton at

The Conversations I enjoy here are not to be prejudiced by my Pen, and the Pleasures from them only to be equall'd when I meet your Lordship. I hope in a few Days to cast myfelf from your Horse at your Feet.

I am, &c.

### Dr. PARNELL to Mr. POPE.

JUNE 27, 1715.

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I AM writing you a long Letter, but all the Tediousnets I feel in it is, that it makes me during the Time think more intently of my being ing far from you. I fancy if I were with you, I cou'd remove some of the Uneasiness which you may have felt from the Opposition of the World, and which you should be asham'd to seel, since it is but the Testimony which one Part of it gives you, that your Merit is unquestionable: What would you have otherwise, from Ignorance, Envy, or those Tempers which vie with you in your own Way? know this in Mankind, that when our Ambition is unable to attain its End, it is not only wearied, but exasperated too, at the Vanity of its Labours; then we speak ill of happier Studies, and sighing condemn the Excellence which we find above our Reach.

My \* Zoilus which you us'd to write about, I finish'd last Spring, and lest in Town, I waited till I came up to send it you, but not arriving here before your Book was out, imagin'd it a Piece of Labour. It you will still have

it, you need only write me word.

I have here seen the First Book of Homer, which came out at a Time when it cou'd not but appear as a kind of setting up against you. My Opinion is, that you may if you please, give them Thanks who writ it. Neither the Numbers nor the Spirit have an equal Mastery with yours; but what surprizes me the more, is, that a Scholar being concern'd, there should happen to be some Mistakes in the Author's Sense; such as putting the Light of Pallas's

<sup>\*</sup> Printed for B. Lintott, 1715, 8vo under this Title.

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Pallas's Eyes into the Eyes of Achilles; making the Taunt of Achilles to Agamemnon, (that he should have Spoils when Troy should be taken) to be a cool and serious Proposal: The Translating what you call Ablation by the Word Offals, and so leaving Water out of the Rite of Lustration, &c. but you must have taken notice of all this before. I write not to inform you, but to shew I always have you at Heart.

I am, &c.

From

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### From a Letter of the Rev. Dr BERKELEY, Dean of Londonderry.

JULY 7, 1715.

and myself exerting that Right which all Readers pretend to over Authors, sate in Judgment upon the two new Translations of the first Iliad. Without Partiality to my Countrymen, I assure you they all gave the Preference where it was due; being unanimously of Opinion, that your's was equally just to the sense with Mr—'s, and without Comparison more easy, more poetical, and more sublime. But I will say no more on such a thread-bare Subject, as your late Performance is at this time.

I am, &c.

# Extract from a Letter from Mr GAY to Mr POPE.

JULY 8, 1715.

Opera. He bid me tell you, that every body is pleas'd with your Translation, but a few at Button's; and that Sir Richard Steele told him, that Mr Addison said Tickell's Translation was the best that ever was in any Language \*. He treated me with extream Civility, and out of Kindness gave me a

<sup>\*</sup> Sir Richard Steele afterwards, in his Preface to an Edition of the Drummer, a Comedy by Mr Addison, thews it to be his Opinion, that "not Mr Tickell, but Mr Addison himself was the Person that translated this Book."

# 246 LETTERS of

Squeeze by the fore Finger.—— I am inform'd that at Button's your Character is made very free with, as Morals, &c. And Mr A—— fays, that your Translation and Tickell's are both very well done, but that the latter has more of Homer.

I am, &c.

### Extract from a Letter of Dr Arbuth-Not to Mr Pope.

July 9, 1715.

It does not indeed want it's Merit; but I was strangely disappointed in my Expectation of a Translation nicely true to the Original; whereas in those Parts where the greatest Exactness seems to be demanded, he has been the least careful, I mean the History of ancient Ceremonies and Rites, &c. in which you have with great Judgment been exact.

I am, &c.

# Mr Pope to the Honourable James Craggs, Esq;

July 15, 1715.

Lay hold of the Opportunity given me by my Lord Duke of Shrewsbury, to affure you of the Continuance of that Esteem and Affection I have long born you, and the Memory of so many agreeable Conversations as we have pass'd together. I wish it were a Compliment to say such Conversations as are not to be found on this side of the Water; for the Spirit of Dissention is gone forth among us;

nor is it a wonder that Button's is no longer Button's. when Old England is no longer Old England, that Region of Hospitality, Society, and good Humour. Party affect us all, even the Wits, tho' they gain as little by Politics as they do by their Wit. talk much of fine Sense, refin'd Sense, and exalted Sense; but for Use and Happiness give me a little common Sense. I say this in regard to some Gentlemen, profess'd Wits of our Acquaintance, who fancy they can make Poetry of consequence at this time of day, in the midst of this raging Fit of Politics. For they tell me, the bufy part of the Nation are not more divided about Whig and Tory, than these idle Fellows of the Feather about Mr Tickell's and my Translation. I (like the Tories) have the Town in general, that is the Mob, on my fide; but 'tis usual with the smaller Party to make up in Industry what they want in Number, and that's the Cafe with the little Senate of Cato. However, if our Principles be well confider'd, I must appear a brave Whig, and Mr Tickell a rank Tory ;- I translated Homer for the Public in general, he to gratify the inordinate Defires of One Man only. We have, it feems, a great Turk in Poetry, who can never bear a Brother on the Throne; and has his Mutes too, a Sett of Nodders, Winkers, and Whisperers, whose Business is to strangle all other Offsprings of Wit in their Birth. The new Translator of Homer is the humblest Slave he has, that is to fay, his first Minister; let him receive the Honours he gives him, but receive them with Fear and Trembling; let him be proud of the Approbation of his absolute Lord; I appeal to the People, as my rightful Judges and Masters; and if they are not inclin'd to condemm me, I fear no arbitrary highflying Proceedings from the fmall Court-faction at Button's. But after all I have faid of this great L 2 Man.

Man, there is no Rupture between us: We are each of us fo civil and obliging, that neither thinks he is oblig'd. And I for my part treat with him, as we do with the Grand Monarch; who has too many great Qualities not to be respected, tho' we know he watches any Occasion to oppress us.

When I talk of Homer, I must not forget the early present you made me of Monsieur de la Motte's Book. And I can't conclude this Letter without telling you a melancholy piece of News which effects our very Entrails, -is dead, and Soupes are no more! You see I write in the old familiar way. This is not to the Minister but to the Friend."-However, it is some Mark of uncommon Regard to the Minister, that I steal an Expression from a Secretary State.

I am, &c.

### Mr Pope to Sir WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

Decemb. 16, 1715.

TT was one of the Enigma's of Pythagoras, When I the Winds rife worship the Eccho. A modern Writer explains this to fignify, " When popular 4 Tumults begin, retire to Solitudes, or fuch Places where Eccho's are commonly found; Rocks, Woods, 46 &c.". I am rather of Opinion it should be interpreted, "When Rumours increase, and when 44 there is Abundance of Noise and Clamour, be-" lieve the fecond Report." This I think agrees more exactly with the Eccho, and is the more natural Application of the Symbol. However it be, either of these Precepts is extreamly proper to be followed at this Season; and I cannot but applaud your Resolution of continuing in what you call your Cave Cave in the Forest, this Winter; and preferring the Noise of breaking Ice to that of breaking Statesmen, the Rage of Storms to that of Parties, and Fury and Ravage of Floods and Tempests, to the Precipitancy of some, and the Ruin of others, which I fear will be our daily Prospect in London.

I fincerely wish myself with you, to contemplate the Wonders of God in the Firmament, rather than the Madness of Man on the Earth. But I never had so much Cause as now to complain of my poetical Star, that fixes me at this tumultuous Time to attend the gingling of Rhymes, and the measuring of Syllables: To be almost the only Trisser in the Nation; and as ridiculous as the Poet in Petronius, who, while all the rest in the Ship were either labouring or praying for Life, was scratching his Head in a little Room, to write a fine Description of the Tempest.

You tell me you like the Sound of no Arms but those of Achilles: For my Part I like them as little as the others. I listed myself in the Battles of Homer, and I am no sooner in War, but like most

other Folks, I wish myself out again.

I heartily join with you in wishing Quiet to our native Country: Quiet in the State, which like Charity in Religion, is too much the Perfection and Happiness of either, to be broken or violated on any Pretence or Prospect whatsoever: Fire and Sword, and Fire and Faggot are equally my Aversion. I can pray for opposite Parties, and for opposite Religions, with great Sincerity. I think to be a Lover of one's Country is a glorious Elogy, but I do not think it so great an one as to be a lover of Mankind.

Mr 7—and I sometimes celebrate you under these Denominations, and join your Health with that of the whole World; a truly Catholic Health;

which far excels the poor narrow-spirited, ridiculous Healths now in fashion, to this Church, or that Church: Whatever our Teachers may say, they must give us leave at least to wish generously. These, dear Sir, are my general Dispositions, but whenever I pray or wish for Particulars, you are one of the first in the Thoughts and Atlections of

Your, &c.

# Sir W. TRUMBULL's Answer.

Jan. 19, 1715-6.

I Should be asham'd of my long Idleness in not acknowledging your kind Advice about Eccho, and your most ingenious Explanation of it, relating to popular Tumults; which I own to be very useful; And yet give me leave to tell you, that I keep myfelf to a shorter Receipt of the same Pythagoras, which is Silence; and this I shall observe, if not the whole Time of his Discipline, yet at least till your Return into this Country. I am oblig'd further to this Method, by the most severe Weather I ever felt; when tho' I keep as near by the Fire as may be, yet Gelidus concrevit frigore Sanguis : And often I apprehend the Circulation of the Blood begins to be flopp'd. I have further, great Losses to a poor Farmer of my poor Oxen-Intercunt pecudes, stant circumfusa pruinis Corpora magna Boum, &c.

Pray comfort me if you can, by telling me that your second Volume of *Homer* is not frozen; for it must be express'd very poetically to say now, that

the Presses sweat.

I cannot forbear to add a piece of Artifice I have been guilty of, on occasion of my being oblig'd to congratulate the Birth-day of a Friend of mine: When finding I had no Materials of my own, I very frankly fent him your Imitation of Martial's Epigram on Antonius Primus \*. This has been applauded fo much, that I am in danger of commencing Poet, perhaps Laureat, (pray defire my good Friend Mr Rowe to enter a Caveat) provided you will further increase my Stock in this Bank. In which Proceeding I have laid the Foundation of my Estate, and as honestly as many others have begun theirs. But now being a little tender, as young Beginners often are, I offer to you (for I have conceal'd the true Author) whether you will give me Orders to declare who is the Father of this fine Child, or not? Whatever you determine, my Fingers, Pen, and Ink are so frozen, that I cannot thank you more at large. You will forgive this and all other Faults of, Dear Sir,

Your, &c.

Tax,

### To Mr JERVAS in Ireland.

July 9, 1716.

THO, as you rightly remark, I pay my Tax but once in half a Year, yet you shall see by this Letter upon the neck of my last, that I pay a double

\* Jam numerat placido felix Antonius avo, &c.

Sir William Trumbull was born at Easthamsted in Berkshire: He was Fellow of All Souls College in Oxford, follow'd the Study of the Civil-Law, and was sent by King Charles the Second Judge-Advocate to Tanvier, thence Envoy to Florence, Turin, &c. and in his way back Envoy Extraordinary to France; from thence, sent by King James the Second Ambassador to the Ottoman Port. Asterwards he was made Lord of the Treasury, then Secretary of State with the Duke of Shrewsbury, which Office he resign'd in 1697. He retir'd to Easthamsted, in Windsor Forest, and died in the Place of his Nativity in December 1716, aged 77 Years. Our Author celebrated that Retirement in his Poem on the Forest, and address'd to him his sirst Pastoral 2: 16 Years of Age.

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Tax, as we Non-Jurors ought to do. Your Acquaintance on this fide the Sea are under terrible Apprehenfions, from your long stay in Ireland, that you may grow too polite for them; for we think (fince the great Success of so damn'd a Play as the Non-Juror) that Politeness is gone over the Water. But others are of Opinion it has been longer among you, and was introduced much about the fame Time with Frogs, and with equal Success. Poor Poetry! the little that's left of it here longs to cross the Seas and leave Eusden in full and peaceable Possession of the British Laurel: And we begin to wish you had the Singing of our Poets, as well as the Croaking of our Frogs, to yourselves in Sæcula Sæculorum. It would be well in exchange, if Parnelle, and two or three more of your Swans, would come hither, especially that Swan, who, like a true modern one, does not fing at all, Dr Swift. I am (like the rest of the World) a Sufferer by his Idleness. Indeed I hate that any Man should be idle, while I must translate and comment: And I may the more fincerely wish for good Poetry from others, because I am become a Person out of the Question; for a Translator is no more a Poet, than a Taylor is a Man.

You are doubtless perfuaded of the Validity of

that famous Verse,

### 'Tis Expectation makes a Bleffing dear :

but why would you make your Friends fonder of you than they are? There's no manner of need of it-We begin to expect you no more than Anti-christ. A Man that hath absented himself so long from his Friends, ought to be put into the Gazette.

Every Body here has great need of you. Faces have died for ever for want of your Pencil, and blooming Ladies have wither'd in expecting your Return. Even Frank and Betty (that constant Pair)

cannot

cannot confole themselves for your Absence; I fancy they will be forced to make their own Picture in a pretty Babe, before you come home: 'T will be a noble Subject for a Family Piece. Come then, and having peopled Ireland with a World of beautiful Shadows, come to us, and see with that Eye (which, like the Eye of the World, creates Beauties by looking on them) see, I say, how England has alter'd the Airs of all it's heads in your Absence; and with what sneaking City Attitudes our most celebrated Personages appear in the meer mortal Works of our Painters.

Mr Fortescue is much your's; Gay commemorates you; and lastly (to climb by just steps and degrees) my Lord Burlington desires you may be put in mind of him. His Gardens flourish, his Structures rise, his Pictures arrive, and (what is far nobler and more valuable than all) his own good Qualities daily extend themselves to all about him: Whereof, I, the meanest (next to some Italian Chymists, Fidlers, Bricklayers, and Opera-makers) am a living Instance.

### To the same.

Nov. 14, 1716.

IF I had not done my utmost to lead my Life so pleasantly as to forget all Missortunes, I should tell you I reckoned your Absence no small one; but I hope you have also had many good and pleasant Reasons to forget your Friends on this side the World. If a Wish could transport me to you, and your present Companions, I could do the same. Dr Swift, I believe, is a very good Landlord, and a chearful Host at his own Table: I suppose he has persectly learnt himself, what he has taught so many others, Rupta non insanire lagena.

lagena. Else he would not make a proper Host for your humble Servant, who (you know) tho' he drinks a Glass as seldom as any Man, contrives to break one as often. But 'tis a Confolation to me, that I can do this, and many other Enor-

mities, under my own Roof.

But that you and I are upon equal terms of all friendly Laziness, and have taken an inviolable Oath to each other, always to do what we will: I should reproach you for so long a silence. The best amends you can make for faying nothing to me, is by faying all the Good you can of me, which is that I heartily love and effeem the

Dean, and Dr Parnelle.

Gay is your's and theirs. His Spirit is awakned very much in the Caufe of the Dean, which has broke forth in a courageous Couplet or two upon Sir Richard Bl-He has printed it with his Name to it, and bravely affigns no other Reafon, than that the faid Sir Richard has abused Dr Swift. I have also suffered in the like Cause. and shall suffer more; unless Parnelle sends me his Zoilus and Bookworm (which the Bishop of Clogher, I hear greatly extols) it will be shortly, Concurrere Bellum atque Virum. - I love you all, as much as I despise most Wits in this dull Country. Ireland has turned the tables upon England; and if I have no Poetical Friend in my own Nation, I'll be as proud as Scițio, and fay (fince I am reduced to Skin and Bone) Ingrata țatria, ne ofia quidem habeas.

### To the same.

Nov. 29, 1716.

HAT you have not heard from me of late, ascribe not to the usual laziness of your Correspondent, but to a ramble to Oxford, where your Name is mention'd with Honour, even in a land flowing with Tories. I had the good fortune there to be often in the conversation of Dr Clarke: He entertain'd me with several Drawings, and particularly with the original designs of Inigo Jones's Whitehall. I there saw and reverenced some of your first Pieces; which suture Painters are to look upon as we Poets do on the

Culex of Virgil, and Batrachom of Homer.

Having named this latter piece, give me leave to ask what is become of Dr Parnelle and his Frogs? Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus & illis, might be Horace's wish, but will never be mine, while I have fuch mearums as Dr Parnelle and Dr Swift. I hope the Spring will reftore you to us, and with you all the Beauties and Colours of Nature. Not but I congratulate you on the pleasure you must take in being admir'd in your own Country, which so seldom happens to Prophets and Poets. But in this you have the Advantage of Poets; you are Master of an Art that must prosper and grow rich, as long as People love, or are proud. of themselves, or their own Persons. However, you have flay'd long enough, methinks, to have painted all the numberless Histories of old Ogygia. If you have begun to be Historical, I recommend to your hand the story which every pious Irishman ought to begin with, that of St Patrick: To the end you may be obliged (as Dr P. was, when he translated the Batrachomuomachia) to come into England to copy the Frogs, and fuch other Vermin as were never feen in that land fince the time of that Confessor.

I long to fee you a History Painter. You have already done enough for the Private, do something for the Publick; and be not confined, like the rest, to draw only such filly stories as our own faces tell

of us. The Ancients too expect you should do them right; those Statues from which you learn'd your beautiful and noble Ideas, demand it as a piece of Gratitude from you, to make them truly known to all nations, in the account you intend to write of their Characters. I hope you think more warmly than ever of that noble defign.

As to your enquiry about your House, when I come within the Walls, they put me in mind of those of Carthage, where your Friend, like the

wandring Trojan,

#### Animum Pictura pascit inani.

For the spacious Mansion, like a Turkish Caravanserah, entertains the Vagabond with only bare Lodging. I rule the Family very ill, keep bad Hours, and lend out your Pinctures about the Town. See what it is to have a Poet in your House! Frank indeed does all he can in fuch a Circumstance, for confidering he has a wild Beast in it, he constantly keeps the Door chain'd. Every time it is open'd, the Links rattle, the rufty Hinges roar, the House seems so sensible that you are it's support, that it is ready to drop in your Absence; but I still trust myself under it's Roof, as depending that Providence will preferve so many Rathaels, Titians, and Guido's, as are lodg'd in your Cabinet. Surely the Sins of one Poet can hardly be fo heavy, as to bring an old House over the Heads of fo many Painters. In a word, your House is falling, but what of that? I am only a Lodger.

### Mr Secretary CRAGGS, to Mr POPE.

Paris, Sept. 2, 1716.

L AST Post brought me the favour of your letter of the 10th Aug. O. S. It would be taking too much upon me to decide, that 'twas a witty one; I never pretend to more judgment than to know what pleases me, and can assure you, it was a very agreeable one. The Proof I can give you of my Sincerity in this Opinion, is, that I hope and desire you would not stop at this, but continue more of them.

I am in a place where Pleasure is continually flowing. The Princes fet the Example, and the Subjects follow at a diffance. The Ladies are of all Parties, by which means the conversation of Men is very much foftened and fashioned from those blunt disputes on Politics, and rough Jests, we are so guilty of; while the Freedom of the Women takes away all Formality and Conffraint. I must own, at the same time, these Beauties are a little too artifical for my Tafte; you have feen a French Picture, the Original is more painted, and fuch a crust of Powder and Essence in their Hair, that you can see no difference between black and red. By difusing Stays, and indulging themfelves at Table, they are run out of all Shape; but as to that, they may give a good reason, they prefer Conveniency to Parade, and are by this means as ready, as they are generally willing to be charitable.

I am surpriz'd to find I have wrote so much Scandal; I fancy I am either setting up for a Wit, or imagine I must write in this Style to a Wit; I hope you'll prove a good natured one, and not only let me hear from you sometimes, but forgive

the small Encouragement you meet with. If you'll compleat your favours, pray give my humble Services to Lords W—ck, St—, and H—y. I have had my hopes and fears they would have abused me before this Time; I am sure it is not my business to meddle with a nest of Bees (I speak only of the Honey). I won't trouble my self to finish finely, a true Compliment is better than a good one, and I can assure you without any, that I am very sincerely, Sir, Yours, &c.

#### The Rev. Dean \* Berkeley to Mr Pope.

Naples Oct. 22, N. S. 1717.

I Have long had it in my thoughts to trouble you with a Letter, but was discouraged for want of fomething that I could think worth fending fifteen hundred Miles. Italy is fuch an exhaufted Subject, that, I dare fay, you'd eafily forgive my faying nothing of it; and the imagination of a Poet, is a thing fo nice and delicate, that it is no eafy matter to find out Images capable of giving Pleasure to one of the few, who (in any Age) have come up to that Character. I am nevertheless lately returned from an Island, where I passed three or four Months, which, were it fet out in it's true Colours, might methinks amuse you agreeably enough for a minute or two. The Island Inarime, is an Epitome of the whole Earth, containing within the Compass of eighteen Miles, a wonderful variety of Hills, Vales, ragged Rocks, fruitful Plains, and barren Mountains, all thrown together in a most romantic Confusion. The Air is in the hottest

<sup>\*</sup> Afterwards Bishop of Cloyne in Ireland, a celebrated Metaphysican, Author of the Dialogues of Hylas and Philonuses the Minute Philosopher, &c.

Season

Seafon constantly refreshed by cool breezes from the Sea. The Vales produce excellent Wheat and Indian Corn, but are mostly covered with Vineyards. intermixt with Fruit-Trees. Befides the common kinds, a Cherries, Apricots, Peaches, &c. they produce Oranges, Limes, Almonds, Pomegranates, Figs. Water-Melons, and many other Fruits unknown to our Climates, which lie every where open to the Passenger. The Hills are the greater part convered to the Top with Vines, some with Chesnut Groves, and others with Thickets of Myrtle and Lentiscus. The Fields in the Northern side are divided by hedge-rows of Myrtle. Several Fountains and Rivulets add to the Beauty of this Landscape, which is likewise set of by the variety of some barren Spots and naked Rocks. But that which crowns the Scene, is a large Mountain, rifing out of the middle of the Island (once a terrible Volcans, by the Antients called Mons Epomeus ) it's lower parts are adorned with Vines, and other Fruits, the middle affords Pasture to Flocks of Goats and Sheep, and the top is a fandy pointed Rock, from which you have the finest prospect in the World, surveying at one View, besides several pleafant Islands lying at your Feet, a Tract of Italy about three hundred Miles in length, from the Promontory of Antium, to the Cape of Palinurus. The greater part of which hath been fung by Homer and Virgil, as making a confiderable part of the Travels and Adventures of their two Heroes. The Islands Caprea, Prochyta, and Parthenope, together with Cajeta, Cuma, Monte Miseno, the Habitatations of Circe, the Syrens, and the Lestrygones, the Bay of Naples, the Promontory of Minerva, and the whole Campagnia Felice, make but a part of this noble Landscape; which would demand an Imagination as warm, and numbers as flowing as your own, to describe it. The Inhabitants of this delicious Isle, as they are without Riches and Honours, so are they without the Vices and Follies that attend them; and were they but as much strangers to Revenge, as they are to Avarice or Ambition, they might in fact answer the poetical Notions of the Golden Age. But they have got, as an alloy to their Happiness, an ill Habit of murdering one another on flight Offences. We had an Instance of this the second Night after our Arrival; a Youth of eighteen being shot dead by our Door: And yet by the fole Secret of minding our own Bufiness, we found a means of living securely among these dangerous People. Would you know how we pass the Time at Naples? Our chief Entertainment is the Devotion of our Neighbours. Befides the gayety of their Churches (where Folks go to see what they call una bella Devotione (i. e.) a fort of Religious Opera) they make Fireworks almost every Week, out of Devotion; the Streets are often hung with Arras, out of Devotion; and (what is still more Arange) the Ladies invite Gentlemen to their Houses, and treat them with Music and Sweetmeats, out of Devotion; in a word, were not for this Devotion of it's Inhabitants, Naples would have little else to recommend it, befide the Air and Situation. Learning is in no very thriving state here, as indeed no where elfe in Italy. However, among many pretenders, fome Men of Tafte are to be met with. A Friend of mine told me not long fince, that being to vifit Salvini at Florence, he found him reading your Homer. He liked the Notes extreamly, and could find no other Fault with the Version, but that he thought it approached too near a Paraphrase; which shews him not to be sufficiently acquainted with our Language. I wish you Health to go on with that nobie Work, and when you have, I need not wish your Success. You will do me the Justice to believe, that whatever relates to your Welfare is fincerely wished, by

Your's. &c.

#### Mr POPE to --

December 12, 1718.

THE old Project of a Window in the Bosom to render the Soul of Man visible, is what every honest Friend has manifold reason to wish for; yet even that would not do in our Case, while you are so far separated from me, and so long. I begin to fear you'll die in Ireland, and that the Denunciation will be fulfilled upon you, Hibernus es, & in Hiberniam reverteris - I should be apt to think you in Sancho's Case; some Duke has made you Governor of an Island, or wet place, and you are administring Laws to the wild Irish. But I must own, when you talk of Building and Planting, you touch my String; and I am as apt to pardon you, as the Fellow that thought himself Jupiter would have pardon'd the other Madman who call'd himself his Brother Neptune. Alas, Sir, do you know whom you talk to? One that had been a Poet, was degraded to a Translator, and at last, through meer Dulness, is turn'd an Architect. You know. Martial's Censure - Præconeum facio, vel Architectum. However I have one way left, to plan, to elevate, and to surprize (as Bays says). The next you may expect to hear, is that I am in Debt.

The History of my Transplantation and Settlement which you desire, would require a Volume, were I to enumerate the many Projects, Difficulties, Viciflitudes.

Viciffitudes, and various Fates attending that important part of my Life: Much more, should I describe the many Draughts, Elevations, Profiles, Perspectives, &c. of every Palace and Garden propos'd, intended, and happily raifed by the Strength of that Faculty wherein all great Genius's excel-Imagination. At last, the Gods and Fate have fix'd me on the Borders of the Thames, in the Districts of Richmond and Twickenham. It is here I have pass'd an entire Year of my Life, without any fix'd abode in London, or more than casting a tranfitory Glance (for a Day or two at most in a Month) on the Pomps of the Town. It is here I hope to receive you, Sir, return'd in Triumph from esernizing the Ireland of this Age. For you my Structures rife; for you my Colonades extend their Wings; for you my Groves afpire, and Roses bloom. And to fay Truth, I hope Posterity (which no doubt will be made acquainted with all these things) will look upon it as one of the principal Motives of my Archiecture, that it was a Mansion prepar'd to receive you, against your own should fall to Duft, which is destin'd to be the Tomb of poer and and the immortal Monument of the Fidelity of two fuch Servants, who have excell'd in Constancy the very Rats of your Family.

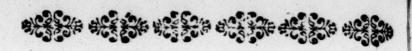
What more can I tell you of myself? so much, and yet all put together so little, that I scarce care, or know, how to do it. But the very Reasons that are against putting it upon Paper are as strong for telling it you in Person; and I am uneasy to be so

long deny'd the Satisfaction of it.

At present I consider you bound in by the Irish Sea, like the Ghosts in Virgil,

Aligat, & novies Styx circumfusa coercet!

and I can't express how I long to renew our old Intercourse and Conversation, our morning Conferences in Bed in the fame Room, our evening Walks in the Park, our amufing Voyages on the Water, our Philosophical Suppers, our Lectures, our Differtations, our Gravities, our Reveries, our Fooleries, our what not? — This awakens the Memory of some of those who have made a part in all these. Poor Parnelle, Garth, Rouve! You justly reprove me for not speaking of the Death of the last: Parnelle was too much in my Mind, to whose Memory I am erecting the best Monument I can. What he gave me to publish, was but a small part of what he left behind him, but it was the best, and I will not make it worse by enlarging it. I'd fain know if he be buried at Chefter, or Dublin; or what care has been, or is to be taken for his Monument, &c. Yet I have not neglected my Devoirs to Mr Rowe; I am writing this very Day his Epitaph for Westminster Abbey - After these the best natured of Men, Sir Samuel Garth, has left me in the truest concern for his Loss. His Death was very Heroical, and yet unaffected enough to have made a Saint, or a Philosopher famous: But ill Pongues, and worse Hearts have branded even his last Moments, as wrongfully as they did his Life, with Irreligion. You must have heard many Tales on this Subject; but if ever there was a good Christian without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr Garth.



# LETTERS

To the Honourable

# ROBERT DIGBY

From Mr POPE.

#### To the Honourable ROBERT DIGBY.

Chifwick, Jan. 2, 1717.

Dear Sir.



Had pleas'd myfelf fooner in writing to you, but that I have been your Successor in a Fit of Sickness, and am not yet fo much recovered, but that I have Thoughts of using your Physicians \*. They are as grave

Persons as any of the Faculty, and (like the Antients) carry their own Medicaments about with them. But indeed the Moderns are fuch Lovers Raillery, that nothing is grave enough to escape them. Let 'em laugh, but People will still have their Opi-·nions: as they think our Doctors Affes to them, we'll think them Affes to our Doctors.

I am glad you are fo much in a better State of Health, as to allow me to jest about it. My Concern, when I heard of your Danger, was fo very ferious, that I almost take it ill Dr Evans should tell you of it, or you mention it. I tell you fairly, if you and a few more fuch People were to leave the World, I would not give Six-pence to flay

in it.

I am not so much concerned as to the Point, whether you are to live fat or lean: Most Men of Wit or Honesty are usually decreed to live very lean; so I am inclined to the Opinion that 'tis decreed you shall: However be comforted, and re-

flect that you'll make the better Busto for it.

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'Tis something particular in you, not to be satisfied with sending me your own Books, but to make your Acquaintance continue the Frolick. Mr Wharton forc'd me to take Gorboduc, which has since done me great Credit with several People, as it has done Dryden and Oldham some Diskindness, in shewing there is as much difference between their Gorboduc, and this, as between Queen Anne, and King George. It is truly a Scandal that Men should write with Contempt of a Piece which they never once saw, as those two Poets did, who were ignorant even of the Sex, as well as Sense of Gorboduc.

Adieu! I am going to forget you: This Minute you took up all my Mind, the next I shall think of nothing but the Terms of Agamemnon, and the Recovery of Briseis. I shall be Achilles's humble Servant these two Months (with the good leave of all my Friends). I have no Ambition fo strong at present, as that noble one of Sir Salathiel Lovel, Recorder of London, to furnish out a decent and plentiful Execution, of Greeks and Trojans.—— It is not to be express'd how heartily I wish the Death of all Homer's Heroes, one after The Lord preserve me in the Day of Battle, which is just approaching! Dear Sir, join in your Prayers for me, and know me to be always (whether I live or die, or am damn'd as a Poet)

Your's most faithfully.

#### To the same.

Dear Sir, London, March 31, 1718.

T O convince you how little pain I give myself, in corresponding with Men of good Nature and good Understanding, you see I omit to answer your Letter till a Time, when another Man would be ashamed to own he had received them. If therefore you are ever moved on my Account by that Spirit, which I take to be as familiar to you as a Quotidian Ague, I mean the Spirit of Goodness, pray never stint it, in any fear of obliging me to a Civility beyond my natural Inclination: I dare trust you, Sir, not only with my Folly when I write, but with my Negligence when I do not;

and expect equally your Pardon for either.

If I knew how to entertain you thro' the rest of this Paper, it should be spotted and diversified with Conceits all over; you should be put out of Breath with Laughter at each Sentence, and paufe at each Period, to look back over how much Wit you had pass'd. But I have found by Experience, that People now a-days regard Writing as little as they do Preaching. The most we can hope is to be heard, just with Decency and Patience, once a Week by Folks in the Country; here in Town we hum over a piece of fine Writing, and we whiftle at a Sermon. The Stage is the only place we feem alive at: There indeed we stare, and roar, and clap Hands for King George and the Government. As for all other Virtues but this Loyalty, they are an obsolete Train, so ill-dress'd, that Men, Women and Children his 'em out of all good Company. Humility knocks fo fneekingly at the Door, that every Footman out-raps it, and makes it give way to the free Entrance of Pride, Prodigality, and Vain-glory. My My Lady Scudamore, from having rufticated in your Company too long, really behaves herself scandalously among us. She pretends to open her Eyes for the sake of seeing the Sun, and to sleep because it is Night; drinks Tea at nine in the Morning, and is thought to have said her Prayers before; talks without any manner of Shame of good Books, and has not seen Cibber's Play of the Non-Juror. I rejoiced, the other Day, to see a Libel on her Toilette, which gives me some Hope that you have at least a Taste of Scandal left you, in Desect of all other Vices.

Upon the whole Matter, I heartily wish you well; but as I cannot entirely desire the Ruin of all the Joys of this City, so all that remains is to wish you wou'd keep your Happiness to yourselves, that the happiest here may not die with Envy at a Bliss which they cannot attain to.

I am, &c.

#### To the Same.

Dear Sir,

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May 1, 1720.

YOU'LL think me very full of myself, when after a long Silence (which however to say Truth has rather been employ'd to contemplate of you, than to sorget you) I begin to talk of my own Works. I find it is in the finishing a Book, as in concluding a Session of Parliament; one always thinks it will be very soon, and finds it very late. There are many unlook'd for Incidents to retard the clearing any public Account, and so I see it is in mine. I have plagued myself, like great Ministers, with undertaking too much for one Man; and with a Desire of doing more than was expected from me, have done less than I ought.

For

For having design'd sour very laborious and uncommon sorts of Indexes to Homer, I'm forc'd, sor want of Time, to publish two only; the Design of which you will own to be pretty, tho' far from being sully executed. I've also been oblig'd to leave unfinish'd in my Desk the Heads of two Essays, one on the Theology and Morality of Homer, and another on the Oratory of Homer and Virgil. So they must wait for suture Editions, or perish; and (one way or other, no great Matter which) dabit, Deus his quague sinem.

I think of you every Day, I assure you, even without such good Memorials of you as your Sisters, with whom I sometimes talk of you, and find it one of the most agreeable of all Subjects to them. My Lord Digby must be perpetually remember'd by all who ever knew him, or knew his Children. There needs no more than an Acquaintance with your Family, to make all elder Sons wish they had Fathers

to their Lives end.

I can't touch upon the subject of filial Love, without putting you in mind of an old Woman who has a fincere, hearty, old-fashion'd Respect for you, and constantly blames her Son for not having writ

to you oftener, to tell you fo.

I very much wish (but what signifies my wishing? my Lady Scudamore wishes, your Sisters wish) that you were with us, to compare the beautiful Contrast this Season affords us, of the Town and the Country. No Ideas you could form in the Winter can make you imagine what Twickenham is (and what your Friend Mr Johnson of Twickenham is) in this warmer Season. Our River glitters beneath an unclouded Sun, at the same time that it's Banks retain the Verdure of Showers: our Gardens are offering their first Nosegays; our Trees like new Acquaintance brought happily together,

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her, are are stretching their Arms to meet each other, and growing nearer and nearer every Hour: The Birds are paying their thanksgiving Songs for the new Habitations I have made them: My Building rises high enough to attract the Eye and Curiosity of the Passenger from the River, where, upon beholding a Mixture of Beauty and Ruin, he enquires what House is falling, or what Church is rising? So little taste have our common Tritons of Vitruvius; whatever delight the true, unseen poetical Gods of the River may take, in restecting on their Streams my Tuscan Porticos, or Ionic Pilasters.

But (to descend from all this Pomp of Style) the best Account I can give of what I am building, is, that it will afford me a sew pleasant Rooms for such a Friend as yourself, or a cool Situation for an Hour or two for Lady Scudamore, when she will do me the Honour (at this public House on the Road) to drink her own Cyder.

The Moment I am Writing this, I am surpriz'd with the Account of the Death of a Friend of mine; which makes all I have here been talking of, a meer Jest! Buildings, Gardens, Writings, Pleasures, Works of whatever Stuff Man can raise! none of them (God knows) capable of advantaging a breature that is Mortal, or of satisfying a Soul that is Immortal! Dear Sir, I am

Your most faithful Servant.

M

#### To the same.

July 20, 1720.

VOUR kind Desire to know the State of my Health had not been unfatisfied of fo long, had not that ill State been the Impediment. Nor should I have feem'd an unconcern'd Party in the Joys of your Family, which I heard of from Lady Scudgmore, whose short Eschantillon of a Letter (of a quarter of a Page) I value as the short Glimpse of a Vision afforded to some devout Hermit; for it includes (as those Revelations do) a promise of a better Life in the Elyfian Groves of Cirencester, whither, I could almost say in the Style of a Sermon, the Lord bring us all, &c. Thither may we tend, by various ways to one blissful Bower: Thither may Health, Peace, and good Humour, wait upon us as Affociates: Thither may whole Cargoes of Nectar (Liquor of Life and Longævity!) by Mortals call'd Spaw-water, be convey'd: And there (as Milton has it) may we, like the Deities,

On Flow'rs repos'd, and with fresh Garlands crown'd,

Quaff Immortality and Joy ——

When I speak of Garlands, I should not forget the green Vestments and Scarves which your Sisters promis'd to make for this Purpose: I expect you too in green, with a Hunting-horn by your Side, and a green Hat, the Model of which you may take from Osberne's Description of King James I.

What Words, what Numbers, what Oratory, or what Poetry, can suffice, to express how infinitely I esteem, value, love, and desire you all, above

all

all the great ones, the rich ones, and the vain ones of this part of the World! above all the Jews, Jobbers, Bubblers, Subscribers, Projectors, Directors, Governors, Treasurers, &c. &c. &c. in sæcula

Sæculorum!

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Turn your Eyes and Attention from this miferable mercenary Petiod; and turn yourself, in a just Contempt of these Sons of Mammon, to the Contemplation of Books, Gardens, and Marriage, in which I now leave you, and return (Wretch that I am!) to Water-gruel and Palladio.

I am, &cc.

#### To the same.

Dear Sir, Twickenham, Sept. 1.

YOUR Doctor is going to the Bath, and stays a Fortnight or more; perhaps you would be comforted to have a Sight of him, whether you need him or not. I think him as good a Doctor as any for one that is ill, and a better Doctor than any for one that is well. He would do admirably for Mrs Mary Digby: She needed only to follow his Hints, to be in eternal Business and Amusement of Mind, and even as active as she could defire. But indeed I fear she would out-walk him: For (as Dean Swift observ'd to me the very first time I saw the Doctor) He is a Man that can do every thing, but walk. His Brother, who is lately come into England, goes also to the Bath; and is a more extraordinary Man than he, worth your going thither on purpose to know him. The Spirit of Philanthropy, so long dead to our World, is reviv'd in him: He is a Philosopher all of Fire; so warmly, nay, so wildly in the right, that he forces all others about him to be so too, and draws them into his own M 2

Vortex. He is a Star that looks as if it were all Fire, but is all Benignity, all gentle and beneficial Influence. If there be other Men in the World that would ferve a Friend, yet he is the only one I believe that could make even an Enemy ferve a Friend.

As all human Life is chequer'd and mix'd with Acquisitions and Losses (tho' the latter are more certain and irremediable, than the former lafting or fatisfactory) fo at the time I have gain'd the Acquaintance of one worthy Man I have loft another, a very easy, humane, and Gentlemanly Neighbour, Mr Stonor. It is certain the Loss of one of this Character puts us naturally upon fetting a greater Value on the few that are left, tho' the degree of our Esteem may be different. Nothing, says Seneca, is so melancholy a Circumstance in human Life, or fo foon reconciles us to the Thought of our own Death, as the Reflection and Prospect of one Friend after another dropping round us! Who would stand alone the fole remaining Ruin, the last tottering Column of all the Fabric of Friendship; once so large, feemingly fo ftrong, and yet fo fuddenly funk and buried? I am, &c.

## To the same.

Saturday Night.

Dear Sir,

I Have Belief enough in the Goodness of your whole Family, to think you will all be pleas'd that I am arriv'd in Sasety at Twickenham; tho' its a fort of Earnest, that you will be troubled again with me at Sherbourne, or Coleshill; for however I may like one of your places, it may be in that as in liking one of your family; when one sees the rest, one likes them all. Pray make my Services acceptable

acceptable to them; I wish them all the happiness they may want and the continuance of all the happiness they have; and I take the latter to comprize a great deal more than the former. I must separate Lady Scudamore from you, as I fear she will do herself, before this Letter reaches you: So I wish her a good Journey, and I hope one day to try if she lives as well as you do; tho' I much queftion if she can live as quietly: I suspect the Bells will be ringing at her Arrival, and on her own and Miss Scudamore's Birthdays, and that all the Clergy in the County come to pay Respects; both the Clergy and their Bells expecting from her, and from the young Lady, further Business, and further Employment. Besides all this, there dwells on the one fide of her the Lord Coningsby, and on the other Mr W-Yet I shall, when the Days and the Years come about, adventure upon all this for her fake.

'I beg my Lord Digby to think me a better Man, than to content myself with thanking him in the common Way. I am in as sincere a Sense of the Word, His Servant, as you are his Son, or he

your Father.

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ces ble I must in my turn insist upon hearing how my last Fellow-travellers got home from Clarendon, and desire Mr Philips to remember me in his Cyder, and to tell Mr W——t that I am dead and buried.

I wish the young Ladies, whom I almost robb'd of their good Name, a better Name in return (even that very Name to each of them, which they like best for the sake of the Man that bears it).

Your ever faithful

and affectionate Servant.

### To the same.

1722. YOUR making a fort of Apology for your not writing, is a very genteel Reproof to me. I know I was to blame, but I know I did not intend to be fo, and (what is the happiest Knowledge in the World) I know you will forgive me: For fure nothing is more fatisfactory than to be certain

of fuch a Friend as will overlook one's Failings, fince every fuch Instance is a Conviction of his

Kindness.

If I am all my Life to dwell in Intentions, and never to rife to Actions, I have but too much need of that gentle Disposition which I experience in you. But I hope better things of myself, and fulby purpose to make you a Visit this Summer at Sherbourne. I'm told you are all upon Removal very speedily, and that Mrs Mary Digby talks, in a Letter to Lady Scudamore, of feeing my Lord Bathurst's Wood in her Way. How much I wish to be her Guide thro' that inchanted Forest, is not to be exprest. I look upon myself as the Magician appropriated to the Place, without whom no Mortal can penetrate into the Recesses of those facred Shades. I could pass whole Days in only defcribing to her the future, and as yet visionary Beauties, that are to rife in those Scenes: the Palace that is to be built, the Pavillions that are to glitter, the Colonnades that are to adorn them: Nay more, the meeting of the Thames and the Severn, which (when the noble Owner has finer Dreams than ordinary) are to be led into each other's Embraces thro' fecret Caverns of not above twelve or fifteen Miles, till they rife and openly celebrate their Marriage in the midst of an immense Amphitheatre, which is to be the Admira-

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tion of Posterity a hundred Years hence. But till the destin'd Time shall arrive that is to manifest these Wonders, Mrs Digby must content herself with seeing what is at present no more than the

finest Wood in England.

The Objects that attract this part of the World, are of a quite different Nature. Women of Quality are all turn'd Followers of the Camp in Hyde-Park this Year, whither all the Town refort to magnificent Entertainments given by the Officers, &c. The Scythian Ladies that dwelt in the Waggons of War, were not more closely attached to the Luggage. The Matrons, like those of Sparta, attend their Sons to the Field, to be the Witnesses of their glorious Deeds; and the Maidens with all their Charms display'd, provoke the Spirit of the Soldiers: Tea and Coffee supply the place of Lacedemonian black Broth. This Camp feems crown'd with perpetual Victory, for every Sun that rifes in the Thunder of Cannon, fets in the Music of Violins. Nothing is yet wanting but the constant presence of the Princess to represent the Mater Exercitus.

At Twickenham the World goes otherwise. There are certain old People who take up all my time, and will hardly allow me to keep any other Company. They were introduced here by a Man of their own Sort, who has made me perfectly rude to all my Contemporaries, and won't so much as suffer me to look upon 'em. The Person I complain of is the Bishop of Rochester. Yet he allows me (from something he has heard of your Character and that of your Family, as if you were of the old Sect of Moralists) to write three or four sides of Paper to you, and to tell you (what these sort of People never tell but with Truth, and religious Sincerity) that I am, and ever will be,

Dear SIR,

#### To the Same.

THE same reason that hindered you writing, hindered mine, the pleasing Expectation to see you in Town. Indeed fince the willing Confinement I have lain under here with my Mother, (whom it is natural and reasonable I should rejoice with as well as grieve) I could the better bear your Absence from London, for I could hardly have feen you there; and it would not have been quite reasonable to have drawn you to a fick Room his ther from the first Embraces of your Friends. My Mother is now (I thank God) wonderfully recovered, tho' not fo much as yet to venture out of her Chamber, yet enough to enjoy a few particular Friends, when they have the good Nature to look upon her. I may recommend to you the Room we fit in, upon one (and that a favourite) Account, that it is the very warmest in the House: We and our Fires will equally fimile upon your Face. There is a Persian Proverb that says, I think very prettily, The Conversation of a Friend brightens the Eyes. This I take to be a Splendor still more agreeable than the Fires you fo delightfully describe.

That you may long enjoy your own Fire-side, in the metaphorical Sense, that is, all those of your Family who make it pleasing to sit and spend whole Wintry Months together (a far more rational Delight, and better selt by an honest Heart, than all the glaring Entertainments, numerous Lights, and salse Splendors, of an Assembly of empty Heads, aching Hearts, and salse Faces). This is my sincere

Wish to you and your's.

You say you propose much Pleasure in seeing some sew Faces about Town of my Acquaintance, I guess you mean Mrs Howard's and Mrs Blount's And

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And I affure you, you ought to take as much Pleafure in their *Hearts*, if they are what they sometimes express with regard to you.

Believe me, dear Sir, to you all a very faithful

Servant.

#### To the same.

October 10.

Dear Sir,

I Was upon the point of taking a much greater Journey than to Bermudas, even to that undifcovered Country, from whose Bourn no Traveller returns!

A Fever carry'd me on the high Gallop towards it for fix or feven days — But here you have me now, and that's all I shall say of it. Since which time an impertinent Lameness kept me at home twice as long; as if Fate should say (after the other dangerous Illness) "You shall neither go into the "other World, nor any where you like in "this." Else who knows but I had been at

Hom-lacy?

I conspire in your Sentiments, emulate your Pleasures, wish for your Company. You are all of one Heart and one Soul, as was said of the Primitive Christians. 'Tis like the Kingdom of the Just upon Earth; not a wicked Wretch to interrupt you; but a Set of try'd, experienc'd Friends, and sellow Comforters, who have seen Evil Men and Evil Days, and have, by a superior Rectitude of Heart, set yourselves above them, and reap your Reward. Why will you ever, of your own accord, end such a Millenary Year in London? transmigrate (if I may so call it) into other Creatures, in that Scene of Folly Militant, when you may reign for ever at Hom-lacy in Sense and Reamay reign for ever at Hom-lacy in Sense at the lack reign for ever at Hom-lacy in Sense at the lack reign for ever at Hom-lacy in Sense at the lack reign for ever at

fon Triumphant? I appeal to a third Lady in your Family, whom I take to be the most Innocent, and the leaft warp'd by idle Fashion and Custom, of you all; I appeal to Her, if you are not every Soul of you better People, better Companions, and happier, where you are? I defire her Opinion under her Hand in your next Letter, I mean Miss Scudamore's ++ - I'm consident if the would, or durft speak her Sense, and employ that Reasoning which God has given her, to infuse more thoughtfulness into you all; those Arguments could not fail to put you to the blush, and keep you out of Town, like People sensible of your own Felicities. I am not without hopes, if She can detain a Parliament Man and a Lady of Quality from the World one Winter, that I may come upon you with fuch irrefistable Arguments another Year, as may carry you all with me to Bermudas t, the Seat of all Earthly Happiness, and the new Jerusulem of the Righteous.

Don't talk of the Decay of the Year, the Season is good where the People are so: 'Tis the best Time of the Year for a Painter; there is more Variety of Colours in the Leaves, the Prospects begin to open thro' the thinner Woods, over the Vallies; and thro' the high Canopies of Trees to the higher Arch of Heaven: The Dews of the Morning impearl every Thorn, and scatter Diamonds on the verdant Mantle of the Earth: The Frosts are fresh and wholsome: What would ye have? The Moon shines too, tho' not for Lovers these cold Nights, but for Astronomers.

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<sup>††</sup> Now Duchels of Beaufort. At that time about twelve Years

<sup>†</sup> About this time the Rev. Dean Berkeley conceived his Project of creeding a Settlement in Bermudas for the Propagation of the Christian Faith, and of Sciences, in America.

Have ye not Reflecting Telescopes \* whereby ye may innocently magnify her Spots and Blemishes? Content yourselves with them, and do not come to a Place where your own Eyes become Reslecting Telescopes, and where those of all others are equally such upon their Neighbours. Stay you at least for what I have said before relates only to the Ladies, don't imagine I'll write about any Eyes but theirs) Stay, I say, from that idle busy-looking Sanbedrin, where Wisdom or No Wisdom is the Eternal Debate, not (as it lately was in Ireland) an Accidental one.

If after all, you will despise good Advice, and resolve to come to London; here you will find me, doing just the Things I should not, living where I should not, and as worldly, as idle; in a Word, as much an Anti-Bermudanist as any body. Dear Sir, make the Ladies know I am their Servant, you know I am

### To the Same.

August 12.

I Have been above a Month strolling about Bucking-hamsbire and Oxfordsbire, from Garden to Garden, but still returning to Lord Cobham's with fresh Satisfaction. I should be forry to see my Lady Scudamore's, till it has had the full Advantage of Lord Bathurs's Improvements; and then I will expect something like the Waters of Riskins, and the Woods of Oakley together, which (without Flattery) would be at least as good as any thing in our World: For as to the hanging Gardens of Babylon, the Paradise of Cyrus, and the Sharawaggi's of China, I have little or no Idea's of 'em, but I dare say Lord B—t

<sup>\*</sup> These Instruments were just then brought to Persection.

has, because they were certainly both very Great, and very Wild. I hope Mrs Mary Digby is quite tired of his Lordship's Extravagant Bergerie; and that she is just now fitting, or rather reclining, on a Bank, fatigu'd with overmuch Dancing and Singing at his unwearied Request and Instigation. I know your love of Ease so well, that you might be in danger of being too quiet to enjoy Quiet, and too philosophical to be a Philosopher, were it not for the Ferment Lord B. will put you into. One of his Lordship's Maxims is, that a total Abstinence from Intemperance or Bufiness, is no more Philofopby, than a total Composition of the Senses is Repose; one must Feel enough of it's contrary to have a Relish of either. But after all, let your Temper work, and be as fedate and contemplative as you will, I'll engage you shall be fit for his Lordship when you come to Town in the Wirter. Folly will laugh you into all the Customs of the Company here; nothing will be able to prevent vour Conversion to her, but Indisposition, which I hope will be far from you. I am telling the worst that can come of you; for as to Vice, you are fafe, but Folly is many an honest Man's, nay every good-humour'd Man's Lot: Nay, it is the Seafoning of Life; and Fools (in one Sense) are the Salt of the Earth; a little is excellent, tho' indeed a whole Mouthful is justly called the Devil.

So much for your Diversions next Winter, and for mine. I envy you much more at prefent, than I shall then; for if there be on Earth an Image of Paradife, it is in such perfect Union and Society as you all possess. I would have my innocent Envies and Wishes of your State known to you all; which is far better than making you Compliments, for it is inward Approbation and Esteem. My Lord Digby has in me a fincere Servant, or would

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have, were there any occasion for me to manifest it.

#### To the same,

September 10, 1724,

Dear Sir,

I AM glad your Travels delighted you, improve you I am sure they could not; you are not so much a Youth as that, tho' you run about with a King of sixteen, and (what makes him still more a Child) a King of Frenchmen. My own time has been more melancholy, spent in an attendance upon Death, which has seized one of our Family, my poor old Nurse. My Mother is something better, though at her advanced Age every Day is a Climacteric. There was joined to this an Indisposition of my own, which I ought to look upon as a slight one, compared with my Mother's (because my Life is not of half the Consequence to any Body, that her's is to me). All these Incidents have hinder'd my more speedy Reply to your obliging Letter.

The Article you enquire of, is of as little concern to me as you defire it should; namely the railing Papers about the Odyssey. If the Book has Merit, (and since you like it, it must) it will extinguish all such nasty Scandal, as the Sun puts an end to

flinks meerly by coming out.

I wish I had nothing to trouble me more; an honest Mind is not in the power of any dishonest one. To break it's Peace, there must be some Guilt or Consciousness, which is inconsistent with it's own Principles. Not but Malice and Injustice have their day, like some poor short-lived Vermine, that die of shooting their own Stings. Falsbood

Falshood is Folly (fays Homer,) and Liars and Calumniators at last hurt none but themselves, even in this World: In the next, 'tis Charity to fay God have Mercy on them! They were the Devil's Vicegerents upon Earth, who is the Father of Lies. and I fear has a Right to dispose of his Children.

I've had an Occasion to make these Resections of late, more justly than from any thing that concerns my Writings, for it is one that concerns my Morals, and (which I ought to be as tender of as my own) the good Character of another very innocent Person, who I'm sure shares your Friendship no less than I do. \*\*\*\* No Creature has better natural Dispositions, or would act more rightly, or reasonably, in every Duty, did she act by herself, or from herself: But you know 'tis the Misfortune of that Family to be govern'd like a Ship, I mean the Head guided by the Tail, and that by every Wind that blows in it.

## To the Same.

Dec. 28, 1724.

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Dear Sir,

I T is now the Seafon to wish you a good End of one Year, and a happy Beginning of another: but both these you know how to make yourself, by only continuing such a Life as you have been long accustomed to lead. As for good Works, they are things I dare not name, either to those that do them, or those that do them not; the first are too modest, and the latter too selfish, to bear the mention of what are become either too old-fashion'd, or too private, to constitute any Part of the Vanity or Reputation of the present Age. However, it were to be wish'd People would now and then look upon good Works as they do upon old Wardrobes,

meerly in case any of them should by chance come into Fashion again; as ancient Fardingales revive in modern Hoop'd Petticoats (which may be properly compar'd to Charities, as they cover a multitude

of Sins).

They tell me that at-certain antiquated Charities, and obselete Devotions are yet subsisting; that a thing call'd Christian Chearfulness, (not incompatible with Christmas Pyes and Plum-broth) whereof frequent is the mention in old Sermons and Almanacks, is really kept alive and in Practice: That feeding the Hungry, and giving Alms to the Poor, do yet make a Part of good House-keeping, in a Latitude not more remote from London than fourscore Miles: and lastly, that Prayers and Roaft-beef actually make some People as happy, as a Whore and a Bottle. But here in Town I affure you, Men, Women, and Children, have done with these things. Charity not only begins, but ends Instead of the four Cardinal Virtues, now reign four Princely ones; we have cunning for Prudence, Rapine for Justice, Time-ferving for Fortitude, and Luxury for Temperance. ever you may fancy where you live in a State of Ignorance, and fee nothing but Quiet, Religion, and Good Humour; the case is just as I tell you where People understand the World, and know how to live with Credit and Glory.

I wish that Heaven would open the eyes of Men, and make 'em sensible which of these is right: whether upon a due Conviction, we are to quit Faction, and Gaming, and High-seeding and Whoring, and take to your Country way; or you to leave Prayers, and Almsgiving, and Reading and Exercise, and come into our measures. I wish (I say) that this Matter were as clear to all Men, as it is to

Your Affectionate, &c. LETTERS



# LETTERS

TO

# EDWARD BLOUNT, E/g;

From 1715, to 1725.

### To EDWARD BLOUNT, E/q;

Fanuary 21, 1715-6.

Dear Sir,



KNOW of nothing that will be fo Intereffing to you at prefent, as some circumstances of the last Act of that eminent Comic Poet, and our Friend, Wycherley. He had often told me, as I doubt not he did all his Acquain-

tance, that he would marry as foon as his Life was despaired of. Accordingly a few days before his Death he underwent the Ceremony: and joined together those two Sacraments, which wife Men fay should be the last we receive; for if you observe, Matrimony is plac'd after Extreme Unction in our Catechism, as a kind of Hint of the Order of Time in which they are to be taken. The old Man then lay down, fatisfy'd in the Conscience of having, by this one Act, paid his just Debts, obliged a Woman who (he was told) had Merit, and shewn an heroic refentment of the ill usage of his next Heir. Some hundred pounds which he had v ture penc felf, mair twic ness muc mor Eve Wif not mal he t will rem Wi tha ley I t

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had with the Lady, discharged those Debts; a Jointure of four hundred a year made her a Recompence; and the nephew he left to comfort himfelf, as well as he could, with the miferable Remains of a mortgaged Estate. I saw our Friend twice after this was done, less peevish in his Sickness than he used to be in his Health; neither much afraid of dying, nor (which in him had been more likely) much ashamed of marrying. Evening before he expired, he called his young Wife to the bed-fide, and earnestly entreated her not to deny him one request, the last he should make. Upon her Affurances of confenting to it, he told her, My Dear, it is only this; that you will never marry an old Man again. I cannot help remarking, that Sickness which often destroys both Wit and Wisdom, yet seldom has power to remove that Talent which we call Humour. Mr -Wycherley shewed his even in this last Compliment, tho' I think his request a little hard; for why should he bar her from doubling her Jointure on the same easy Terms.

So trivial as these Circumstances are, I should not be displeas'd myself to know such Trisses, when they concern or characterise any eminent Person. The wisest and wittiest of Men are seldom wiser or wittier than others in these sober Moments. At least our Friend ended much in the Character he had liv'd in, and Horace's Rule for a Play may as well be apply'd to him as a Play wright:

-- fervetur ad imum

Qualis ab inceptu processerit, & sibi constet.

I am, &c.

#### To the same.

February 10, 1715-16.

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Dear Sir,

I Am just return'd from the Country, whither Mr Rowe accompanied me, and pass'd a Week in the Forest. I need not tell you how much a Man of his Turn entertain'd me; but I must acquaint you there is a Vivacity and Gaiety of Disposition almost peculiar to him, which make it impossible to part from him without that Uneafiness which generally fucceeds all our Pleasures. I have been just taking a folitary Walk by Moon-shine, full of Reflexions on the transitory Nature of all human Delights; and giving my Thoughts a loofe in the Contemplation of those Satisfactions which probably we may hereafter tafte in the Company of feparate Spirits, when we shall range the Walks above, and perhaps gaze on this World at as vaft a Distance as we now do on those Worlds. The Pleasures we are to enjoy in that Conversation must undoubtedly be of a nobler kind; and (not unlikely) may proceed from the Difcoveries each shall communicate to another, of God and of Nature: for the Happiness of Minds can furely be nothing but Knowledge.

The highest Gratification we receive here from Company is *Mirth*, which at the best is but a fluttering unquiet Motion, that beats about the Breast for a few Moments, and after leaves it void and empty.

Keeping good Company, even the best, is but a

less shameful Art of losing Time.

What we here call Science and Study, are little better. The greater Number of Arts to which we apply ourselves are meer groping in the Dark; and even the Search of our most important Concerns in a

future

future Being, is but a needless, anxious, and uncertain Haste to be knowing sooner than we can, what, without all this Sollicitude, we shall know a little later. We are but Curious Impertinents in the Case of Futurity. 'Tis not our Business to be guessing what the State of Souls shall be, but to be doing what may make our own State happy: We cannot be Knowing, but we can be Virtuous.

If this be my Notion of a great part of that high Science, Divinity; you will be so civil as to imagine I lay no mighty stress upon the rest. Even of my darling Poetry I really make no other Use, than Horses of the Bells that gingle about their Ears (tho' now and then they toss their Heads as if they were proud of 'em) only to jogg on a little more merrily.

Your Observations on the narrow Conceptions of Mankind in the Point of Friendship, confirm me in what I was so fortunate as at my first Knowledge of you to hope, and since so amply to experience. Let me take so much decent Pride and Dignity upon me, as to tell you, that but for Opinions like these, which I discover'd in your Mind, I had never made the Trial I have done; which has succeeded so much to mine, and I believe not less to your Satisfaction: For if I know you right, your Pleasure is greater in obliging me, than I can feel on my part, till it falls in my Power to oblige you.

Your Remark, that the Variety of Opinion in Politics or Religion is often rather a Gratification than Objection to People, who have Sense enough to confider the beautiful Order of Nature in her Variations, makes me think you have not construed Joannes Secundus wrong, in the Verse which preceeds that which you quote: Bene nota Fides, as I take it, does no ways fignify the Roman Catholic Religion, though Secundus was of it. I think it was a generous Thought, and one that flow'd from

an exalted Mind, that it was not improbable but God might be delighted with the various Methods of worshipping him, which divided the whole World. I am pretty sure You and I should no more make good Inquisitors to the modern Tyrants in Faith, than we could have been qualify'd for Listors to Procrustes, when he converted refractory Members with the Rack. In a Word, I can only repeat to you what I think I have formerly said; that I as little fear God will damn a Man who has Charity, as I hope that any Priest can save him without it.

#### To the same.

Dear Sir,

March 20, 1715-16.

I Find that a real Concern is not only a Hindrance to Speaking, but to Writing too. The more time we give ourselves to think over one's own, or a Friend's Unhappiness, the more unable we grow to express the Grief that proceeds from it. It is as natural to delay a Letter at fuch a Seafon as this, as to retard a melancholy Vifit to a Person one cannot relieve. One is ashamed in that Circumstance, to pretend to entertain People with trifling, infignificant Affectations of Sorrow on the one Hand, or unfeasonable and forced Gaieties on 'Tis a kind of Profanation of things facred, to treat so solemn a Matter as a generous voluntary Suffering, with Compliments or Heroic Gallantries. Such a Mind as your's has no need of being spirited up into Honour, or like a weak Woman, praised into an Opinion of it's own Virtue. 'Tis enough to do and fuffer what we ought; and Men should know, that the noble Power of Suffering bravely is as far above that of enterprizing greatly,
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ly, as an unblemish'd Conscience and inflexible Resolution are above an accidental Flow of Spirits, or a sudden Tide of Blood. If the whole religious Business of Mankind be included in Resignation to our Maker, and Charity to our Fellow-Creatures; there are now some People who give us Opportunity of affording as bright an Example in practising the one, as themselves have given an infamous Instance of the Violation of the other. Whoever is really brave, has always this Comfort when he is oppress'd, that he knows himself to be superior to those who injure him: For the greatest Power on Earth can no sooner do him that Injury, but the brave Man can make himself greater by forgiving it.

If it were generous to feek for alleviating Confolations in a Calamity of fo much Glory, one might fay that to be ruin'd thus in the Gross, with a whole People, is but like perishing in the general Conflagration, where nothing we can value is left

behind us.

Methinks in our present Condition, the most heroic thing we are left capable of doing, is to endeavour to lighten each other's Load, and (opprest as we are) to fuccour fuch as are yet more opprest. If there are too many who cannot be affifted but by what we cannot give, our Money; there are yet others who may be reliev'd by our Counsel, by our Countenance, and even by our Chearfulness. The Misfortunes of private Families, the Mifunderstandings of People whom Distresses make suspicious, the Coldnesses of Relations whom Change of Religion may dif-unite, or the Necessities of halfruin'd Estates render unkind to each other; these at least may be soften'd into some Degrees, by a general well-manag'd Humanity among ourselves, if all those who have your Principles of Belief, had alfo your Sense and Conduct. But indeed most of 'em have given lamentable \* Proofs of the contrary; and 'tis to be apprehended that they who want Sense, are only religious through Weakness. and good-natur'd thro' Shame. These are narrowminded Creatures that never deal in Effentials; their Faith never looks beyond Ceremonials, nor their Charity beyond Relations. As poor as I am, I would gladly relieve any diffressed, conscientious French Refugee at this Instant; what must my Concern then be, when I perceive fo many Anxieties now tearing those Hearts, which I have defired a place in; and Clouds of Melancholy rifing on those Faces, which I have long look'd upon with Affection? I begin already to feel both what some apprehend, and what others are yet too stupid to apprehend. I grieve with the Old, for fo many additional Inconveniencies, and Chagrins, more than their small Remain of Life seem'd destin'd to undergo; and with the Young, for fo many of those Gayeties and Pleasures (the Portion of Youth) which they will by this means be depriv'd of. This brings into my Mind one or other of those I love best, and among them the Widow and Fatherless, late of — As I am certain no People living had an earlier and truer Sense of others Misfortunes, or a more generous Resignation as to what might be their own; fo I earnestly with, that whatever part they must bear, may be render'd as supportable to them, as it is in the power of any Friend to make it.

But I know you have prevented me in this Thought, as you always will in any thing that's good, or generous: I find by a Letter of your Lady's (which I have feen) that their Ease and Tranquillity is part of your Care. I believe there's

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<sup>\*</sup> This was written in the Year of the Affair of Preston.

some Fatality in it, that you should always, from time to time, be doing those particular things that

make me enamour'd of you.

I write this from Windfor Forest, of which I am come to take my last look. We here bid our Neighbours adieu, much as those who go to be hang'd do their Fellow-Prisoners, who are condemn'd to follow them a few Weeks after. I parted from honest Mr D—— with Tenderness; and from old Sir William Trumbull as from a venerable Prophet, foretelling with listed Hands the Miseries to come, from which he is just going to be remov'd himself.

Perhaps, now I have learnt fo far as

- Nos Dulcia linquimus arva,

My next Lesson may be

Nos Patriam fugimus -

Let that, and all else be as Heaven pleases! I have provided just enough to keep me a Man of Honour. I believe you and I shall never be asham'd of each other. I know I wish my Country well; and if it undoes me, it shall not make me wish it otherwise.

To the same.

Dear Sir,

June 22, 1716.

If a Regard both to public and private Affairs may plead a lawful Excuse in Behalf of a negligent Correspondent, I have really a very good Title to it. I cannot say whether 'tis a Felicity or Unhappiness, that I am obliged at this time to give up my whole Application to Homer; when without that Employment, my Thoughts must turn upon what is less agreeable, the Violence, Madness, and Resentment, of modern War-makers, which are likely to prove (to some People at least) more fatal,

fatal, than the fame Qualities in Achilles did to his

unfortunate Countrymen.

Tho' the Change of my Scene of Life from Windfor Forest to the side of the Thames be one of the grand Era's of my Days, and may be called a notable Period in fo inconfiderable a History; yet you can scarce imagine any Hero passing from one Stage of Life to another with fo much Tranquillity, fo easy a Transition, and so laudable a Behaviour. I am become fo truly a Citizen of the World (according to Plato's Expression) that I look with equal Indifference on what I have loft, and on what I have gained. The Times and Amusements past are not more like a Dream to me, than those which are present: I lie in a refreshing kind of Inaction, and have one Comfort at least from Obfcurity, that the Darkness helps me to sleep the better. I now and then reflect upon the Enjoyment of my Friends, whom I fancy I remember much as separate Spirits do us, at tender Intervals, neither interrupting their own Employments, nor altogether careless of ours; but, in general, constantly wishing us well, and hoping to have us one Day in their Company.

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To grow indifferent to the World is to grow Philosophical, or Religious; (whichsoever of those Turns we chance to take) and indeed the World is such a thing as one that thinks pretty much, must either laugh at, or be angry with: But if we laugh at it, they say we are proud; and if we are angry with it, they say we are ill-natur'd. So the most politic way is to seem always better pleas'd than one can be, greater Admirers, greater Lovers, and in short greater Fools, than we really are: So shall we live comfortably with our Families, quietly with our Neighbours, savour'd by our Masters, and happy with our Mistresses. I have filled my Paper, and so adieu.

### To the Same.

Sept. 8, 1717.

Dear Sir,

I Think your leaving England was like a good Man's leaving the World, with the bleffed Confcience of having acted well in it: And I hope you have received your Reward, in being happy where you are. I believe, in the Religious Country you now inhabit, you'll be better pleased to find I confider you in this light, than if I compared you to those Greeks and Romans, whose Constancy in suffering Pain, and whose Resolution in pursuit of a generous End, you would rather imitate than boast of.

But I had a melancholy hint the other day, as if you were yet a Martyr to the Fatigue your Virtue made you undergo on this fide the Water. I beg if your Health be restored to you, not to deny me the Joy of knowing it: Your endavours of Service and good Advices to the poor Papists, put me in mind of Noah's preaching forty years to those folks that were to be drowned at last. At the worst I heartily wish your Ark may find an Ararat, and the Wise and Family, (the hopes of the good Patriarch) land safely after the Deluge upon the Shore of Totness.

If I durst mix prophane with facred History, I would chear you with the old Tale of Brutus the wandering Trojan, who found on that very Coast the happy End of his Peregrinations and Adven-

tures.

I have very lately read Jeffery of Monmouth (to whom your Cornwall is not a little beholden) in the Translation of a Clergyman in my neighbour-

hood. The poor Man is highly concerned to vindicate Jeffery's veracity as an Historian; and told me he was perfectly aftonished, we of the Roman Communion could doubt of the Legends of his Giants, while we believed those of our Saints? I am forced to make a fair Composition with him; and by crediting some of the wonders of Corinaus and Gogmagog, have brought him so far already, that he speaks respectfully of St Christopher's carrying Christ, and the Resuscitation of St Nicholas Tolentine's Chickens. Thus we proceed apace in converting each other from all manner of Insidelity.

Ajax and Hector are no more compared to Corineus and Arthur, than the Guelphs and Ghibellines were to the Mohocks of ever dreadful memory. This amazing Writer has made me lay afide Homer for a Week, and when I take him up again, I shall be very well prepared to translate with belief and reverence the Speech of Achilles's

Horfe.

You'll excuse all this trisling, or any thing else which prevents a Sheet sull of Compliment: And believe there is nothing more true (even more true than any thing in Jeffery is saise) than that I have constant Affection for you, and am, &c.

P. S. I I now you will take part in rejoicing for the Victory of Prince Eugene over the Turks, in the Zeal you bear to the Christian Interest, tho' your Cousin of Oxford (with whom I dined yesterday) fays, there is no other difference in the Christians beating the Turks, or the Turks beating the Christians, than whether the Emporor shall first declare War against Spain, or Spain declare it against the Emporor. I must add another Apothegm of the same noble Earl; it was the Saying of a politic Prince,

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Prince, "Time and he would get the better of any two others." To which Lord Oxford made this Answer,

Time and I'gainst any two? Chance and I'gainst Time and you.

### To the same.

Nov. 27, 1717.

Dear Sir,

THE Question you proposed to me is what at present I am the most unfit Man in the World to answer, by my Loss of one of the best of Fathers.

He had lived in such a Course of Temperance as was enough to make the longest Life agreeable to him, and in such a Course of Piety as sufficed to make the most sudden Death so also. Sudden indeed it was: However, I heartily beg of God to give me such an one, provided I can lead such a Life. I leave him to the Mercy of God, and to the Piety of Religion that extends beyond the Grave: Si qua est ea cura, &c.

He has left me to the ticklish Management of a narrow Fortune, where every false Step is dangerous. My Mother is in that dispirited State of Resignation, which is the effect of long Life, and the Loss of what is dear to us. We are really each of us in want of a Friend, of such an human Turn as yourself, to make almost any thing desirable to us. I feel your Absence more than ever, at the same time I can less express my Regards to you than ever; and shall make this, which is the most sincere Letter I ever writ to you, the shortest

No

and faintest perhaps of any you have received. 'Tis enough if you restect, that barely to remember any Person, when one's Mind is taken up with a sensible Sorrow, is a great degree of Friendship. I can say no more but that I love you, and all that are your's; and that I wish it may be very long before any of of your's shall seel for you what I now seel for my Father. Adieu.

# To the same.

Rentcomb in Glocestershire, Oct. 3, 1721.

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Dear Sir,

YOUR kind Letter has overtaken me here, for I have been in and about this Country ever fince your departure. I am pleased to date this from a Place fo well known to Mrs Blount, where I write as if I were dictated by her Ancesters, whose Faces are all upon me. I fear none fo much as Sir Christopher Guise, who being in his Shirt, seems as ready to combate me, as her own Sir John was to demolish Duke Lancaster. I dare say your Lady will recollect his Figure. I looked upon the Manfion, Walls, and Terraces; the Plantations and Slopes, which Nature has made to command a Variety of Vallies and riling Woods; with a Veneration mixt with a Pleasure, that represented her to me in those puerile Amusements, which engaged her fo many Years ago in this Place: I fancy'd I faw her fober over a Sampler, or gay over a joynted Baby. I dare fay fhe did one thing more, even in those early Times; remember'd her Creator in the Days of her Youth.

You describe so well your Hermitical State of Life, that none of the ancient Anchorites could go beyond

beyond you, for a Cave in a Rock, with a fine Spring, or any of the Accommodations that befit a Solitary. Only I don't remember to have read, that any of those venerable and holy Personages took with them a Lady, and begat Sons and Daughters. You must modestly be content to be accounted a Patriarch. But were you a little younger, I should rather rank you with Sir Amadis, and his Fellows. If Piety be fo romantick, I shall turn Hermit in good earnest; for I see one may go as far as to be poetical, and hope to fave one's Soul at the fame time. I really wish myself fomething more, that is, a Prophet; for I wish I were as Habakkuk, to be taken by the Hair of the Head, and vifit Daniel in his Den. You are very obliging in faying, I have now a whole Family upon my Hands, to whom to discharge the part of a Friend: I affure you I like 'em all fo well, that I will never quit my Heredit. y Right to them; you have made me your's, and confequently them mine. I still fee then: walking on my Green at Twickenham, and gratefully remember (not only their green Gowns) but the Instructions they gave me how to flide down, and trip up the steepest Slopes of my Mount.

Pray think of me fometimes, as I shall often of you; and know me for what I am, that is,

Your's.

# To the same.

Twickenham, Oct. 21. 1721.

Dear Sir,

YOUR very kind and obliging manner of enquiring after me, among the first concerns of Life, at your Refuscitation, should have been sooner answered and acknowledged. I sincerely rejoice at your recovery from an Illness which gave me less Pain than it did you, only from my Ignorance of it. I should have else been seriously and deeply affected, in the thought of your Danger by a Fever. I think it a fine and a natural Thought, which I lately read in a private Letter of Montagne, giving an account of the last Words of an intimate Friend of his: " Adieu, my Friend! the Pain I " feel will foon be over, but I grieve for that you are to feel, which is to last you for Life."

I join with your Family in giving God thanks for lending us a worthy Man fomewhat longer. The Comforts you receive from their Attendance, put me in mind of what old Fletcher of Saltoune faid one day to me. " Alas, I have nothing to do but to die; I am a poor Individual; no Creature to wish, or to fear, for my Life or Death: 'Tis the only reason I have to repent being a single Man; " now I grow old, I am like a Tree without a

" Prop, and without young Trees of my own " fheeding, to grow round me, for Company and Defence."

I hope the Gout will foon go after the Fever, and all evil Things remove far from you. But pray tell me, when will you move towards us? If you had an Interval to get hither, I care not what fixes vou afterwards, except the Gout. Pray come,

and never stir from us again. Do away your dirty Acres, cast 'em to dirty People, such as in the Scripture Phrase possess the Land. Shake off your Earth like the noble Animal in Milton.

The tawny Lyon, pawing to get free
His hinder Parts, he springs as broke from Bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded Main: the Ounce,
The Lizard, and the Tiger, as the Mole
Rising, the crumbled Earth above them threw
In Hillocks!

But I believe Milton never thought, these fine Verses of his should be apply'd to a Man selling a parcel of dirty Acres; though in the main I think it may have some resemblance; for God knows this little space of Ground nourishes, buries, and confines us, as that of Eden did those Creatures, till we can shake it loose, at least in our Affections and Defires.

Believe, dear Sir, I truly love and value you; let Mrs Blount know that she is in the list of my Memento Domine's Famulorum Famularumque's, &c. My poor Mother is far from well, declining; and I am watching over her, as we watch an expiring Taper, that even when it looks brightest, wastes fastest. I am (as you will see from the whole Air of this Letter) not in the gayest nor easiest Humour, but always with Sincerity,

Dear Sir,

Your's.

# To the same.

June 27. 1723.

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Dear Sir,

YOU may truly do me the Justice to think no Man is more your fincere well-wisher than myself, or more the well-wisher of your whole Family; with all which, I cannot deny but I have a mixture of Envy to you all, for loving one another so well; and for enjoying the sweets of that Life, which can only be tasted by People of good will.

They from all Shades the Darkness can exclude, And from a Desart banish Solitude.

Torbay is a Paradife, and a Storm is but an A-musement to such People. If you drink Tea upon a Promontory that overhangs the Sea, it is preferable to an Assembly; and the whistling of the Wind better Music to contented and loving Minds, than the Opera to the Spleenful, Ambitious, Diseased, Distasted, and Distracted Souls, which this World affords; nay, this World affords no other. Happy they! who are banish'd from us: but happier they, who can banish themselves; or more properly, banish the World from them!

#### Alas! I live at Twickenham!

I take that Period to be very sublime, and to include more than a hundred Sentences that might be writ to express Distraction, Hurry, Multiplication of Nothings, and all the satisfying perpetual Business of having no Business to do. You'll wonder I reckon translating the Odyssey as nothing?

But whenever I think feriously (and of late I have met with so much Occasions of thinking seriously, that I begin never to think otherwise) I cannot but think these things very Idle; as Idle, as if a Beast of Burden should go on jingling his Bells, without bearing any thing valuable about him, or ever serving his Master.

Life's vain Amusements, amidst which we dwell; Not weigh'd, or understood by the grim God of Hell!

Said a Heathen Poet; as he is translated by a Christian Bishop, who has, first by his Exhortations, and since by his Example, taught me to think as becomes a reasonable Creature.— But he is gone! He carry'd away more Learning than is left in this Nation behind him: But he left us more in the noble Example of bearing Calamity well. 'Tistrue, we want Literature very much; but pray God we don't want Patience more! if these Precedents are to prevail.

I remember I promised to write to you, as soon as I should hear you were got home. You must look on this as the first Day I've been myself, and pass over the mad Interval un-imputed to me. How punctual a Correspondent I shall hence forward be able, or not able to be, God knows: But he knows I shall ever be a punctual and grateful Friend, and all the good Wishes of such an one will ever

attend you.





## To the same.

June 2. 1725.

Dear Sir,

YOU shew your self a just Man and a Friend in those Guesses and Suppositions you make at the possible Reasons of my Silence; every one of which is a true one. As to forgetfulness of you or your's, I affure you, the promifcuous Conversations of the Town serve only to put me in mind of better. and more quiet, to be had in a Corner of the World (undiffurb'd, innocent, ferene, and fenfible) with fuch as you. Let no access of any Distrust make you think of me differently in a cloudy Day from what you do in the most sunshing Weather. Let the young Ladies be affur'd I make nothing new in my Gardens without wishing to see the Print of their Fairy Steps in every Part of 'em. I have put the last Hand to my Works of this kind, in happily finishing the subterraneous Way and Grotto; I there found a Spring of the clearest Water, which falls in a perpetual Rill, that ecchoes thro' the Cavern Day and Night. From the River Thames, you fee thro' my Arch up a Walk of the Wilderness to a kind of open Temple, wholly composed of Shells in the Rustic Manner; and from that distance under the Temple you look down thro' a floping Arcade of Trees, and fee the Sails on the River passing suddenly and vanishing, as thro' a perspective Glass. When you shut the Doors of this Grotto, it becomes on the Instant, from a luminous Room, a Camera objects of which all the Objects of the River, Hills, Woods, and Boats, are forming a moving Picture in their visible Radiations: And when you have a Mind to light it up, it affords you a very different Scene: It is finished with Shells interspersed

terspers'd with pieces of Looking-glass in angular Forms; and in the Cieling is a Star of the fame Material, at which, when a Lamp (of an orbicular Figure of thin Alabaster) is hung in the Middle, a thousand pointed Rays glitter and are reflected over the Place. There are connected to this Grotto by a narrower Passage, two Porches, with Niches and Seats; one toward the River, of smooth Stones, full of Light, and open; the other toward the Arch of Trees, rough with Shells, Flints and Iron Ore. The Bottom is paved with fimple Peeble, as the adjoining Walk up the Wilderness to the Temple, is to be Cockle-shells, in the natural Tafte, agreeing not ill with the little dripping Murmur, and the aquatic Idea of the whole Place. wants nothing to compleat it but a good Statue with an Inscription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am fo fond of.

Hujus Nympha loci, sacri custodia fontis Dormio, dum blandæ sentio murmur aquæ. Parce meum, quisquis tangis cava marmora, somnum Rumpere, seu bibas, sive lavare, tace.

Nymph of the Grot, these sacred Springs, I And to the Murmur of these Waters sleep; Whoe'er thou art, ah gently tread the Cave, Ah bathe in Silence, or in Silence lave.

You'll think I have been very poetical in this Description, but it is pretty near the Truth. I wish you were here to bear Testimony how little it owes to Art, either the Place itself, or the Image I give of it.

I am, &c.

# To the same.

Septemb. 25, 1725.

Dear Sir,

I Should be asham'd to own the Receipt of a very kind Letter from you, two whole Months from the Date of this; if I were not more asham'd to tell a Lye, or to make an Excuse, which is worse than a Lye (for being built upon some probable Circumstance, it makes use of a degree of Truth to falsify with: It is a Lye guarded). Your Letter has been in my Pocket in constant wearing, till that, and the Pocket, and the Suit, are worn out; by which means, I have read it forty times, and I find by so doing, that I have not enough consider'd and reslected upon many others you have oblig'd me with; for true Friendship, as they say of good Writing, will bear reviewing a thousand times; and still discover new Beauties.

I have had a Fever, a fhort one, but a violent: I am now well. So it shall take up no more of this

Paper.

I begin now to expect you in Town, to make the Winter to come more tolerable to us both. The Summer is a kind of Heaven, when we wander in a paradifaical Scene of Nature among Groves and Gardens; but at this Season, we are like our poor first Parents, turn'd out of that agreeable, though solitary Life, and forc'd to look about for more People to help to bear our Labours, to get into warmer Houses, and hive together in Cities.

I hope you are long fince perfectly restor'd, and risen from your Gout, happy in the Delights of a contented Family, smiling at Storms, laughing at Greatness, and merry over a Christmas-fire, exercising

cifing all the Functions of an old Patriarch in Charity and Hospitality. I will not tell Mrs B. what I think she is doing; for I conclude it is her Opinion, that he only ought to know it for whom it is done; and she will allow herself to be far enough advanc'd above a fine Lady, not to desire to shine before Men.

Your Daughters perhaps may have some other Thoughts, which even their Mother must excuse them for, because she is a Mother. I will not however suppose those Thoughts get the better of their Devotions, but rather excite 'em, and affish the Warmth of them; while their Prayer may be, that they may raise up and breed as irreproachable a young Family as their Parents have done. In a word, I fancy you all well, easy, and happy, just as I wish you; and next to that I wish you all with me.

Next to God, is a good Man: Next in Dignity, and next in Value. Minuisti eum paullo minus ab Angelis. If therefore I wish well to the good and the deserving, and desire they only should be my Companions and Correspondents; I must very soon, and very much think of you. I want your Company, and your Example. Pray make haste to Town, so as not again to leave us: Discharge the Load of Earth that lies on you, like one of the Mountains under which the Poets say the Giants (that is, the Men of the Earth) are whelmed: Leave Earth to the Sons of Earth; your Conversation is in Heaven. Which that it may be accomplish'd in us all, is the Prayer of him who maketh this short Sermon, value (to you) Three-pence. Adieu.



# LETTERS

OF

Mr P O P E to Mr G A Y.

From 1712 to 1730.

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SIR,



O U writ me a very kind Letter some Months ago, and told me you were then upon the point of taking a Journey into *Devonshire*. That hinder'd my answering you, and I have since

feveral times enquir'd of you, without any Satisfaction; for fo I call the Knowledge of your Welfare, or of any thing that concerns you. I pass'd two Months in Suffex, and fince my Return have been again very ill. I writ to Lintot in hopes of hearing of you, but had no Answer to that Point. Our Friend Mr Cromwell too has been filent all this Year; I believe he has been displeas'd at some or other of my Freedoms; which I very innocently take, and most with those I think most my Friends. But

But this I know nothing of; perhaps he may have open'd to you: And, if I know you right, you are of a Temper to cement Friendships, and not to divide them. I really much love Mr Cromwell, and have a true Affection for yourself, which if I had any Interest in the World, or Power with those who have, I should not be long without manifesting to you. I desire you will not, either out of Modesty, or a vicious Distrust of another's Value for you, (those two eternal Foes to Merit) imagine that your Letters and Conversation are not always welcome to me. There's no Man more intirely fond of good Nature or Ingenuity than myself, and I have seen too much of those Qualities in Mr Gay to be any thing less than his

Binfield, Nov. 13,
1712. most affectionate Friend,

and real Servant,

A. POPE.

Dec. 24, 1712.

Dear SIR,

I T has been my good Fortune within this month past, to hear more things that have pleas'd me than (I think) almost in all my time beside. But nothing, upon my word has been so home-felt a Satisfaction as the News you tell me of yourself: And you are not in the least mistaken, when you congratulate me upon your own good Success; for I have more People to be happy out of, than any ill-natur'd man can boast, I may with Honesty affirm

affirm to you, that notwithstanding the many Inconveniencies and Disadvantages they commonly talk of in the Res angusti domi, I have never sound any other, than the Inability of giving People of Merit the only certain Proof of our Value for them, in doing 'em some real Service. For, after all, if we could but think a little, Self-love might make us Philosophers, and convince us, Quantuli indiget Natura! Ourselves are easily provided for; 'tis nothing but the Circumstantials, and the Apparatus or Equipage of human Life that costs so much the surnishing. Only what a luxurious Man wants for Horses and Foot-men, a good-natur'd Man wants for his Friends or the Indigent.

I shall see you this Winter with much greater Pleasure than I could the last; and I hope as much of your Time as your Attendance on the Duchess will allow you to spare to any Friend, will not be thought lost upon one who is as much so as any Man. I must also put you in mind, tho' you are now Secretary to this Lady, that you are likewise Secretary to Nine other Ladies, and are to write sometimes for them too. He who is forc'd to live wholly upon those Ladies Favours, is indeed in as precarious a Condition as any He who does what Chaucer says—for Sustenance; but they are very agreeable Companions, like other Ladies, when a Man only passes a Night or so with them at his Leisure, and away.

I am

Your, &c.

Aug. 23, 1713.

Dear Sir,

JUST as I receiv'd your's, I was fet down to write to you with fome Shame that I had fo long deferr'd it. But I can hardly repent my Neglect, when it gives me the Knowledge how little you infift upon Ceremony, and how much a greater Share in your Memory I have than I deserve. I have been near a Week in London, where I am like to remain, till I become, by Mr 7-s's help, Elegans Formarum Spectator. I begin to discover Beauties that were till now imperceptible to me. Every Corner of an Eye, or Turn of a Nose or Ear, the fmallest Degree of Light or Shade on a Cheek, or in a Dimple, have Charms to distract me. I no longer look upon Lord Plausible as ridiculous, for admiring a Lady's fine Tip of an Ear, and pretty Elbow (as the Plain-dealer has it), but am in some Danger even from the Ugly and Difagreeable, fince they may have their retir'd Beauties, in one Trait or other about 'em. You may guess in how uneasy a State I am, whenevery Day the Performances of others appear more beautiful and excellent, and my own more despicable. I have thrown away three Dr Swifts, each of which was once my Vanity; two Lady Bridgewaters, a Duchess of Montague, besides half a dozen Earls, and one Knight of the Garter. I have crucify'd Christ over again in Effigy, and made a Madona as old as her Mother St Anne. Nay, what is yet more miraculous, I have rivall'd St Luke himself in Painting, and as 'tis said an Angel came and finish'd his Piece, so you would sware a Devil put the last hand to mine, 'tis so begrim'd and smutted. However, I comfort myself with a Christian Rcflection, that I have not broken the Commandment, for my Pictures are not the Likeness of any thing in Heaven above, or in Earth below, or in the Waters under the Earth. Neither will any body adore or worship them, except the *Indians* should have a Sight of 'em, who, they tell us, worship certain Pagods, or Idols, purely for their

Uglinefs.

I am very much recreated and refreshed with the News of the Advancement of the Fan, which I doubt not will delight the Eye and Sense of the Fair, as long as that agreeable Machine shall play in the Hands of Posterity. I am glad your Fan is mounted so soon, but I would have you varnish and glaze it at your Leisure, and polish the Sticks as much as you can. You may then cause it to be born in the Hands of both Sexes, no less in Britain, than it is in China; where it is ordinary for a Mandarine to fan himself cool after a Debate, and a Statesman to hide his Face with it when he tells a grave Lye.

I am, &c.

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May 4, Binfield, 1714.

Dear GAY,

SINCE by your Letter we find you can be content to breathe in Smoak, to walk in Crouds, and divert yourself with Noise, nay, and to make fine Pictures of this way of Life, we should give you up as one abandon'd to a wrong Choice of Pleasures. We have, however, so much Compassion on you, as to think of inviting you to us, where your Taste for Books, Friendship, and Ease, may be indulg'd. But if you do not come, pray leave to tempt us with your Description of the Court; for indeed Humanity is frail, and we cannot

not but remember some particular Honours which we have enjoy'd in Conversation; bate us this one Point, and we stand you, still untir'd with one another, and fresh to the Pleasures of the Country. If you wou'd have any News from us, know that we are well at present: This I am sure wou'd have been allow'd by you as News from either of us a Fortnight ago. In return to this, send us every thing you imagine diverting, and pray forget not my Commissions. Give my Respects to the Dean, Dr Arbuthnot, Mr Ford, and the Provost. Dear Gay, adieu.

Your affectionate Friend,

humble Servant,

THO. PARNELL.

#### Dear Mr GAY,

ABOVE all other News, send us the best, that of your good Health, if you enjoy it; which Mr Harcourt made us very much sear. If you have any Design either to amend your Health, or your Life, I know no better Expedient than to come hither, where you should not want room though I lay myself in a Truckle-bed under the Doctor. You might here converse with the old Greeks, be initiated into all their Customs, and learn their Prayers by heart as we have done: The Doctor, last Sunday, intending to say an Our Father, was got half way in Chryses' Prayer to Apollo. The ill Effects of Contention and squabbling, so lively describ'd in the first Iliad, make Dr Parnelle and myself continue in the most exemplary

Union in every thing. We deserve to be worshipp'd by all the poor, divided, factious, interested Poets of this World.

As we rife in our Speculations daily, we are grown fo grave, that we have not condescended to laugh at any of the idle things about us this Week: I have contracted a Severity of Aspect from deep Meditation on high Subjects, equal to the formidable Front of black-brow'd *Jupiter*, and become an awful Nod as well, when I assent to some grave and weighty Proposition of the Doctor, or inforce a Criticism of my own. In a word, Y - g himself has not acquir'd more Tragic Majesty in his Aspect by reading his own Verses, than I by Homer's.

In this State, I cannot confent to your Publication of that ludicrous trifling Burlesque you write about. Dr Parnelle also joins in my Opinion, that

it will by no means be well to print it.

Pray give (with the utmost Fidelity and Esteem) my hearty Service to the Dean, Dr Arbuthnot, Mr Ford, and to Mr Fortescue. Let them also know at Button's that I am mindful of them. I am, divine Bucoliast!

Thy loving Countryman.

Oct. 21.

Dear Sir,

I HAVE been perpetually troubled with Sickness of late, which has made me so melancholy, that the Immortality of the Soul has been my constant Speculation, as the Mortality of my Body my constant Plague. In good Earnest, Seneca is nothing to a Fit of Illness.

Dr Parnelle will honour Tonfon's Miscellany with some very beautiful Copies, at my Request. He enters

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ar h enters heartily into our Design; I only sear his Stay in Town may chance to be but short. Dr Swist much approves what I propos'd, even to the very Title, which I design shall be, The Works of the Unlearned, publish'd monthly, in which whatever Book appears that deserves Praise, shall be depreciated ironically, and in the same manner that modern Critics take to undervalue Works of Value, and to commend the high Productions of Grubstreet.

I shall go into the Country about a month hence, and shall then desire to take along with me your Poem of the Fan, to consider it at sull Leisure. I am deeply engag'd in Poetry, the Particulars where-

of shall be deferr'd till we meet.

I am very desirous of seeing Mr Fortescue when he comes to Town, before his Journey; if you can any way acquaint him of my Desire, I believe his good Nature will contrive a way for our meeting. I am ever, with all Sincerity, dear, Sir,

Your, &c.

Sept. 23, 1714.

Dear Mr GAY,

WElcome to your native Soil! welcome to your Friends! thrice welcome to me! whether return'd in Glory, bleft with Court-Interest, the Love and Familiarity of the Great, and fill'd with agreeable Hopes; or melancholy with Dejection, contemplative of the Changes of Fortune, and doubtful for the future: Whether return'd a triumphant Whig, or a desponding Tary, equally All Hail! equally belov'd and welcome to me! If happy, I am to share in your Elevation; if unhappy, you have still a warm Corner in my Heart, and a Re-

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treat at Binfield in the worst of Times at your Service. If you are a Tory, or thought so by any Man, I know it can proceed from nothing but your Gratitude to a few People, who endeavour'd to serve you, and whose Politics were never your Concern. If you are a Whig, as I rather hope, and as I think your Principles and mine (as Brother Poets) had ever a Biass to the Side of Liberty, I know you will be an honest Man and an inoffensive one. Upon the whole, I know you are incapable of being so much of either Party as to be good for nothing. Therefore once more, whatever you are, or in

whatever State you are, All Hail!

One or two of our old Friends complain'd, they had heard nothing from you fince the Queen's Death; I told 'em, no Man living lov'd Mr Gay better than I, yet I had not once written to him in all his Voyage. This I thought a convincing Proof, how truly one may be a Friend to another without telling him fo every Month. But they had Reasons too themselves to alledge in your Excuse, as Men who really value one another will never want fuch as make their Friends and themfelves easy. The late univerfal Concern in Public Affairs, threw us all into a hurry of Spirits; even I, who am more a Philosopher than to expect any thing from any Reign, was born away with the Current, and full of the Expectation of the Successor: During your Journies I knew not whither to aim a Letter after you, that was a fort of shooting flying: add to this the Demand Homer had upon me, to write fifty Verses a Day, besides learned Notes, all which are at a Conclution for this Year. Rejoice with me, O my Friend, that my Labour is over; come and make merry with me in much Feafting, for I to thee, and thou to me. We will feed among the Lilies. By the Lilies, I mean the La-L 6

dies, with whom I hope you have fed to Satiety: Haft thou paffed thro' many Countries, and not tailed the Delights thereof? Haft thou not left to thy Isfue in divers Lands, that German Gays and Dutch Gays may arise, to write Pastorals, and fing their Songs in strange Countries? Are not the Blow. zelinda's of the Hague as charming as the Rofalinda's of Britain? Or have the two great Pastoral Poets of our Nation renounced Love at the same time? For Philips, Immortal Philips, Hanover Philips, hath deferted, yea, and in a ruftic manner, kicked his Rofalinda. - Dr Parneile and I have been inseparable ever fince you went. We are now at the Bath, where (if you are not, as I heartily hope, better engag'd) your coming would be the greatest Pleasure to us in the World. Talk not of Expences: Homer shall support his Children. I beg a Line from you directed to the Post-house in Bath. Poor Parnelle is in an ill State of Health.

Pardon me if I add a word of Advice in the poetical way. Write fomething on the King, or Prince, or Princess. On whatsoever Foot you may be with the Court, this can do no Harm—— I shall never know where to end, and am confounded in the many things I have to say to you, tho' they all amount but to this, that I am entirely, as ever,

Your, &c.

London, Nov. 8, 1718.

Dear Sir,

I A M extremely glad to find by a Letter of your's to Mr Fortescue, that you have receiv'd one from me; and I beg you to keep, as the greatest of Curiofities,

fities, that Letter of mine which you receiv'd and I never writ.

But the truth is, that we were made here to expect you in a short time, that I was upon the Ramble most part of the Summer, and have concluded the Season in Grief, for the Death of my

poor Father.

I shall not enter into a Detail of my Concerns and Troubles, for two Reasons; because I am really afflicted and need no Airs of Grief, and because they are not the Concerns and Troubles of any but myself. But I think you (without too great a Compliment) enough my Friend, to be pleas'd to know he died easily, without a Groan, or the Sickness of two Minutes; in a word, as silently and peacefully as he liv'd.

### Sic mihi contingat vivere, sicque mori!

I am not in the Humour to fay gay Things, nor nor in the Affectation of avoiding them. I can't pretend to entertain either Mr Pulteney or you, as you have done both my Lord Burlington and me, by your Letter to Mr Lowndes. I am only forry you have no greater Quarrel to Mr Lowndes, and wish you paid some hundreds a Year to the Landtax. That Gentleman is lately become an inoffensive Person to me too; so that we may join heartily in our Addresses to him, and (like true Patriots) rejoice in all that Good done to the Nation and Government, to which we contribute nothing ourselves.

I should not forget to acknowledge your Letter sent from Aix; you told me then, that Writing was not good with the Waters, and I find, since you are of my. Opinion, that 'tis as bad without the Waters. But I fancy, it is not writing but thinking, that is so bad with the Waters and then you might write without any

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Poets of these Days.

I have no Story to tell that is worth your hearing: You know I am no Man of Intrigue; but the Duchess of Hamilton has one which she says is worth my hearing, that relates to Mr Pulteney and yourfelf; and which she promises, if you won't tell me, she will. Her Grace has won in a Rassle a very fine Tweezercase; at the Sight of which my Tweezercase, and all other Tweezercases on the Globe, bide their diminish'd Heads.

That Duchess, Lord Warwick, Lord Stanbope, Mrs Bellenden, Mrs Lepell, and I can't tell who elfe, had your Letters. Dr Arbuthnot and I expect to be treated like Friends. I would fend my Services to Mr Pulteney, but that he is out of Favour at Court; and make some Compliment to Mrs Pulteney, if the were not a Whig. My Lord Burlington tells me she has as much outshin'd all the French Ladies, as the did the English before: I am forry for it, because it will be detrimental to our holy Religion, if heretical Women should eclipse those Nuns and orthodox Beauties, in whose Eyes alone lie all the Hopes we can have, of gaining fuch fine Gentlemen as you to our Church.

Your, &c.

I wish you Joy of the Birth of the young Prince, because he is the only Prince we have, from whom you have had no Expectations, and no Disappointments.

Dear Sir,

Think it obliging in you to defire an Account of my Health. The truth is, I have never been in a worse State in my Life, and find whatever I

have try'd as a Remedy, so ineffectual, that I give myself entirely over. I wish your Health may be fet perfectly right by the Waters, and be affur'd I not only wish that, and every thing else for you, as common Friends wish, but with a Zeal not usual among those we call so. I am always glad to hear often from you; always glad to fee you, whatever Accidents or Amusements have interven'd to make me do either less than usual. I not only frequently think of you, but constantly do my best to make others do it, by mentioning you to all your Acquaintance. I defire you to do the fame for me to those you are now with: Do me what you think Justice in regard to those who are my Friends; and if there are any, whom I have unwillingly deferv'd fo little of, as to be my Enemies, I don't defire you to forfeit their Opinion or your own Judgment in any cafe. Let Time convince those who know me not, that I am an inoffensive Person; tho' (to fay truth.) I don't care how little I am indebted to Time, for the World is hardly worth living in, at least to one that is never to have Health a Week together. I have been made to expect Dr Arbuthnot in Town this Fortnight, or else I had written to If he, by never writing to me, feems to forget me, I consider I do the same seemingly to him, and yet I don't believe he has a more fincere Friend in the World than I am; therefore I will think him mine. I am his, Mr Congreve's, and

Your, &c.

London, Sept. 11, 1722.

Dear GAY,

I Thank you for remembring me. I would do my best to forget myself, but that I find your Idea is so closely connected to me that I must for-

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get both together, or neither. I'm forry I could not have a Glympse either of you, or of the Sun, (your Father) before you went for Bath. But now it pleases me to see him, and hear of you. Pray put Mr Congreve in mind, that he has one on this fide of the World who loves him; and that there are more Men and Women in the Universe, than Mr Gay and my Lady Duchess of M. There are Ladies in and about Richmond that pretend to value him and yourfelf; and one of 'em at least may be thought to do it without Affectation, namely Mrs Howard. As for Mrs Blounts (whom you mercifully make mention of) they are gone, or going to Suffex. I hope Mrs Pultine, is the better for the Bath, tho' I have little Charity and few good Wishes for the Ladies, the Destroyers of their best Friends the Men. Pray tell her, she has forgot the first Commission I ever troubled her with, and therefore it shall be the last (the very thing I fear she defires). Dr Arbuthnot is a strange Creature; he goes out of Town, and leaves his Bastards at other Folks Doors. I have long been fo far miftaken in him as to think him a Man of Morals as well as of Politics. Pray let him know I made a very unfashionable Enquery t'other day of the Welfare of his Wife and Family: Things that (I prefume) are below the Consideration of a Wit, and an Ombre-player. They are in perfect Health. Tho' Mrs A--'s Navel has been burnt, I hope the Doctor's own Belly is in absolute Ease and Contentment. Now I speak of those Regions about the Abdomen, pray, dear Gay, confult with him and Dr Cheyne to what exact pitch your's may be fuffer'd to fwell, not to outgrow theirs, who are, yet, your Betters. Pray tell Dr Arbuthnot, that even Pigeon-pyes, and Hogspuddings are thought dangerous by our Governours; for those that have been sent to the Bishop of Roche-Airs

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ster, are open'd and prophanely pry'd into at the Tower: 'Tis the first time dead Pigeons have been suspected of carrying Intelligence. To be serious, you, and Mr Congreve (nay and the Doctor, if he has not dined) will be sensible of my Concern and Surprize at the Commitment of that Gentleman, whose Welfare is as much my Concern as any Friend's I have. I think myself a most unfortunate Wretch; I no sooner love, and, upon Knowledge, six my Esteem to any Man; but he either dies, like Mr Craggs, or is sent to Imprisonment, like the Bishop. God send him as well as I wish him, manifest him to be as innocent as I believe him, and make all his Enemies know him as well as I do, that they may love him and think of him as well!

If you apprehend this Period to be of any Danger in being address'd to you; tell Mr Congreve, or

the Doctor, it is writ to them. I am

Your, &c.

July 13, 1723.

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Dear Sir,

I W A S very much pleas'd, not to say oblig'd, by your kind Letter, which sufficiently warm'd my Heart to have answer'd it sooner, had I not been deceiv'd (a way one often is deceiv'd) by hearkening to Women; who told me that both Lady Burlington and your self were immediately to return from Tunbridge, and that my Lord was gone to bring you back. The World surnishes us with too many Examples of what you complain of in your's, and I assure you, none of them touch and grieve me so much as what relates to you. I think your Sentiments upon it are the very same I should entertain: I wish

wish those we call Great Men had the same Notions, but they are really the most little Creatures in the world; and the most interested, in all but one Point; which is, that they want Judgment to know their greatest Interest, to encourage and chuse honest Men for their Friends.

I have not once seen the Person you complain of, whom I have of late thought to be, as the Apostle

admonisheth, one Flesh with his Wife.

Pray make my fincere Compliments to Lord Burlington, whom I have long known to have more mind to be a good and honourable Man, than almost any one of his rank.

I have not forgot your's to Lord Bolingbroke, (tho' I hope to have speedily a fuller Opportunity) he returns for Flanders and France next Month.

Mrs Howard has writ you something or other in a Letter which she says she repents. She has as much Good-nature as if she had never seen any Ill-nature, and had been bred among Lambs and Turtle-doves, instead from rinces and Court-Ladies.

By the end of this week, Fortescue will pass a few Days with me. We shall remember you in our Potations, and wish you a Fisher with us, on my Glass-plat. In the mean time we wish you Success as a Fisher of Women, at the Wells, a Rejoycer of the Comfortless and Widow, an Impregnator of the Barren, and a Playsellow of the Maiden.

I am,

Your, &cc.

Dear Sir,

I Faithfully affure you, in the midst of that melancholy with which I have been so long encompassed, in an hourly Expectation almost of my O 3 Mother's Mother's death; there was no Circumstance that render'd it more insupportable to me, than that I could not leave her to see you. Your own present Escape from so imminent Danger, I pray God may prove less precarious than my poor Mother's can be; whose Life at her age can at best be but a short Reprieve, or a longer Dying. But I fear, even that is more than God will please to grant me; for, these two days past, her most dangerous Symptoms are returned upon her; and unless there be a sudden change, I must in a few Days, if not in a few Hours, be depriv'd of her. In the afflicting Prospect before me, I know nothing that can fo much alleviate it as the View now given me (Heaven grant it may encrease!) of your Recovery. In the fincerity of my Heart, I am exceffively concern'd, not to be able to pay you, dear Gay, any part of the Debt I very gratefully remember I owe you, on a like fad Occasion, when you was here comforting me in her last great Illness. May wour Health augment as fast as I fear it pleases Got 's must decline: I be-lieve that would be very fast — may the Life that is added to you be paffed in good Fortune and Tranquillity, rather of your own giving to your felf, than from any Expectations or Trust in others .-May you and I live together, without wishing more Felicity or Acquisitions than Friendship can give and receive without Obligations to Greatness - God keep you, and three or four more of those I have known as long, that I may have fomething worth the furviving my Mother. Adieu, dear Gay, and believe me (while you live, and while I live)

Your, &c.

As I told you in my last Letter, I repeat it in this: Do not think of writing to me. The Doctor,

Doctor, Mrs Howard, and Mrs Blount give me daily Accounts of you.

Sunday Night.

Dear Sir,

ITRULY rejoyc'd to fee your Hand-writing, tho' I fear'd the Trouble it might give you. I wish I had not known that you are still so excessively weak. Every day for a week past I had hopes of being able in a day or two more to fee you. But my poor Mother advances not at all, gains no Strength, and feems but upon the whole to wait for the next cold Day to throw her into a Diarrhœa that must, if it return, carry her off. This being daily to be fear'd, makes me not dare to go a Day from her, left that should prove to be her last. God send you a speedy Recovery, and such a total one as at your time of Life may be expected. You need not call the few Words I writ to you either kind, or good; that was, and is, nothing. But whatever I have in my Nature of Kindness, I really have for you, and whatever Good I could do, I wou'd among the very first be glad to do to you. In your Circumstance the old Reman farewel is proper. Vive! memor nostri.

Your, &c.

I fend you a very kind Letter of Mr Digly, between whom and me two Letters have pass'd concerning you.

Dear Gay,

N O words can tell you the great Concern I feel for you; I affure you it was not, and is not, leffen'd, by the immediate Apprehension I have now every day lain under of losing my Mother. Be asfur'd, no Duty less than that, should have kept me one day from attending your Condition: I would come and take a Room by you at Hampstead, to be with you daily, were the not still in danger of Death. I have constantly had particular Accounts of you from the Doctor, which have not ceas'd to alarm me yet. God preserve your Life, and restore your Health. I really beg it for my own fake, for I feel I love you more than I thought, in Health, tho' I always lov'd you a great deal. If I am fo unfortunate as to bury my poor Mother, and yet have the good Fortune to have my Prayers heard for you, I hope we may live most of our remaining days together. If, as I believe, the Air of a better Clime, as the Southern Part of France, may be thought useful for your Recovery, thither I would go with you infallibly; and it is very probable we might get the Dean with us, who is in that abandon'd state already in which I shall shortly be, as to other Cares and Duties. Dear Gay, be as chearful as your Sufferings will permit: God is a better Friend than a Court: Even any honest Man is a better. I promise you my entire Friendship in all Events, heartily praying for your Recovery,

Your, &c.

Do not write, if you are ever fo able: The Doctor tells me all.

Dear Sir,

TAM glad to hear of the progress of your Recovery, and the oftner I hear it the better, when it becomes easy to you to give it me. I so well remember the Confolation you were to me in my Mother's former Illness, that it doubles my Concern at this Time not to be able to be with you, or you able to be with me. Had I loft her, I wou'd have been no where else but with you during your confinement. I have now past five Weeks without once going from home, and without any company but for three or four of the Days. Friends rarely stretch their kindness so far as ten Miles. My Lord Bolingbroke and Mr Bethel have not forgotten to visit me: The rest (except Mrs Blount once) were contented to fend messages. I never pass'd so melancholy a Time, and now Mr Congreve's death touches me nearly. It is twenty Years that I have known him, Every Year carries away fomething dear with it, till we out-live all Tendernesses, and become wretched Individuals again as we begun. Adieu! This is my Birth-day, and this is my Reflection upon it.

With added Days if Life give nothing new, But, like a Sieve, let ev'ry Pleasure thro'; Some foy still lost, as each vain Year runs o'er, And all we gain, some sad Restection more! Is this a Birth-day? —'Tis, alas! too clear, 'Tis but the Funeral of the former Year,

I am,

Your's, &c.

Twick'nam, July 21.

Dear Gay,

VOU have the fame share in my memory that good things generally have; I always know (whenever I reflect) that you should be in my mind; only I reflect too feldom. However, you ought to allow me the Indulgence I allow all my Friends, (and if I did not, They would take it) in confideration that they have other avocations; which may prevent the Proofs of their remembring me, tho' they preserve for me all their Friendship, and Good-will which I deserve from them. In like manner I expect from you, that my past life of twenty years may be set against the omiffion of (perhaps) one month: And if you complain of this to any other, 'tis you are in the fpleen, and not I in the wrong. If you think this letter splenatick, consider I have just receiv'd the News of the death of a Friend, whom I esteem'd almost as many years as you; poor Fenton: He died at Easthamstead, of Indolence and Inactivity; let it not be your Fate, but use Exercife. I hope the Duchess will take care of you in this respect, and either make you gallop after her, or teize you enough at home to serve instead of Exercise abroad. Mrs Howard is so concern'd about you, and fo angry at me for not writing to you, and at Mrs Blount for not doing the fame, that I am piqu'd with Jealoufy and Envy at you, and hate you as much as if you had a great Place at Court; which you will confess a proper cause of Envy and Hatred, in any Poet-militant, or unpension'd. But to set matters even, I own I love you; and own, I am as I ever was, and just as I ever fhall be,

Your's, &c.

Twickenham, Ott. 16, 1727.

Dear SIR,

I HAVE many years ago magnify'd in my own mind, and repeated to you, a ninth Beatitude, added to the eight in the Scripture; Bleffed is he who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed. I could find in my heart to congratulate you on this happy difmission from all Court-Dependance; I dare fay I shall find you the Better and the Honester Man for it, many years hence; very probably the healthfuller, and the chearfuller into the bargain. You are happily rid of many curfed Ceremonies, as well as of many ill and vicious Habits, of which few or no men escape the Infection, who are hackney'd and tramelled in the ways of a Court. Princes indeed, and Peers (the Lackies of Princes) and Ladies (the Fools of Peers) will fmile on you the less; but Men of Worth, and real Friends, will look on you the better. There is a thing, the only thing which Kings and Queens cannot give you, (for they have it not to give) Liberty, which is worth all they have; and which, as yet, I hope Englishmen need not ask from their hands. You will enjoy That, and your own Integrity, and the fatisfactory Consciousness of having not merited fuch Graces from them, as they bestow only on the mean, fervile, flattering, interested, and The only Steps to their favour are undeferving. fuch complacencies, fuch compliances, fuch distant decorums, as delude them in their Vanities, or engage them in their Passions. He is their Greatest favourite, who is their Fulfest: and when a man, by fuch vile Gradations, arrives at the height of Grandeur and Power, he is then at best but in a circumstance to be bated, and in a condition to be . be hanged, for ferving their Ends: So many a Mi-

nister has found it!

I believe you did not want Advice, in the Letter you fent by my Lord Grantham. I presume you writ it not, without: And you cou'd not have better, if I guess right at the person who agreed to your doing it, in respect to any Decency you ought to observe: for I take that person to be a perfect Judge of Decencies and Forms. I am not without fears even on that person's account: I think it a bad Omen: but what have I to do with Court-Omens? - Dear Gay, adieu. I can only add a plain, uncourtly Speech: While you are no body's Servant, you may be any one's Friend; and as fuch I embrace you, in all conditions of Life. While I have a shilling, you shall have fixpence, nay eight-pence, if I can contrive to live upon a groat. I am faithfully

Your, &c.

Aug. 18.

Dear Gay,

I F my Friendship were as effectual as it is sincere, you would be one of those people who would be vastly advantag'd and enrich'd by it. I ever honour'd those Popes who were most famous for Nepotifm; 'tis a fign that the old fellows loved Somebody, which is not usual in such advanced years. And I now honour Sir Robert Walpole, for his extensive Bounty and Goodness to his private Friends and Relations. But it vexes me to the Heart when I reflect, that my Friendship is so much less effectual than theirs; nay so utterly useless that it cannot give you any thing, not even a Dinner, at this distance, nor help the General, whom I greatly love, to catch one Fish. My only Consolation is to think you happier than myself, and to begin to envy you, which is next to hating (an excellent remedy for Love). How comes it that Providence has been so unkind to me, (who am a greater object of Compassion than any sat Man alive) that I am forc'd to drink Wine, while you riot in Water, prepar'd with Oranges by the hand of the Duchess of Queensberry? that I am condemn'd to live on a Highway side, like an old Patriarch, receiving all Guests, where my Portico (as Virgit has it)

Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam,

while you are wrapt into the Idalian Groves, fprinkled with Rofe-water, and live in Burrage, Balm and Burnet, up to the Chin, with the Duchess of Queensberry? that I am doom'd to the drudgery of dining at Court with the Ladies in waiting at Windfor, while you are happily banish'd with the Duchess of Queensberry? So partial is Fortune in her Dispensations! for I deserv'd ten times more to be banish'd than you, and I know some Ladies, who merit it better than even her Grace. After this I must not name any, who dare do fo much for you, as to fend you their Services: But one there is, who exhorts me often to write to you, I suppose to prevent or excuse her not doing it herself; she seems (for that is all I'll fay for a Courtier) to wish you mighty well. Another, who is no Courtier, frequently mentions you, and does certainly wish you well - I fancy, after all, they both do fo.

I writ to Mr Fortescue and told him the Pains you took to see him. Dr A. for all that I know, may yet remember you and me, but I never hear of it. The Dean is well; I have had many accounts of him

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from Irish Evidence, but only two Letters these sour Months, in both which you are mentioned kindly: He is in the North of Ireland, doing I know not what, with I know not whom. Cleland always speaks of you: he is at Tunbridge, wondring at the superior Carnivoracity of the Doctor. He plays now with the old Duchess of M—, nay dines with her, after she has won all his Money. Other News know I not, but that Counsellor Bickford has hurt himself, and has the strangest Walking-staff I ever saw. He intends speedily to make you a visit at Amesbury. I am my Lord Duke's, my Lady Duches's, Mr Darmer's, General Darmer's, and

Your, &c.

Sept. 11. 1730.

Dear Sir,

I MAY with great truth return your Speech, that I think of you daily; oftner indeed than is confiftent with the Character of a reasonable Man; who is rather to make himself easy with the things and men that are about him, than uneafy with those which are not. And you, whose absence is in a manner perpetual to me, ought rather to be remembred as a good Man gone, than breathed after as one living. You are taken from us here, to be laid up in a more bleffed State with Spirits of a higher kind: Such I reckon his Grace and her Grace, fince their. banishment from an earthly Court to an heavenly one, in each other and their Friends; for I conclude none but true Friends will confort or affociate with them afterwards. I can't but look upon my feif (fo unworthy as a Man of Twitnam feems to be rank'd

rank'd with fuch rectify'd and fublimated Beings as you) as a separated Spirit too from Courts and Courtly Fopperies. But I own, not altogether fo divested of terrene Matter, nor altogether so spiritualized, as to be worthy admission to your depths of Retirement and Contentment. I am tugg'd back to the World and it's regards too often; and no wonder, when my retreat is but ten Miles from the Capital. I am within Ear-shot of Reports, within the Vortex of Lies and Cenfures. I hear fometimes of the Lampooners of Beauty, the Calumniators of Virtue, the Jokers at Reason and Religion. I presume these are Creatures and Things as unknown to you, as we of this dirty Orb are to the Inhabitants of the Planet Jupiter: Except a few fervent Prayers reach you on the Wings of the Post, from two or three of your zealous Votaries at this diffance; as one Mrs Howard, who lifts up her Heart now and then to you, from the midft of the Colluvies and Sink of Human Greatness at W-r: One Mrs B. that fancies you may remember her while you liv'd in your mortal and too transitory State at Petersham: One Lord B. who admir'd the Duchess before she grew quite a Goddess; and a few others.

To descend now to tell you what are our Wants, our Complaints, and our Miseries here; I must seriously say, the loss of any one good Woman is too great to be born easily: and poor Mrs Rollinson, tho' a private Woman, was such. Her Husband is gone into Oxfordshire very melancholy, and thence to the Bath, to live on, for such is our Fate, and Duty. Adieu. Write to me as often as you will, and (to encourage you) I will write as seldom as if

you did not. Believe me

Oa. 1, 1730.

Dear Sir,

I AM fomething like the Sun at this Seafon, withdrawing from the World, but meaning it mighty well, and refolving to shine whenever I can again. But I fear the Clouds of a long Winter will overcome me to fuch a degree, that any body will take a farthing-candle for a better Guide, and more ferviceable Companion. My Friends may remember my brighter days, but will think (like the Irishman,) that the Moon is a better thing when once I am gone. I don't fay this with any allusion to my Poetical Capacity as a Son of Apollo, but in my companionable one (if you'll fuffer me to use a phrase of the Earl of Clarendon's). For I shall see or be seen of sew of you, this Winter. I am grown too faint to do any good, or to give any pleasure. I not only, as Dryden fairly fays, Feel my Notes decay as a Poet; but feel my Spirits flag as a Companion, and shall return again to where I first began, my Books. I have been putting my Library in order, and enlarging the Chimney in it, with equal intention to warm my Mind and Body (if I can) to some Life. A. Friend, (a Woman-friend, God help me!) with whom I have spent three or four hours a day these fifteen years, advised me to pass more time in my studies: I reflected, she must have found fome Reason for this Admonition, and concluded the wou'd compleat all her kindnesses to me by returning me to the Employment I am fittest for; Conversation with the dead, the old, and the wormeaten.

Judge therefore if I might not treat you as a Beatify'd Spirit, comparing your life with my ftu-

pid state. For as to my living at Windsor with Ladies, &c. it is all a dream; I was there but two nights and all the day out of that company. I shall certainly make as little court to others, as they do to me; and that will be none at all. My Fair-Weather-Friends of the Summer are going away for London, and I shall see them and the Butterslies together, if I live till next Year; which I would not defire to do, if it were only for their sakes. But we that are Writers, ought to love Posterity, that Posterity may love us; and I would willingly live to see the Children of the present Race, meerly in hope they may be a little wifer than their Parents,

I am, &c.

# To J. GAY, Esq;

Dec. 16, 1731.

I AM aftonished at the Complaints occasion'd by a late Epistle to the Earl of Burlington; and I should be afflicted were there the least just Ground for 'em. Had the Writer attack'd Vice, at a Time when it is not only tolerated but triumphant, and so far from being concealed as a Defect, that it is proclaimed with Offentation as a Merit; I should have been apprehensive of the Confequence: Had he satirized Gamesters of a hundred thousand pounds Fortune, acquired by such Methods as are in daily practice, and almost uneversally encouraged: Had he overwarmly defended the Religion of his Country, against such Books as come from every Press, are publickly vended in every Shop, and greedily bought by almost every

Rank of Men; or had he called our excellent Weekly Writers by the same Names which they openly bestow on the greatest Men in the Ministry, and out of the Ministry, for which they are all unpunished, and most rewarded: In any of these Cases, indeed, I might have judged him too presumptuous, and perhaps have trembled for his Rashness.

I could not but hope better for this small and modest Epistle, which attaks no one Vice whatsoever; which deals only in Folly, and not Folly in general, but a single Species of it; that only Branch, for the opposite Excellency to which, the Noble Lord to whom it is written must necessarily be celebrated. I fancied it might escape Censure, especially seeing how tenderly these Follies are treated, and really less accused, than Apologized for.

Yet hence the Poor are cloath'd, the Hungry fed, Health to himself, and to his Infants Bread The Lab'rer bears.

Is this fuch a Crime, that to impute it to a Man must be a grievous Offence? 'Tis an Innocent Folly, and much more Beneficent than the Want of it; for Ill Taste employs more hands, and dissues Expence more than a Good one. Is it a Moral Defect? No, it is but a Natural one; a Want of Taste. It is what the best good Man living may be liable to: The worthiest Peer may live exemplarily in an ill-favour'd House, and the best reputed Citizen be pleased with a vile Garden. I thought (I say) the Author had the common Liberty to observe a Defect, and to compliment a Friend for a Quality that distinguishes him: which

which I know not how any Quality should do, if we were not to remark that it was wanting in others.

But, they fay, the Satire is Personal. I thought it could not be fo, because all it's Reflexions are on Things. His Reflexions are not on the Man, but his House, Garden, &c. Nay, he respects (as one may fay) the Persons of the Gladiator, Amphitheatre, the Nile and the Triton: He is only forry to fee them (as he might be to fee any of his Friends) ridiculous, by being in the wrong Place, and in bad Company. Some fancy, that to fay a Thing is Personal, is the same as to fay it is Unjust, not confidering, that nothing can be Just that, is not Personal. I am afraid that " all fuch Writings and Discourses as touch no " Man, will mend no Man." The Good-Natured, indeed, are apt to be alarmed at any thing like Satire; and the Guilty readily concur with the Weak for a plain Reason, because the Vicious look upon Folly as their Frontier:

# Ucalegon—

No wonder those who know Ridicule belongs to them, find an inward Consolation in removing it from themselves as far as they can; and it is never so far, as when they can get it fixed on the best Characters. No wonder those who are Food for Satirists, should rail at them as Creatures of Prey; every Beast born for our Use would be ready to call a Man so.

I know no Remedy, unless people in our Age would as little frequent the Theatres, as they begin to do the Churches; unless Comedy were forfaken, Satire filent, and every man left to do what seems

good in his own Eyes, as if there were no King,

no Priest, no Poet in Ifrael.

But I find myself obliged to touch a Point, on which I must be more serious; it well deserves I should: I mean the malicious Application of the Character of Timon, which I will boldly fay, they would impute to the Person the most different in the World from a Man-hater, and the Person whose Tafte and Encouragement of Wit have often been flewn in the rightest Place. The Author of that Epiffle must certainly think so, if he has the fame Opinion of his own Merit as Authors generally have; for he has been favoured by this very Perfon.

Why, in God's Name, must a Portrait, apparently collected from twenty different Men, be applied to one only? Has it his Eye? No, it is very unlike. Has it his Nose or Mouth? No, they are totally differing. What then, I befeech you? Why, it has the Mole on his Chin. Very well; but must the Picture therefore be his, and has no

other man that Blemish?

Could there be a more melancholy Instance how much the Tafte of the Public is vitiated, and turns the most falutary and seasonable Physic into Poison, than if amidst the Blaze of a thousand bright qualities in a Great Man, they should only remark there is a Shadow about him, as what Eminence is without? I am confident the Author was incapable of imputing any fuch to One, whose whole Life (to use his own Expression in Print of him) is a continued Series, of good and generous Actions.

I know no man who would be more concerned, if he gave the least Pain or Offence to any innocent Person; and none who would be less concerned, if the Satire were challenged by any one at whom he would really aim it. If ever that happens, I dare engage he will own it, with all the Freedom of one whose Censures are just, and who sets his Name to them.

# To the Earl of Burlington.

MARCH 7, 1731.

My LORD,

THE Clamour rais'd about my Epistle to you, could not give me so much pain, as I receiv'd pleasure in seeing the general Zeal of the world in the cause of a great Man who is Beneficent, and the particular Warmth of your Lordship in that of a private Man who is innocent.

It was not the *Poem* that deserv'd this from you; for as I had the Honour to be your Friend, I cou'd not treat you quite like a Poet: but sure the *Writer* deserv'd more Candor, even from those who knew him not, than to promote a Report, which in regard to that Noble Person was *Impertinent*; in regard to me, *Villainous*. Yet I had no great cause to wonder, that a Character belonging to twenty shou'd be applied to one; since, by that means, nineteen wou'd escape the Ridicule.

I was too well content with my Knowledge of that Noble Person's Opinion in this Affair, to trouble the Public about it. But since Malice and Mistake are so long a dying, I have taken the opportunity of a third Edition to declare His Belief, not only of My Innocence, but of Their Malignity, of the former of which my own heart is as conscious, as I sear some of theirs must be of the latter. His Humanity seels a Concern for the Injury done

done to Me, while his Greatness of Mind can bear with Indifference the Insult offer'd to Himself. \*

However, my Lord, I own, that Critics of this Sort can intimidate me, nay half incline me to write no more: That wou'd be making the Town a Compliment which I think it deferves: and which fome, I am fure, wou'd take very kindly. This way of Satire is dangerous, as long as Slander rais'd by Fools of the lowest Rank can find any countenance from those of a higher. Even from the Conduct shewn on this occasion, I have learnt there are some who wou'd rather be wicked than ridiculous; and therefore it may be fafer to attack Vices than Follies. I will therefore leave my Betters in the quiet Possession of their Idols, their Groves, and their High-Places; and change my Subject from their Pride to their Meanness, from their Vanities, to their Miseries: And as the only certain way to avoid Misconstructions, to lessen Offence, and not to multiply ill-natur'd Applications, I may probably, in my next, make use of Real Names and not of Fictitious Ones. †

I am, my Lord,

Your Faithful,

Affectionate Servant,

A. POPE.

† This he did in his next Piece, which was the Epiffle to

the Lord Bathurst of the Use of Riches.

<sup>•</sup> Alludes to the Letter the Duke of Ch---wrote to Mr Pope's to this occasion, a Copy of which, together with Mr Pope's to his Grace, we hope to procure for the next Volume.

#### Dr ARBUTHNOT to Mr POPE.

Hampstead, July 17, 1734.

Dear Sir,

I Little doubt of your kind Concern for me, nor of that of the Lady you mention. I have nothing to repay my Friends with at prefent, but prayers and good wishes. I have the satisfaction to find that I am as officiously serv'd by my Friends, as he that has thousands to leave in Legacies; besides the Assurance of their Sincerity. God Almighty has made my bodily distress as easy as a thing of that nature can be: I have found some relief, at least sometimes, from the Air of this Place. My Nights are bad, but many poor Creatures have worse.

As for you, my good Friend, I think fince our first acquaintance there has not been any of those little Suspicions or Jealousies that often affect the fincerest Friendships; I am sure not on my side. I must be so sincere as to own, that tho' I could not help valuing you for those Talents which the World prizes, yet they were not the Foundation of my Friendship: They were quite of another sort; nor shall I at present offend you by enumerating them: And I make it my Last Request, that you continue that noble Distain and Abhorrence of Vice, which you seem naturally endu'd with, but still with a due regard to your own Sasety; and study more to reform than chassise, tho' the one often cannot be effected without the other.

Lord Bathurst I have always honour'd for every good Quality, that a Person of his Rank ought to have: Pray give my Respects and kindest Wishes

to the Family. My Venison Stomach is gone, but I have those about me, and often with me, who will be very glad of his Present. If it is left at my house it will be transmitted safe to me.

A Recovery in my Case, and at my Age, is impossible; the kindest Wish of my Friends is Euthanasia. Living or dying, I shall always be

Your most faithful Friend,

And humble Servant,

Jo. ARBUTHN'OT.

FINIS.



#### A

# NARRATIVE

OFTHE

METHOD by which Mr. Pope's Private Letters were procured and published by Edmund Curl, Bookseller.

Affair which seem'd at first sight a little mysterious, and which, tho' it concern'd only one Gentleman, is of such a Consequence, as justly to alarm every Person in the Nation, would not only be acceptable as a Curiosity, but useful as a Warning, and perhaps stagrant enough as an Example, to induce the Legislature to prevent for the suture, an Enormity so prejudicial to every private Subject, and so destructive of Society it self.

This will be made so plain by the enfuing Papers, that twill scarce be needful to attend them with any Reslections, more

than what every Reader may make.

A

In

In the Year 1727, Edmund Curl, Bookfeller, published a Collection of several private Letters of Mr. Pope to Henry Cromwell Esq; which he obtain'd in this Manner.

Mr. Cromwell was acquainted with one Mrs. Thomas, to whom he had the Indifcretion to lend these Letters, and who falling into Missortunes, seven Years after, sold them to Mr. Curll, without the Consent either of Mr. Pope or Mr. Cromwell, as appears from the following Letters.

To HENRY CROMWELL, Efq;

June 27, 1727.

AFTER so long a Silence, as the many and great Oppressions I have sigh'd under has occasion'd, one is at a Loss how to begin a Letter to so kind a Friend as your self. But as it was always my Resolution, if I must sink to do it as decently (that is as silently) as I could: So when I found my self plung'd into unforeseen, and unavoidable Ruin, I retreated from the World, and in a manner buried my self in a dismal Place, where I knew none, nor none knew me. In this dull unthinking Way, I have protracted a lingering

gering Death (for Life it cannot be called) ever fince you faw me, fequestered from Company, deprived of my Books, and nothing left to converse with but the Letters of my dead, or absent Friends, amongst which latter I always placed yours, and Mr. Pope's in the first Rank. I lent some of them indeed to an ingenious Person. who was fo delighted with the Specimen, that he importun'd me for a Sight of the rest, which having obtain'd, he conveyed them to the Press, I must not say altogether with my Confent, nor wholly without it. I thought them too good to be lost in Oblivion, and no Cause to apprehend the disobliging of any. The Publick, viz. All Persons of Taste and Judgment, would be pleased with so agreeable an Amusement; Mr. Cromwell could not be angry, fince it was but Justice to his Merit, to publish the solemn and private Profesfions of Love, Gratitude and Veneration, made to him by fo celebrated an Author; and furely Mr. Pope ought not to resent the Publication, fince the early Pregnancy of his Genius was no dishonour to his Character. And yet had either of you been ask'd, common Modesty would have oblig'd you to refuse what you would not have been displeas'd with if done without your Knowledge; and besides, to end all Dispute,

Dispute, you had been pleased to make me a free Gift of them to do what I pleased with them: And every one knows that a Person to whom a Letter is address'd, has the same Right to dispose of it, as he has of Goods purchased with his Money. I doubt not but your Generosity and Honour will do me the Right of owning by a Line that I came honestly by them. I statter my self in a few Months I shall again be visible to the World, and whenever throgood Providence that Turn shall happen, I shall joyfully acquaint you with it, there being none more truly your obliged Servant than, Sir,

Your faithful, and

most bumble Seevant,

E. THOMAS.

P. S. A Letter, Sir, directed to Mrs. Thomas, to be left at my House, will be safely transmitted to her by

E. Curl.

#### To Mr. POPE.

Epsom, July 6. 1727.

WHEN these Letters were first printed, I wonder'd how Curl could come by them, and could not but laugh at the pompous Title; fince whatever you wrote to me was Humour and familiar Raillery. As foon as I came from Epfom, I heard you had been to fee me, and I writ you a short Letter from Will's, that I long'd to see you. Mr. D -s about that time charg'd me with giving them to a Mistress, which I positively denied; not in the least, at that time, thinking of it : But some time after finding in the News-Papers, Letters from Lady Packington, Lady Chudleigh, and Mr. Norris, to the same Sapho, or E. T. I began to fear that I was guilty. I have never feen thefe Letters of Curl's, nor would go to his Shop about them; I have not feen this Sapho, alias E. T. these seven Years; - her writing, That I gave ber them to do what she would with them, was straining the Point too far: I thought not of it; nor do I think she did then: But severe Necessity. which catches hold of a Twig, has pro-A 3 duced duced all this; which has lain hid, and forgot by me, fo many Years. Curl fent me a Letter last Week, desiring a positive Anfwer about this Matter, but finding I would give him none, he went to E. T. and writ a Postscript, in her long romantick Letter, to direct my Answer to his House, but they not expecting an Answer, sent a young Man to me, whose Name it seems is Pattisson; I told him I should not write any thing, but I believed it might be fo as she writ in her Letter. I am extreamly concern'd that my former Indiscretion, in putting them into the Hands of this Preticule. should have given you so much Disturbance; for the last thing I should do would be to disoblige you; for whom I have ever preserved the greatest Esteem, and shall ever be. Sir.

Your faithful Friend,

and most bumble Servant,

HENRY CROMWELL.

#### To Mr. POPE.

August 1. 1727.

THO' I writ my long Narrative from Epsom till I was tired, yet was I not fatisfied; lest any Doubt should rest upon your Mind. I could not make Protestations of my Innocence of a grievous Crime; but I was impatient till I came to Town, that I might fend you those Letters, as a clear Evidence, that I was a perfect Stranger to all their Proceedings. Should I have protested against it, after the Printing, it might have been taken for an Attempt to decry his Purchase; and as the little Exception you have taken, has ferv'd him to play his Game upon us for these two Years; a new Incident from me might enable him to play it on for two more: - The great Value she expresses for all you write, and her Passion for having them, I believe was what prevailed upon me to let her keep them. By the Interval of twelve Years at least, from her Possession to the Time of printing them, 'tis manifest that I had not the least Ground to apprehend such a Defign: But as People in great Straits, bring forth their Hoards of old Gold, and most A 4 valuable valuable Jewels, so Sapho had recourse to her hid Treasure of Letters, and plaid off, not only yours to me, but all those to her self (as the Ladies last Stake) into the Press.—— As for me, I hope, when you shall cooly consider the many thousand Instances of our being deluded by Females, since that great Original of Adam by Eve, you will have a more favourable Thought of the undesigning Error of,

Your faithful Friend,

and bumble Servant,

#### HENRY CROMWELL.

This Treatment being extreamly disagreeable to Mr. Pape, he was advised to recal any Letters which might happen to be preferved by any of his Friends, particularly those written to Persons deceased, which would be most subject to such an Accident. Many of these were return'd him.

Some of his Friends advised him to print a Collection himself, to prevent a worse; but this he would by no means agree to. However, as some of the Letters served to revive several past Scenes of Friendship, and others to clear the Truth of Fasts in which he

he had been misrepresented by the common Scribblers, he was induced to preserve a few of his own Letters, as well as of his Friends. These, as I have been told, he inserted in Two Books, some Originals, others Copies, with a few Notes and Extracts here and there added. In the same Books he caused to be copied some small Pieces in Verse and Prose, either of his own, or his Correspondents; which, tho not sinish'd enough for the Publick, were such as the Partiality of any Friend would be forry to be deprived of.

To this Purpose, an Amanuensis or two were employ'd by Mr. Pope, when the Books were in the Country, and by the Earl of Oxford, when they were in Town.

It happen'd soon after, that the Postbumous Works of Mr. Wycherly were publish'd, in such a Manner, as could no way increase the Reputation of that Gentleman, who had been Mr. Pope's first Correspondent and Friend; And several of these Letters so fully shew'd the State of that Case, that it was thought but a Justice to Mr. Wycherly's Memory to print a sew, to discredit that Imposition. These were accordingly transcrib'd for the Press from the Manuscript Books above-mention'd. They were no sooner printed, but Edmund Curl look'd on these too as his Property; for a Copy is extant, which he corrected in order to another Impression, interlin'd, and added marginal Notes to, in his own Hand.

He then advertis'd anew the Letters to Mr. Cromwell, with Additions, and promis'd Incouragement to all Persons who should send him more.

This is a Practice frequent with Booksellers, to swell an Author's Works, in which they have some Property, with any Trash that can be got from any Hand; or where they have no such Works, to procure some. Curl has in the same manner since advertiz'd the Letters of Mr. Prior, and Mr. Addison. A Practice highly deserving some Check from the Legislature; since every such Advertisement, is really a Watch-word to every Scoundrel in the Nation, and to every Domestick of a Family, to get a Penny, by producing any Scrap of a Man's Writing, (of what Nature soever) or by picking his Master's Pocket of Letters and Papers.

A most flagrant Instance of this kind was the Advertisement of an intended Book, call'd Gulliveriana Secunda; where it was promis'd "that any Thing, which any Body "should send as Mr. Pope's or Dr. Swift's, "should be printed and inserted as Theirs."

By these honest means, Mr. Curl went on encreasing his Collection; and finding (as will be seen hereaster by No. 5.) a further Prospect of doing so, he retarded his Edition of Mr. Cromwell's Letters till the Twenty-Second of March 1734-5, and then sent Mr. Pope the following Letter, the first he ever receiv'd from him.

#### No. I.

O convince you of my readiness to oblige you, the Inclosed is a Demonstration. You have, as he says, disoblig'd a Gentleman, the initial Letters of whose Name are P. T. I have some other Papers in the same Hand relating to your Family, which I will show if you defire a Sight of them. Your Letters to Mr. Cromwell are out of Print, and I intend to Print them very beautifully in an Ostavo Volume. I have more to say than is proper to write, and if you'll give me a Meeting, I will wait on you with Pleasure, and close; all Differences betwixt you and yours

E CURL.

Rose-Street 22 March 1735.

P. S. I expect the Civility of an Answer of Mediage.

Inclosed were two Scraps of Paper, fupposed to be P. T's. (a feigned Hand) the first containing this Advertisement.

#### No. II.

Lifeveral eminent Hands. From the Year 1705. to 1727. Containing a Critical, Philological, and Historical Correspondence between him and Henry Cromwell Esq; William Wycherly Esq; William Walsh Esq; William Congreve Esq; Sir William Trumbull; Sir Richard Steele; E. O--, Mr. Addison; M. Craggs; Mr. Gay; Dean Swift, &c. with several Letters to Ladies; to the Number of two Hundred. N. B. The Originals will be shewn at Ed. Curl's when the Book is Published.

The other Paper was a Scrap of some Letter in the same Hand, which exprest a Dissatisfaction at Curl for not having printed his Advertisement "— What more cannot be seen, for the rest is cut off close to the Writing.

Mr. Pope's Friends imagin'd that the whole Design of E. Curl was to get him but to look on the Edition of Cromwel's Letters, and so to print it as revis'd by Mr. Pope, in the same manner as he sent an obscene Book to a Reverend Bishop, and then Advertis'd it as corrected and revis'd by him. Or if there was any such Proposal from P. T. Curl would not fail to embrace it, perhaps pay for the Copy with the very Mony he might draw from Mr. P— to suppress it, and say P. T. had kept another Copy. He therefore answer'd the only way he thought it safe to correspond with him, by a publick Advertisement in the Daily Post-Boy.

#### No III.

Whereas A. P. hath received a Letter from E. C. Bookseller, pretending that a Person, the Initials of whose Name are P. T. hath offered the said E. C. to print a large Collection of Mr. P's Letters, to which E. C. requires an Answer, A. P. having never had, nor intending to have, any private Correspondence with the said E. C. gives it him in this Manner. That he knows no such Person as P. T. that he believes he hath no such Collection, and that he thinks the whole a Forgery, and shall not trouble himself at all about it.

Ed. Curl return'd an impertinent Answer in the same Paper the next Day, denying that he endeavour'd to correspond with Mr. P. and affirming that he wrote by Direction. but declaring that he would instantly print the said Collection. In a few Days more he publish'd the Advertisement of the Book as above, with this Addition, " E. C. as " before in the like Case, will be faithful." He now talk'd of it every where, faid " That P. T. was a LORD, or a PERSON of " Consequence, who printed the Book " at a great Expence, and fought no Profit, " but Revenge on Mr. Pope, who had offen-" ded bim:" particularly, " That some " of the Letters would be fuch as both " Church and State would take Notice of; " but that P. T. would by no means be "known in it, that he never would once be " feen by him, but treated in a very " fecret Manner." He told some Persons that fifted him in this Affair, " that he " had convers'd only with his Agent, a " Clergyman of the Name of Smith, who " came, as he faid, from Southwark." With this Person it was that Curl transacted the Affair, who before all the Letters of the Book were delivered to Curl, infifted on the Letters of P. T. being return'd him, to fecure him from all possibility of a Discovery, as appears from No. 12. Mr.

Mr. Pope, on hearing of this Smith, and finding when the Book came out, that several of the Letters could only have come from the Manuscript-Book before-mention'd, publish'd this Advertisement.

THEREAS a Person who signs himhimself P. T. and another who writes himself R. Smith and passes for a Clergyman, have Transacted for some time past with Edm. Curl, and have in combination printed the Private Letters of Mr. Pope and his Correspondents [some of which could only be procured from his own Library, or that of a Noble Lord, and which have given a Pretence to the publishing others as his which are not fo, as well as Interpolating those which are; ] This is to advertise, that if either of the said Persons will discover the Whole of this Affair, he shall receive a Reward of Twenty Guineas; or if he can prove he hath acted by \* Dire-Elion of any other, and of what Person, he shall receive double that Sum.

Whether this Advertisement, or the future Quarrel of Curl and Smith about Profits pro-

<sup>\*</sup> For Curl had said in his Advertisement, that he wrote to Mr P. By Direction, and another of his drawing up of Mr Pope's Life began thus, By Direction.

duced what follow'd we cannot say, but in a few Days the ensuing Papers, being the whole Correspondence of P. T. and Edm. Curl were sent to the Publisher T. Cooper, which we shall here lay before the Reader.

They begin as high as

#### No. IV.

October the 11th, 1733:

to

Mr. CURL. Nderstanding you propose to write the Life of Mr. Pope, this is only to inform you, I can fend you diverse Memoirs which may be ferviceable, if your Defign be really to do him neither Injustice, nor shew him Favour. I was well acquainted with his Father, and with the first part of his own Life, tho' fince he has treated me as a Stranger. It is certain fome late Pamphlets are not fair in refoect to his Father, who was of the younger Branch of a Family in good Repute in Ireland, and related to the Lords Downe, formerly of the same Name. He was (as he hath told me himself, and he was [very different from his Son] a modest and plain honest Man) a Posthumous Son, and left little provided for, his elder Brother having what small Estate there was, who afterwards Study'd and dy'd at Oxford. He was put to a Merchant in Flanders, and acquir'd a moderate Fortune by Merchandize, which he quitted at the Revolution in very good Circumstances, and retir'd to Windsor Forrest, where he purchas'd a fmall Estate, and took great Delight in Husbandry and Gardens. His Mother was one of seventeen Children of W. Turnor Esq; formerly of Burfit Hall in the - Riding of Yorkshire. Two of her Brothers were kill'd in the Civil Wars. This is a true Account of Mr. Pope's Family and Parentage. Of his Manners I cannot give fo good an one, yet as I would not wrong any Man, both ought to be True; and if such be your Design, I may serve you in it, not enter-ing into any Thing in any wise Libellous. You may please to direct an Answer in the Daily Advertiser this Day-sennight in these Terms - E. C. bath received a Letter, and will comply with P. T.

Yours.

On the backfide of this Letter is endors'd in Curl's Hand,

Notice was accordingly given, as Desir'd, in the Daily Advertiser, upon which was sent the following Letter.

#### No. V.

Nov. 15 1733. SIR. Troubled you with a Line fome time fince, concerning your Design of the Life of Mr. Pope, to which I defir'd your Answer in the Daily Advertiser of Thursday the 10th Instant October. I do not intend my felf any other Profit in it, than that of doing Justice to, and on, that Person, upon whom, Sir, you have conferr'd fome Care as well as Pains in the Course of your Life; and I intend him the like for his Conduct towards me. A propos to his Life, there have lately fall'n into my Hands a large Collection of his Letters, from the former Part of his Days to the Year 1727. which being more confiderable than any yet feen, and opening very many Scenes new to the World, will alone make a Perfect and the most authentick Life and Memoirs of him that could be. To shew you my Sincerity and determinate Resolution of assisting you herein, I will give you an Advertisement, which you may publish forthwith if you please, and on your fo doing the Letters shall be fent you. They will make a Four or Five. Sheet Book, yet I expect no more than what will barely pay a Transcriber, that the

the Originals may be preferved in mine or your Hands to vouch the Truth of them. I am of Opinion these alone will contain his whole History (if you add to them what you formerly printed of those to Henry Cromwell, Esq; [Here a part of the Letter is cut off, and the following Words indors'd by Curl - But you must put out an Advertisement for - 1 otherwise I shall not be justify'd to some People who have Influence, and on whom I have some Dependance; unless it seem to the Publick Eye as no entire Act of mine; but I may be justify'd and excus'd, if, after they see fuch a Collection is made by you, I acknowledge I fent some Letters to contribute thereto. They who know what hath pass'd betwixt Mr. Pope and me formerly, may otherwise think it dishonourable I should fet fuch a thing a-foot. Therefore print the Advertisement I sent you, and you shall instantly hear from or fee me. Adieu, T. P. Here a Postscript is cut off.

There appears no other Letter from P. T. till one of April the 4th, which must be in 1735, as it relates plainly to Mr. Pope's Advertisement in Answer to Curl's Letter to him of March 22d. which see above No. 3.

#### No. VI.

April 4: See an Advertisement in the Daily Advertisements, which I take to relate to Me. I did not expect you of all Men would have betray'd me to Squire Pope; but you and he both shall soon be convinced it was no Forgery. For fince you would not comply with my Proposal to advertise, I have printed them at my own Expence, being advis'd that I could fafely do fo. I wou'd still give you the Preference, if you'll pay the Paper and Print, and allow me handfomely for the Copy. But I shall not trust you to meet and converse upon it lafter the Suspicion I have of your Dealings with Master P.] unless I see my Advertisement of the Book printed first, within these Four or Five days. If you are afraid of Mr. P. and dare not set your Name to it, as I propos'd at first, I do not insist thereupon, so I be but conceal'd. By this I shall determine, and if you will not, another will. It makes a Five Shilling Book. I am

Your Servant,

P. T.

No. VIL.

#### No. VII.

On a Scrap of Paper torn from a Letter, the Direction crost out,

I should not deal thus Cautiously or in the Dark with you, but that 'tis plain from your own Advertisement, that you have been Treating with Mr. Pope.

#### No. VIII.

### On another Piece cut off,

If you will give me 3 l. a Score for 650 [each Book containing 380 Pages 8vo.] and pay down 75 l. of the same, the whole Impression shall be yours, and there are Letters enough remaining (if you require) to make another 30 Sheets 8vo. a Five Shillings Book. You need only Answer thus in the Daily Post or Advertiser in four Days — [E. C. will meet P. T. at the Rose Tavern by the Play-House at Seven in the Evening April 22d.] and one will come, and show you the Sheets.

## Mr. CURL'S ANSWERS.

#### No. IX.

SIR,

29th April 1735.

I have not ever met with any thing more inconsistent than the several Proposals of your Letters. The First bearing Date Ost. 11th 1733. gives some Particulars of Mr. Pope's Life, which I shall shortly make a publick Use of, in his Life now going to the Press.

The Second of your Letters of Nov. 15th 1733, informs me That if I would publish an Advertisement of a Collection of Mr. Pope's Letters in your Custody, the Originals should be forthwith sent me, and for which you would expect no more than what would pay for a Transcript of 'em.

In your Third Letter of the Fourth Inftant, you groundlesly imagine I have attempted to betray you to Mr. Pope; say you have printed these Letters your self, and now want to be handsomely allow'd for the Copy, viz. 3 l. a Score, which is 2 l. more than they cost Printing; appoint a Meeting at the Rose on the 22d. Instant, where I was to see the Sheets, dealing thus, as you truly call it, in the Dark.

April 21, You put off this Meeting,

fearing

fearing a Surprize from Mr. Pope. How should he know of this Appointment, unless you gave him Notice? I fear no such Besettings either of him or his Agents. That the paying of seventy-sive Pounds would bring you to Town in a Fortnight, would I be so silly as to declare it. By your last Letter, of last Night, a Gentleman is to be at my Door, at Eight this Evening, who has full Commission from you.

You want seventy five Pounds for a Perfon you would serve; That Sum I can eafily pay, if I think the Purchase would be of any Service to me. But in one Word, Sir, I am engaged all this Evening, and shall not give my self any further Trouble about such jealous, groundless, and dark Negociations. An Honourable and open Dealing is what I have been always used to, and if you will come into such a Method, I will meet you any-where, or shall be glad to see you at my own House, otherwise apply to whom you please.

Yours,

E. C.

For P. T. or the Gentleman who comes from him at Eight this Evening.

This appears to be the first Time Curl had any personal Conference with R. Smith the Clergyman.

# No. X.

# To the Reverend Mr. \* \* \*

SIR,

Am ready to discharge the Expence of Paper, Print, and Copy-Money, and make the Copy my own, if we agree. But if I am to be your Agent, then I insist to be solely so, and will punctually pay every Week for what I sell to you.

# No. XI.

Answer to P. T's of 3d of May.

SIR, OU shall, as all I have ever had any Dealings with have, find a Just and HONOURABLE Treatment from me. But confider, Sir, as the Publick, by your Means entirely, have been led into an Initial Correspondence betwixt E. C. and P. T. and betwixt A. P. and E. C. the Secret is still as recondite as that of the Free-Masons. P. T. are not, I dare fay, the true Initials of your Name; or if they were, Mr. Pope has publickly declar'd, That he knows no fuch Person as P. T. how then can any thing you have communicated to me, difcover you, or expose you to his Resent-I have ment?

I have had Letters from another Correspondent, who subscribes himself E. P. which I shall print as Vouchers, in Mr. Pope's Life, as well as those from P. T. which, as I take it, were all sent me for that Purpose, or why were they sent at all?

Your Friend was with me on Wednesday last, but I had not your last till this Morning, Saturday 3d of May. I am, Sir, Yours,

E. C.

P. S. What you say appears by my Advertisement in relation to Mr. Pope, I saithfully told your Friend the Clergyman. I wrote to Mr. Pope, to acquaint him that I was going to print a new Edition of his Letters to Mr. Cromwell, and offer'd him the Revisal of the Sheets, hoping likewise, that it was now time to close all former Resentments, which, on honourable Terms, I was ready to do. I told him likewise I had a large Collection of others of his Letters, which, from your two Years Silence on that Head, I thought was neither unjust nor dishonourable.

No XII.

Cannot fend the \* Letters now, because I have them not all by me, but either this Evening or To-morrow, you

<sup>.</sup> P. T.'s Letters to Curl.

shall not fail of them, for some of them are in a Scrutore of mine out of Town, and I have sent a Messenger for them, who will return about Three or Four this Asternoon. Be not uneasy, I never break my Word, and as honourable and just Treatment shall be shewn by me, I shall expect the same Return.

The Estimate and Letters you shall have together, but I desire the Bearer may bring me sifty more Books. Pray come to Night, if you can.

I am faithfully yours,

For the Reverend Mr Smith E. Curl. (balf an Hour past Ten.)

Curl was now so elated with his Success, the Books in his Hands, and, as he thought, the Men too, that he raised the Style of his Advertisement, which he publish'd on the 12th of May, in these Words, in the Daily Post-Boy.

No. XIII.

THIS Day are published, and most beautifully printed, Price sive Shillings, Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence for thirty Years; from 1704 to 1734. Being a Collection of Letters, regularly digested, written by him to the Right Honourable the late Earl

Earl of Hallifax, Earl of Burlington, Secretary Craggs, Sir William Trumbull, Honourable J. C. General \*\* \*\* \*, Honourable Robert Digby, Esq; Honourable Edward Blount, Esq; Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Wycherly, Mr. Walsh, Mr. Steele, Mr. Gay, Mr. Jarvas, Dr. Arburthnot, Dean Berkeley, Dean Parnelle, &c. Also Letters from Mr. Pope to Mrs. Arabella Fermor, and many other Ladies. With the respective Answers of each Correspondent. Printed for E. Curl in Rose-street, Covent-Garden, and sold by all Booksellers. N. B. The Original Manuscripts (of which Assidavit is made) may be seen at Mr. Curl's House by all who desire it.

And immediately after he writes thus to Smith.

### No. XIV.

YOUR Letter written at Two Afternoon on Saturday, I did not receive till past Ten at Night. The Title will be done to Day, and according to your Promise, I fully depend on the Books and MSS. To-morrow. I hope you have seen the Post-Boy, and \* approve the Manner of the Advertisement. I shall think every Hour a

<sup>\*</sup> By this it appears, it was of Curl's own drawing up, which he deny'd to the Lords.

B. 2 long

long Period of Time till I have more Books, and fee you, being, Sir,

(For the Reverend Sincerely yours, Mr. Smith.) E. Curl.

But the Tables now began to turn. It happened that the Booksellers Bill (for so it was properly called, tho' entitled, An Act for the better Encouragement of Learning) came on this Day in the House of Lords. Some of their Lordships having seen an Advertisement of so strange a Nature, thought it very unfitting such a Bill should pass, without a Clause to prevent such an enormous License for the future. And the Earl of I-y baving read it to the House, observed further, that as it pretended to publish several Letters to Lords, with the respective Answers of each Correspondent, it was a Breach of Privilege, and contrary to a standing Order of the House. Whereuton it was order'd that the Gentleman Ufber of the Black Rod do fortbwith feize the the Impression of the said Book, and that the said E. Curl, with J. Wilford, for whom the Daily Post-Boy is printed, do attend the House To-morrow. And it was also order'd that the Bill for the better Encouragement of Learning, be read a second time on this Day Sevennight. By THIS INCIDENT THE BOOKSELLERS BILL WAS THROWN OUT. May

May 13, 1735.

The Order made Yesterday upon Complaint of an Advertisement in the Post-Boy, of the Publication of a Book entitled Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence for thirty Years past, being read, Mr. Wilford the Publisher, and Mr. E. Curl, were severally called in and examined, and being withdrawn,

Order'd, That the Matter of the said Complaint be refer'd to a Committee to meet Tomorrow, and that E. Curl do attend the said Committee. And that the Black Rod do attend with some of the said Books.

May 14. P. T. writes to Curl, on the unexpected Incident of the Lords, to inftruct him in his Answers to their Examination, and with the utmost Care to conceal himself, to this effect.

# No. XV.

Victory over the Lords, the Pope, and the Devil; that the Lords could not touch a Hair of his Head, if he continued to behave holdly; that it would have a better Air in him to own the Printing as well as the Publishing, since he was no more punishable for

one than for the other; that he should answer nothing more to their Interrogatories, than that he receiv'd the Letters from different Hands; that some of them be bought, others were given him, and that some of the Originals he had, and the rest he should shortly have. P. T. tells him further, That be shall soon take off the Mask he complains of; that he is not a MAN OF QUALITY (as he imagined) but one conversant with such, and was concern'd particularly with a noble Friend of Mr. Pope's, in preparing for the Press the Letters to Mr. Wycherly; that be caused a Number over and above to be printed, baving from that time conceived the Thought of publishing a Volume of P's Letters, which he went on with, and order'd, as nearly as possible, to refemble That Impression. But this was only in ordine ad, to another more material Volume, of his Correspondence with Bishop Atterbury, and the late Lord Oxford and Bolingbroke. And be confesses be made some Alterations in these Letters, with a View to those, which Mr. Curl shall certainly have, if he behaves as he directs, and every way conceals P. T.

We have not this original Letter, but we hope Mr. Curl will print it; if not, it can only be for this Reason, That as it preceded their Quarrel but one Day, it proves the Letters to Bishop Atterbury, Lord Bolling-

broke,

broke, &c. cannot be in Curl's Hands, tho' he has pretended to advertise them.

The next Day Curl answers him thus.

No. XVI.

Thursday 9 Mane, 15th May, 1735.

Dear Sir,

Am just again going to the Lords to finish Pope. I desire you to send me the Sheets to perfect the first fifty Books, and likewise the remaining three hundred Books, and pray be at the Standard Tavern this Evening, and I will pay you twenty pounds more. My Defence is right, I only told the Lords, I did not know from whence the Books came, and that my Wife receiv'd them. This was strict Truth, and prevented all further Enquiry. The Lords declar'd they had been made Pope's Tool. I put my felf upon this fingle Point, and infifted, as there was not any Peer's Letter in the Book, I had not been guilty of any Breach of Privilege. - Lord DELAWAR will be in the Chair by Ten this Morning, and the House will be up before Three. - I depend that the Books and the Imperfections will be fent, and believe of P. T. what I hope he. believes of me.

For the Reverend Mr. Smith.

The Book was this Day produc'd, and it appearing that, contrary to the Advertisement, there were no Letters of Lords contain'd in it, and consequently not falling under the Order of the House, the Books were re-deliver'd.

At the same time Curl produc'd, and shew'd to several of the Lords the foregoing Letter of P. T. which seems extraordinary, unless they had begun to quarrel about Profits before that Day. But after it, it is evident from the next Letter, that they had an Information of his Willingness to betray them, and so get the whole Impression to himself.

# No. XVII.

To the Reverend Mr. Smith.

Rose Street past Three SIR, Friday 16 May 1735.

I. Am falsly accus'd, 2. I value not any Man's Change of Temper; I will never change My Veracity for Falshood, in owning a Fact of which I am Innocent. 3. I did not own the Books came from across the Water, nor ever nam'd you, all I said was, that the Books came by Water. 4. When the Books were seiz'd I sent my Son to convey a Letter to

to you, and as you told me every body knew you in Southwark, I bid him make a strict Enquiry, as I am fure you wou'd have done in fuch an Exigency. 5. Sir I HAVE ACTED JUSTLY in this Affair, and that is what I shall always think wifely. will be kept no longer in the Dark: P. T. is Will o' the Wisp; all the Books I have had are Imperfect; the First 50 had no Titles nor Prefaces, the last 5 Bundles feiz'd by the Lords contain'd but 38 in each Bundle, which amounts to 190, and 50, is in all but 240 Books. 7. As to the Loss of a Future Copy, I despise it, nor will I be concern'd with any more fuch dark suspicious Dealers. But now Sir I'll tell you what I will do; when I have the Books perfected which I have already receiv'd, and the rest of the Impression I will pay you for them. But what do you call this Ufage? First take a Note for a Month and then want it to be chang'd for one of Sir Richard Hoare's - My Note is as good, for any Sum I give it, as the BANK, and shall be as punctually paid. I always fay, Gold is better than Paper, and 20 l. I will pay, if the Books are perfected to morrow Morning, and the rest fent, or to Night is the same thing to me. But if this dark converse goes on, I will Instantly reprint the whole Book, and as a Supa Supplement to it, all the Letters P. T. ever fent me, of which I have exact copies; together with all your Originals, and give them in upon Oath to my Lord Chancellor. You talk of Trust; P. T. has not repos'd any in me, for he has my Mony and Notes for imperfect Books. Let me see, Sir, either P. T. or your self, or you'll find the Scots Proverb verify'd

Nemo me impune lacessit.

Your abus'd bumble Servant,

E. CURL.

P. S. LORD —— I attend this Day.

LORD DELAWAR I Sup with to

Night. Where Pope has one Lord,

I have twenty.

Mr. Curl, just after, in the London Post or Daily Advertiser, printed this Advertisement.

No. XVIII.

R. Pope's Litterary Correspondence &c. with a Supplement, of the Initial Correspondence of P. T. E. P. R. S. &c.

To which in two Days more his Correspondents return'd the following

# No. XIX.

O manifest to the World the Infolence of E. Curl, we hereby declare that neither P. T. much less R. S. his Agent, ever did give, or could pretend to give any Title whatever in Mr. Pope's Letters to the faid E. Curl, and he is hereby challeng'd to produce any Pretence to the Copy whatsoever. — We help'd the said E. Curl to the Letters, and join'd with him, on Condition he should pay a certain Sum for the Books as he fold them; accordingly the faid E. Curl receiv'd 250 Books which he fold (Perfect and Imperfect) at 5 shill. each, and for all which he never paid more than 10 Guineas, and gave Notes for the rest which prov'd not Negotionable. Besides which, P. T. was perswaded by R. S. at the Instigation of E. Curl, to pay the Expence of the whole Impression, viz. 75 l. no part whereof was repaid by the faid Curl. Therefore every Bookseller will be indemnify'd every way from any possible Prosecution or Molestation of the faid E. Curl, and whereas the faid E. Curl threatens to publish our Correspondence, and as much as in him lies, to betray bis Benefactors, we shall also publish bis Letters to us, which will open a Scene of Baseness and foul Dealing that will will fufficiently thow to Mankind his Character and Conduct.

May 23d. 1735.

P. T. R. S.

The Effect of this Quarrel has been the putting into our Hands all the Correspondence above; which having given the Reader, to make what Reflections he pleases on, we have nothing to add but our hearty Wishes, (in which we doubt not every honest Man will concur,) that the next Sessions, when the BOOKSELLERS BILL shall be again brought in, the Legislature will be pleas'd not to extend the Privileges, without at the fame Time restraining the Licence, of Book-Since in a Case so notorious as the printing a Gentleman's PRIVATE LETTERS, most Eminent, both Printers and Bookfellers, conspired to affist the Pyracy both in printing and in vending the fame.

#### P. S.

We are Inform'd, that notwithstanding the Pretences of Edmund Curl, the Original Letters of Mr. Pope with the Post-Marks upon them, remain still in the Books from whence they were copy'd, and that so many Omissions and Interpolations have been made in this Publication as to render it Impossible for Mr. P. to own them in the Condition they appear.

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